

# SOUTHERN BIVOUAC

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Volume III

*September 1884 — May 1885*







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Volume III

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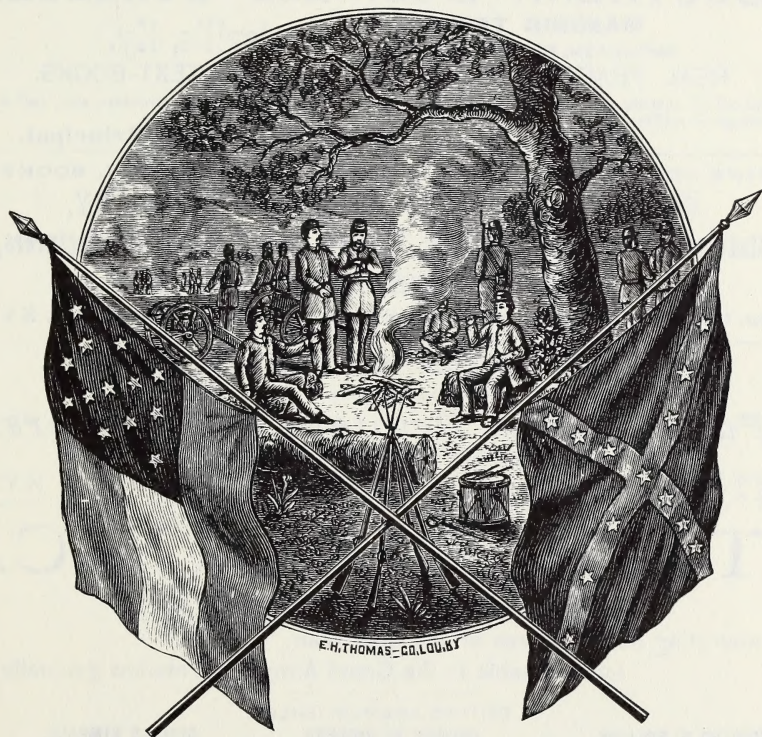
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STAMPEDE OF FEDERAL TROOPS BY A PORTION OF TAYLOR'S LOUISIANA BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER  
MAY 25, 1862.



# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

No. 1.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## VICKSBURG IN 1862.



ON the 19th day of June, 1862, our division (Breckinridge's) was detached from Bragg's army at Tupelo, Mississippi, and we moved westward. The first day's march was to Pontotoc; the next to Lafayette Springs, then in disuse as a place of summer resort, however, and that night our bivouac fires lighted up the groves which had, no doubt, been the scene of many a "Meet-me-by-moonlight-alone" campaign in former times. The next two day's march brought our column to the vicinity of Abbeville, on the Mississippi Central railroad, where we went into camp.

At nightfall, on the 28th, our regiment marched aboard a train of freight cars destined for Vicksburg, many of the soldiers having to ride on top. Our train only ran down as far as Grenada that night, and remained on a side-track until morning. At noon, the 29th, we arrived at Canton, where we had to lie over an hour. When the train had stopped, almost the first object that attracted our attention was a "gemmen ob color," with a shining black face and a snowy white apron on, standing in the door-way of the Canton Hotel, and who was ringing a bell with a flourish. As he swung the bell from side to side, then up and down, it glittered in the sunlight, and the soldiers were dazzled. They had been dwellers so long under the tents, and in the woods and fields, that they were desirous of having a smack of civilization, and, therefore, accepted this invitation to dine at the Canton Hotel. There was the mustering of Confederate scrip, and very soon the office of the hotel was crowded with eager applicants for tickets, those in the rear having to peer wistfully over a sea of gray caps. After a dint of crowding and jamming, however, all had procured tickets, and when the dining-room was at length opened, the tables were filled in a twinkling.

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As the proprietors were not expecting such a large arrival of guests, the corps of waiters, who also had shining black faces, and, who also wore shining white aprons, was inadequate for the occasion. Each waiter, in a moment, had a score of guests yelling at him from every quarter, and all at once. From one direction a guest, in order to attract attention, would hurl a piece of cornbread *a la* bomb-shell, which would burst beautifully against the side of a waiter's head; then an impatient guest from another direction would send a roasted potato whizzing *a la* solid shot against the other side of his head; then from front and rear handfuls of onions would come *a la* cannister, and handfuls of radishes *a la* shrapnel, while dishes of "colyards" were tossed promiscuously *a la* hand grenade. There were guests to the right of them, guests to the left of them, guests in front and rear of them, volleying and thundering, and the corps of waiters became demoralized. They first took cover from the playful violence under the tables and chairs, but there chanced to be "hard tack" on the bill of fare, and these were sent *a la* boomerangs after the waiters, which caused them to retreat hastily out of the doors and windows amid showers of these missiles. The waiters gone, the guests proceeded to help themselves, many of them repairing to the cook-room, plates in hand, where there was yet to be served a great beef's heart, and which was hardly done. A bloody charge was made upon this, yet there was many a soldier whose heart failed him on that occasion, and the bloody action was only brought to a close by the disappearance of the heart, and the engineer of the train whistling "all aboard." In a few minutes the train, all covered with gray and glittering with steel, was again gliding down among the rich cotton-fields of central Mississippi, many of the late guests of the Canton Hotel, being thus compelled to finish dining out of their haversacks, in truth *a la* soldier.

We arrived at Jackson, the capital, about the middle of the afternoon, and here our train was shifted about from one track to another until nearly night. During this time a knot of soldiers seated on top of one of the cars in the broiling sun, had the city of Jackson under discussion. All had expressed an opinion, save one, who was the most corpulent of them all, and who was thoughtfully smoking his "briar-root." After taking a deep whiff at his pipe he said: "In my opinion, gentlemen, this a hotter place than — itself!" The writer leaves it to any old soldier to fill in the foregoing blank, knowing that it will be done accurately. At any rate, the remark of the corpulent soldier was adopted as the verdict against the city of Jackson, that summer afternoon.

We spent that night on a side-track at Clinton, but early the next morning, the 30th, we moved out for Vicksburg. The extreme heat of the sun, also the long, pendant, gray moss which clustered on the trees along the route that day, indicated that we were indeed getting "away down in Dixie," and as none of us were acclimated, there was more apprehension felt about meeting the "yellow jack" in the besieged city, than of fear at being taken among the cannon-balls and mortar-shells.

About the middle of the afternoon we arrived in the suburbs of Vicksburg, but finally backed to Four-mile Bridge, where we dismounted the iron horse, and it was not long before we had our tents pitched in a grassy dell beneath the wide-spreading live oaks. The shade was refreshing after our long, hot ride, yet there was no good water at hand. A brook had run through the valley, but at this season of the year only stagnant pools remained, the water being warm and having a sweet, unpleasant taste. My friend H. was immediately put on fatigue detail to sink a well for fresh water on the margin of this stagnant brook. H. was the fastidious gentleman at home, and spent his time in "flirting beneath the chandeliers," or, to use the parlance of the present day, he was a "dude" before he became a soldier. Life has its vicissitudes, however, and he had become a genuine son of Mars. The privilege of first breaking dirt in the undertaking had been awarded him, and he was soon vigorously wielding the pick and shoving the spade. His shoes were off, and his gray trowsers (sadly rent and well ventilated in that portion which wears out first), were rolled up to the knee. His jacket had been cast aside, and his coarse shirt was thrown open wide at the collar, and being in the shade, his cap was off, which showed to advantage his intellectual forehead, though it was somewhat dinged by black off the camp-kettles. With all that, he seemed happy, for he merrily sang while plying the pick and spade, and he was soon lost to view down in the yielding soil.

In the forenoon of the next day, July 1st, the noise of heavy ordnance came rolling over the hills from the direction of the river. The thunder was loud and deep, making the hills tremble. At 4 P. M. our regiment fell in and marched on the railroad into the city. We halted near the court-house, which overlooked the Mississippi, and here many of us for the first time beheld the "Father of Waters." Three miles below we could see the Federal fleet anchored, though some of the mortar boats were nearer, their rigging having been covered by branches of trees, and by this means had crept up the



far bank unobserved; but now the leaves were withered, and the boats could be easily distinguished. We could also "see the smoke away up the river where the Lincoln gunboats lay," the upper fleet being anchored almost opposite the town, but on the far side of the narrow neck of land made by the sharp turn of the river at this point, the tall masts of the war vessels could be seen towering above the tree tops. At this time, however, the guns were all silent, and a death-like quiet pervaded the almost uninhabited city.

Our halt at the court-house was only for a short time, the regiment moving about half a mile above the city, where it bivouacked on the bluffs overlooking the river. That night a heavy detail was made to picket along the banks, and there was a great deal of difficulty in getting into position owing to the steep and rugged nature of the ground. Though the day had been very hot, yet the wind swept down the river at night almost cutting cold, making picket duty very disagreeable. At daylight the detail was withdrawn, and it rejoined the regiment.

In the forenoon of July 2d all was quiet, but in the afternoon we had our first experience among the shells. About noon our regiment was moved down nearer town, and we stacked arms in a ravine nearly in rear of where "Whistling Dick" was mounted, a thirty-two pound Parrott, and so named on account of the peculiar noise made by its missiles. It seemed that our movement was observed from a signal boat stationed in the river below the city, for there was the waving of flags, and soon the upper fleet commenced shelling from the mortar-boats, most of shells ranging about the ravine where we were stationed. There can be no dodging of mortar shells. One has to stand bolt upright, like a duck in the rain, and take the consequences. Our surgeon and his staff took shelter in a sink-hole, but came near being buried alive by a shell exploding in the earth near by. First, we could hear the mortars go boom, boom, over the bend of the river, which was about three miles away, and soon after we could hear the shells whirring high up in the air as they came circling over. Presently, they would come shrieking down, and if they chanced to burst after burying in the ground, it would cause a little earthquake. The shells more often, however, burst high in the air. First, we could see a little tuft of smoke, then would come the loud report of the shell as it burst into fragments, and immediately the jagged pieces would commence humming down, the different-sized pieces making the different notes in the demoralizing music. It was pitiful to see the women and children, who were yet left in the

city, forsaking their homes and fleeing out of harm's way. I noticed one lady going out a street with five or six little children. The little ones were gamboling along seemingly unconscious of danger until a bomb burst near them, when they huddled about their mother for protection.

At nearly sundown we marched to the lower end of the city, and after dark we moved down and stacked arms near the lower water battery. We noticed the cannoneers sleeping under mosquito-bars, but our camp equipage did not embrace this luxury, so we had to give these pestiferous insects an open field fight, the soldiers not even being allowed to light a pipe to drive them away. I had often heard that Mississippi mosquitoes were large enough to carry a brick-bat under their wings upon which to whet their bills, but I was never so impressed with the truthfulness of the story until that night. Nearly all night long the lower mortar fleet was throwing shells over our heads into the city. There would be a flash, then the report of the mortar, and almost with the thunder would come the sound of the rushing shell in the stillness of the night, the noise only ceasing when the missile reached the top of the circle; but its course could still be traced by the lighted fuse, and presently we could hear the bomb crashing among the houses up town.

Before daylight we were withdrawn from this position, and we bivouacked in the railroad cut, leading through the city, until the evening of the 5th, when we were relieved and returned to camp. There was heavy shelling from both fleets on the 3d, but on the 4th of July, the day we expected the heaviest firing, there was only a salute of blank cartridges from the enemy's fleets, and not a bomb was thrown into the city.

July the 7th we again marched into the city, relieving one of the regiments of Preston's brigade—troops having to be kept in supporting distance of the batteries in case the enemy should attempt to land. We returned to camp on the 10th, having endured more or less shelling every day.

On the 13th we again marched into the city. A detail was left to remove our camp to a ravine near the suburbs. There was a nice carpet of grass, and a few trees to lend us shade in this encampment. But the greatest luxury was to be in reach of the cisterns in the city, where we could get good water. Our regiment returned to these quarters on the 14th, after dark.

At nine o'clock A. M., the 15th, we heard heavy firing up the river, and we ran to the top of the bluff to see the cause. There was a great

commotion in the enemy's upper fleet which was sending up dark clouds of smoke, and for a time the firing was rapid. Presently we saw the Confederate ram, "Arkansas," which had run out of the Yazoo and through the Federal fleet, coming around the bend, and soon after she landed under the protection of our batteries, where there was an enthusiastic crowd assembled to welcome her.

About sun down we marched into the city, following the railroad track. The air was full of shells, and just as we were filing off the road up a street where there was a steep embankment that would protect us in a measure from the shells, our upper batteries opened, and were replied to by the enemy's fleet dropping down before the city. The first intimation we had of this movement, one of those long, conical shells, two-feet in length and ten inches in diameter, came shrieking over our heads, making something like the noise of a man screaming in agony. But soon the firing became general. The mortar fleets above and below filled the air with bursting shells; the fleets vomited forth both iron and flame; our batteries thundered till the very earth trembled; the enemy's hot shot were flying through the air like streaks of lightning, and the flashes of artillery made the night as light as day. To heighten the grand scene, some buildings up town took fire from the hot missiles, and a pillar of flame pierced the very heavens. But as the storm cloud passes, so did this. The whole affair did not last, perhaps, an hour, and soon a perfect silence brooded over the city, and we went to sleep.

About 12 M. July 18th, while in camp, a piece of shell wounded one of our regiment badly, while lying in his tent. Many of our tents were cut by pieces of shells, but this was the only casualty among the soldiers while off duty. One night while the regiment was in the city, our quartermaster and commissary and their sergeants being left in camp, were having a quiet game of "poker." Good hands were out, and heaps of "chips" were being piled up. Before a call was made, however, a piece of shell came crashing through the tent, and broke up the game. It was never decided who was entitled to the stakes.

We were generally in the city on alternate days to support the batteries, if needed. The mortar fleets kept up a continual shelling, the Federals having regular hours for this duty, generally commencing about 9 A. M. and continuing until 12 M., when they would knock off for dinner; then commencing again at 2 P. M. and continuing until night; and frequently they would give us beautiful pyrotechnical exhibitions by shelling after dark. The soldiers soon became used



to the shells, however, and paid but little attention to them. One day Ed. Clayland and three others were sitting *a la Turk* on a blanket spread in the shade of a fig tree playing "euchre." Sometimes a shell would light in the earth not very far from the players, and excavate great cellars. At length the mortars ceased to thunder, and some one remarked that the "Yanks" had knocked off for dinner. "I hope they will have *bony fish*," said Ed, as he dealt the cards around on the blanket. "Why?" asked his partner. "Because it will take them longer to get done, and we shall have a longer respite from the shells," coolly remarked Ed.

At night, on the 21st, two companies from our regiment were picketing the bank of the river at the lower end of the city. This was a most disagreeable duty. While in camp, the smoke from the fires kept away the mosquitoes, but on the river front, not even a pipe could be lighted—to light a match was to be put under arrest—and the mosquitoes could feed upon us at will. The soldiers would pace their beats, listening in the stillness at the noise of the enemy digging the canal on the other side of the river, and to the clanging of the city clock on the court-house, as it tolled off the weary hours of the night.

Before daylight the companies were withdrawn, save a few who were left along the bank to secrete themselves until after sun up, and to watch vigilantly and see that no spies attempted to cross. I seated myself beneath a rose-bush in the yard of a cottage that was uninhabited, and waited for the sun to rise. When the king of day began to shine I could not help but admire the landscape, but occasionally looked out of the corner of my eye at two large frigates anchored not far below me, their sides bristling with guns, and wondered what the consequence would be were they to turn loose a broadside. Presently "Whistling Dick" commenced thundering up the river, and I stepped out to see the cause. I saw one of the enemy's gunboats (the Essex, I think,) coming down the river. It tried to grapple the Arkansas, and gave her a broadside, then closed her ports, and steamed on down the river, our batteries peppering her as she went, but the balls would glance off her iron armor like rain drops off a duck's back. It was afterwards reported, however, that one of "Whistling Dick's" balls took her in the stern, going through and finally lodging in the captain's berth in the forward part of the vessel. Some of our men left on the river bank, in order to mingle in the fight, fired their Enfields at her. That day our regiment was quartered about the grounds of the "Castle," formerly owned

by S. S. Prentiss. The place showed him to have been a man of great taste, as well as an orator.

On the 24th of July, our regiment went into the city for the last time, and remained until the evening of the 25th. This was the last day of shelling, and it was kept up pretty lively. That day I was going along the main street toward the court-house, the shells seeming to follow me up as I went, and I was feeling rather uncomfortable. Presently I looked into the door of a residence and saw a lady sitting quietly, busy with her sewing, and rocking a cradle, containing her infant child, with her foot. This example of bravery caused me to straighten myself up, and I felt that had it commenced raining fifteen-inch bombshells, I would have minded it no more than an April shower.

At daylight on the morning of the 26th of July, we saw that the enemy's lower fleet had gone, and the upper one was disappearing up the river. On the 28th our division left by rail *via* Jackson and down the New Orleans road, destined for Baton Rouge, and thus ended our experience among the big guns at Vicksburg.

JNO. S. JACKMAN.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

#### CHICKAMAUGA—THE OPENING.



WITHIN an elbow formed by the sweep of a broad river, and nearly closed in by a range of hills trending toward Georgia on the west side, and by a mountain ridge stretching laterally toward the east, stands a city whose name is historically associated with some of the most stirring events of the war of the rebellion. That city is Chattanooga, the river is the beautiful Tennessee, the mountains in the west are the Lookout, and the spur looking eastward is Missionary Ridge.

Between the mountains a valley opens southward toward the battle-field of Chickamauga, the scene of a brilliant but fruitless Confederate victory. In the latter part of August, in the year 1863, a column of Confederate cavalry was winding its course toward this city of Chattanooga. The dust-covered soldiers were East Tennesseans, singing, whistling, jesting, and apparently happy in doing, regardless of the outcome, just what they were ordered to do. The writer was a rider in this column of troopers, and purposes to re-collect and jot down the confused events



of that period, as nearly in their proper sequence as possible, from a memory whose tablet is much blurred, where weeks are condensed into days, and dates mingled together beyond the hope of good repair. To do this he has in fancy set the column in motion on the highway, halted it near what seemed to be a court-house, and, in the exercise of his office as adjutant, made an immediate detail—for what?

Those rough-looking horse soldiers, with their long Enfields resting on the saddle before them, knew what it meant, and for the moment had no desire to jest or shout. Every man of the dismounted picket detail, as he filed into the trench by the riverside, knew what it meant, and the silent soldiers resting near the old court-house, looking at the relieved infantry, as with steady tramp it moved through the darkness (up the main street and out of town), knew that the Confederate army was evacuating the gate city of the South, and that their Tennessee homes were held for the Confederacy only by a cordon of cavalry, acting as infantry, to conceal the retreat of the main army.

This is what every soldier in the ranks could not but see; but history says that a stunning Confederate victory was necessary to give the Western army that prestige of victory that rendered the army of Lee well nigh invincible, and that Longstreet's corps was railroaded to Chickamauga to insure this result, but the truth is that the Tennessee river had been pontooned above Caperton's Ferry on the 27th August, and that Davis', Johnston's, and Negley's divisions of Thomas' corps, were several days on their southward march before General Bragg could believe the reports. To nutshell it, General Bragg, as was the usual practice, was out-generaled. This, doubtless, accelerated the retrograde movement of the Confederates, though it may not have caused a change of plan. Like the boy who steps back to get in a telling blow, it is said that General Bragg retreated *from* a strong city in order to strike his antagonist such a blow as would send him across the Tennessee river, and he would *regain* the lost city. In other words, he left Chattanooga that he might fight for the same prize.

Both armies raced southward, and Rucker's legion, of Pegram's division, and Waldron's Tennessee battalion, held the line of breast-works on the mountain and by the river. Rucker's legion, consisting of the 12th and 16th Tennessee battalions, was the writer's command. He well remembers when the last Confederate soldier passed through the town, and vividly calls to mind the consternation of

the Southern citizens when they were told that the "Yankees" would be there in a few minutes; but he fails to marshal in mind the events of the retreat in the order of their sequencé. He remembers when his brigade (Pegram's) encountered the forces of General Wilder, near Leet's tanyard. This was a spirited affair of several hours' duration, and it closed by the withdrawal of Pegram into camp about a half mile distant, and the resumption by Wilder of his march on the road he was traveling when Pegram struck him. In military parlance, the Federal general met the Confederate General Pegram, pushed him aside, and continued his march.

On the 18th of September, General Forrest received orders to develop the enemy as soon as possible the next morning, and Pegram was selected to do the developing with all his division (having that morning taken charge of the division, his brigade being assigned to General H. B. Davidson) except Rucker's legion. Dismounting his men, Pegram vigorously charged the enemy's skirmishers, and, driving them back, discovered a large Federal force overlapping his right. Rucker (mounted) was ordered to charge these; which was gallantly done, with considerable loss, yet resulting in the capture of some prisoners.

The next event called up in mind, is that which occurred as the column, moving by "twos," right in front, was making toward the exposed point. Just then a sweeping discharge of bullets came, in the nature of a momentary surprise, when General Forrest himself, in a stentorian voice, gave the order to dismount, and, unsheathing his sword, shouted "Forward!" Then, with him in the lead, on horseback, the men double-quickened in the direction of the firing, and fought long and determinedly, like Indians, moving forward from tree to tree, while all wondered why the infantry so long delayed in coming to the support of the dismounted men. This event is distinct in memory, because practically it was the opening of the bloody battle of Chickamauga, and because the writer, who that day served on General Davidson's staff, saw the greatest cavalry commander of the Confederacy in his element, looking the warrior in love with his work, and his keen eye, in the language of an artist to whom the general afterward sat for his portrait, "so bright that its flashes were like the scintillations of an electric light."

An incident of the battle illustrates Forrest's method, or rather lack of method, and, in the order of recollections, fits right here: General Davidson sent the writer with a message to General Forrest, urging the importance of an immediate answer. The general was

found, the message delivered, and the answer was, "You go right over there, tell the holders to hold ten or twelve horses, and *fetch* the balance right here." Doubtless General Forrest was an uneducated man, and his vocabulary of language was limited, but the use of the word *fetch*, spoken as it was then, struck the writer with a force of meaning as never before or since. It did not mean "order them up here," but get them and come back with them. That order was quickly obeyed, and the ex-holders rejoined their comrades at the front.

The infantry at last arrived, and Forrest's men moved around to the flank. A charge through a ravine, across an open field, in the face of a sharp fire of musketry, and the seizure of a ridge, which was swept by the small shot of the enemy, making it necessary for the men to take shelter behind the trees—the view of a trailing line of infantry, moving to the front—are all remembered. The victory is not forgotten, the rout of the enemy is remembered, and the anticipations of a triumphal re-entry into Chattanooga is fresh in mind.

The next day the column (mounted) heads for Chattanooga, but veers around to the right, and after a long ride the command is halted on the Tennessee, a few miles eastward. Chattanooga, the gateway of the South, is lost to the Confederacy, though a well-earned Confederate victory has been won.

W. M. MARRINER.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## THE RETREAT FROM LAUREL HILL, WEST VIRGINIA.

NUMBER ONE.



HISTORIANS have utterly ignored one of the most important movements that took place the first year of the late war. I refer to the retreat from Laurel Hill, Virginia. It seems as though the historian's pen could go no further back than the battle of Manassas. Some authors will write a line or two about what they call a "skirmish" at Rich Mountain when, in fact, it was one of the hardest fought battles of the war. I say hardest fought battles for such, indeed, it was, when we take into consideration the small number of Confederates engaged, about seven hundred, and the large number of Federals, about eight thousand.



By consulting the map you will see that if Laurel Hill fell, Rich Mountain would have to be evacuated; or if Rich Mountain fell, Laurel Hill would have to be evacuated—as it was, after a hard struggle. After a hand-to-hand fight, Rich Mountain, with her small army of gallant officers and men, had to surrender to about eight thousand Federals. No pen has yet told of the hardships, the great suffering, the long march in retreat, without rations or sleep, through rain and mud, of Garnett's army. No pen has yet told of the suffering of that noble band of three hundred and ninety-five officers and men who were cut off or left at Cheat river. Either to surrender to the enemy or take to the mountains, one or the other, had to be done. Which did they do, surrender? No, they took to the mountain and came near meeting a fate far worse than surrendering to the enemy or even death on the battle-field. Did they meet that fate? Did they starve to death in the laurel thickets of Cheat mountain? Thanks to that noble old mountaineer, Jim Parsons, that they did not, for he it was who saved them. One more night in that mountain without sleep without something to eat, and all hope would have been lost. Yes, one more night and three hundred and ninety-five men would have left their bones to crumble to dust in the laurel thickets of Cheat mountain. Yes, die or kill one another in their mad ravings, brought on by the loss of sleep and want of food! In what history, book or pamphlet is the name of Jim Parsons mentioned? Who knows how he died or where his body lies? Is his grave marked? Ah! I am afraid not. He, the noble old man who saved our lives, was killed in his mountain home a few months afterward by Union men. Why? Because he was a friend to the South, because he saved the lives of three hundred and ninety-five Confederate soldiers, by going in search of them in the laurel thickets of Cheat mountain and leading them safely out.

#### THE RETREAT.

Laurel Hill is situated about twenty-seven miles north of Cheat mountain and sixteen miles north of Beverly. When Colonel Porterfield was driven out of Phillippi with his small command, he fell back on Beverly. Some days after General R. S. Garnett was ordered to take command—he advanced to Laurel Hill and commenced to fortify. By the 20th of June he was reinforced by the Twenty-third Virginia, Colonel Tallefarro; Thirty-seventh Virginia, Colonel Fulkerson; Thirty-first Virginia, Colonel Jackson; Third Arkansas, Colonel Rusk; First Georgia, Colonel Ramsey, and Shumaker's battery, making his army number about thirty-four hundred men.

We did not have to wait many weeks before the enemy advanced on Laurel Hill. The alarm was sounded about five o'clock Sunday morning (July 7, 1861,) that our scouts had been driven in. An hour later the enemy appeared in some force in front of our picket lines on the Phillippi road, about one mile and a half from our breastworks at Laurel Hill. The First Georgia was immediately sent to the support of our pickets, who had already been driven in some half a mile. By the time the First Georgia reached the front, the enemy had taken a position on the hill to the left of our regular picket line. Taking in the situation at a glance, Colonel Ramsey charged the hill that was held at that time by the Ninth Indiana and Fourteenth Ohio, who immediately fled, leaving one man of the Ninth Indiana dead on the field. We remained in quiet possession of the hill until dark when we withdrew to the trenches. From the time the enemy first made their appearance, Sunday morning, until Thursday night, the whole army was on duty either on picket or in the trenches.

The enemy did not seem disposed to advance after their attack on our pickets. Judging from later events they simply wanted to show in our front and hold Garnett at Laurel Hill, until they could swing around our left with the largest part of the army, take Rich Mountain, come out on the Beverly road in Garnett's rear and "bag" him. If that was McClelland's intention, his move was a failure. He took Rich Mountain, but he never "bagged" Garnett. If, after Rich Mountain fell, the enemy could have reached the Beverly and Laurel Hill road *before* Garnett left Laurel Hill, Garnett would, no doubt, have had to surrender with his small command with the enemy in his front and rear. As it was, McClelland did not fool Garnett. Garnett was satisfied Thursday morning that Rich Mountain could not hold out and he made his arrangements to leave Laurel Thursday night (July 11th.) He instructed Colonel Scott in case Rich Mountain fell to blockade the road from Rich Mountain to where it intersected with the Beverly and Laurel Hill road. Scott not only blockaded that road, but also the Beverly and Laurel Hill road to Beverly, thus cutting off Garnett from Beverly and Cheat mountain—a fatal blunder by Colonel Scott. Garnett left Laurel Hill Thursday night (July 11th) about 9 o'clock—the same night Rich Mountain fell. The rain was pouring down in torrents and everything gloomy and dismal. Everything movable was moved, the balance burned. We moved through mud and rain all night and at seven o'clock the next morning we had reached a point about seven miles

from Beverly. There we found the road blockaded—Colonel Scott had shut us off from Beverly. If that ignorant blunder had not been made, Garnett would have been in possession of Cheat mountain by night.

As it was, Garnett had to march one hundred and forty miles by way of Carrick's ford to reach Monterey. As soon as Garnett found he was blockaded out of Beverly, the troops were ordered to right about and march back some half a mile—then take out in the direction of Carrick's ford. All day Friday (July 12th) we marched along through rain and mud, through narrow roads, by-roads and muddy roads. When marching toward Beverly we knew not that we were running away from the enemy. But when we found we could not reach Beverly and had to march back and take out that narrow country road, then we realized we had a long march before us, and by three o'clock you could see knap-sacks, blankets, etc., going over the fences as we went along. About dark we turned into a mountain road around a ridge; the road was very narrow and in some places the mud knee deep. The laurel was so thick on each side that we had to keep in the road and take the mud holes as they came. No halt all that night, nor not until the next morning (Saturday, July 13th) about four o'clock. We were on the march again at six o'clock and by seven o'clock we were crossing Cheat river (the first crossing) with the enemy close on our heels. Just after we crossed the river Garnett tried to make a stand, but was forced from the movements of the enemy and the nature of our position to retire without a fight and cross Cheat river again (the second crossing.) At the third crossing of Cheat river (Carrick's ford) he took position and made a most determined stand, inflicting such loss on the enemy that they pursued us no further.

At Carrick's ford, Shumaker, with his splendid battery, did the enemy great damage. In the action at Carrick's ford, Garnett was killed while personally directing the firing of a piece of artillery. After Garnett's death our forces continued their march, unmolested by the enemy, to Monterey, by way of Petersburg, Grant county.

#### LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I have already stated that Garnett made a short stand Saturday morning (July 13th) after we had crossed Cheat river the first time. Immediately after we crossed, the First Georgia took position in line of battle on the bank of the river. We had not remained in that position more than twenty minutes before we were ordered to fall back in line of battle and take position in an old field, some six or



seven hundred yards from the river. This position was in full view and easy range of the enemy who was under cover of the woods on the other side of the river.

Our guns would only carry about three hundred yards (buck and ball) while the enemy had long-range guns. We remained in the old field but a short time when we (the First Georgia) were ordered to fall back under cover of the woods. We fell back in line of battle with our left resting on one of the ridges of Cheat mountain. In taking this last position the laurel was so thick that our regiment was cut in two; that is, in falling back, six companies from the left of the regiment were between the thicket and the mountain, the other four companies were on the other side of the thicket next to the road. In that position we remained for at least an hour thinking all the time that the other four companies were on the other side of the thicket in line of battle and that the balance of our army was in line further on, to our right. We then became aware of the fact that we (the six companies) were holding the position alone, the balance of the army having moved on to Carrick's ford (where Garnett was killed). Our first intimation of this was in seeing the enemy moving up the road, to our right and rear, some three-quarters of a mile off. They were moving in the direction of Carrick's ford. On first seeing them we thought it was Shumaker's battery of our army, it having been immediately between us and the next ford. However, we soon saw our true position and realized we were cut off from our army. From our position we could not see the movements of our own army nor that of the enemy, until they were well in our rear. We were placed there to hold that position and we held it without firing a gun or the loss of a single man.

From where we were placed we could not see the other four companies of our regiment and we never knew when they left. They received orders (the four companies) to cross the ford (second crossing) and take position on a hill—they were under command of Captain G. H. Harvey, of Company "A." Captain Harvey held the hill until he received orders to retire in the direction of Carrick's ford. Not long after seeing the enemy in our rear, we heard artillery firing at Carrick's ford; then we knew we were penned up between Cheat mountain and the enemy. Major G. Harvey Thompson called a council of his captains. They decided our only chance was to cross the mountain that our left was resting on, take down the valley to the left and thus try to meet our command the next day (Sunday, July 14th.) In this they made a sad mistake, as not one

of the whole command knew aught of this range of mountains. Instead of finding a valley as we expected, we were met with another range and beyond that another and so on. As soon as the council had decided to take route, Major Thompson took the saddle and bridle off his horse and turned him loose, then hid the saddle and bridle under some leaves. Up the mountain we started, reaching the top about six p. m., then down the mountain toward the left. When dark overtook us we were in a laurel thicket and there we remained all night (Saturday, July 13th). We had no blankets—the ground was covered with wet moss—the night chilly and damp—added to all this were the pangs of hunger, our rations having given out Friday afternoon (July 12th). Sleep was a luxury we could not indulge in and we thought the long night would never end. At day-break we were up and moving, though our progress was very slow. We were weak from loss of sleep and want of food. The further we went, the thicker the laurel growth, and at twelve o'clock we came to a stand still. The laurel was so thick we had to cut our way through with our big knives. (Nearly every man in our regiment had a large knife from six inches to two feet long swung from his side.) When we left Georgia our intentions were to spare no one. All we wanted was just to see the enemy, charge on him, draw our knives and cut off heads right and left. After the retreat from Laurel Hill, we had changed our minds and would have sold the whole lot of knives for two dollars, and if that would not satisfy, you could take as many as you wanted free of charge. After all, the knives did us very good service and helped us through. We hacked away at the laurel, making slow progress; from twelve o'clock until dark having made only *one* mile. Dark found us helping each other from rock to rock. We had reached the base of the ridge, but were half a mile from the stream which ran between the two ridges.

J. W. STOKES,

*Private 12th Georgia.*

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PRIVATE SMOOTS, of the Fifth Kentucky Confederate cavalry, was out foraging. Like his comrades, his uniform was not conspicuous, and unlike them he was the owner of a pair of doctor's saddle-bags well filled with potatoes. Private Smoots just then met a Federal scouting party and determined to try to pass himself off for a country doctor. "Well," said the leader of his captors while eyeing the potatoes, "you may be a doctor, but if you are you give the d—t biggest pills I ever saw. So come along, doctor."

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## MAJOR WHEAT AT RESACA DE LA PALMA.



N the May number of the BIVOUAC I find an interesting sketch of Major C. R. Wheat, but considering your magazine rather historical, and as history should be a true narrative of events as far they can be obtained, I beg leave to say that I think the writer of the article has confounded events in some respects.

First—It stated in the narrative of Major Wheat “that upon the expiration of the twelve months for which the regiment had been enlisted, it was disbanded in May, 1847, at Vera Cruz.”

The regiment, therefore, must have been mustered into service in May, 1846. Now, the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were fought on the 8th and 9th of May, 1846. Where was this regiment mustered into service so as to reach General Taylor’s army on the first of May on the Rio Grande, or even to be with it on the 8th and 9th of May? I think this an error, for I can recall no *regiment* of volunteer cavalry in service at that time. The only volunteers that I remember were Walker’s company, and Bell’s company. Walker was present at Resaca, as I will show hereafter.

Second—It is further stated: “At the battle of Resaca de la Palma “his company had captured a number of prisoners, among whom was “an elderly officer. To him Captain Wheat gave all the comforts “his tent afforded, telling his orderly to bring coffee, and to spread “his folded cot for the prisoner. Not speaking our language, and “unable to understand the generous act of his captor, the officer “yielded reluctantly, almost fearing danger in such courtesy. For “days he was thus treated, and then released on parole, and his “sword returned to him, and it was then that Captain Wheat learned “that his prisoner was General La Vega, one of the most distinguished “in the Mexican army. Asking an interpreter to be called, General “La Vega handed Captain Wheat his sword, saying: ‘Take this in “return for your kindness. You have treated me as a son, more than “your prisoner.’ General Scott then spoke: ‘Sir, this is a rare compliment for one so young and a soldier to receive! I am glad to “be the medium of General La Vega to you.’ Captain Wheat, declining the sword for a mere act of civility, said: ‘It is the gray “hairs of the general’s head I honored, for I knew not the high rank



"of my prisoner. I was ever taught to honor old age.' The general insisted upon his keeping the sword, and he finally did so, and it is now in the possession of his sister."

In reference to the above quotation respecting the capture of General De la Vega and his sword, I will state that I was present at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, being a brevet second lieutenant in Ringgold's Horse Artillery, and I shall describe but little that I did not witness on the field.

Major Ringgold having been mortally wounded at Palo Alto on the 8th of May, the command of the company devolved on Lieutenant Randolph Ridgely—the "Bayard" of the army. On the morning of the 9th the army moved in pursuit of the Mexicans. They had taken a defensive position at Resaca de la Palma—the dry bed of a small stream, the borders of which are timbered more than a mile in width on either side. Under the trees there was a growth of chaparral, quite dense in places. The approach to Resaca was over a prairie until the woods was reached. There General Taylor halted the army.

The road entered the woods perpendicularly to the general direction of the woods and the ravine, and after continuing through the woods near a mile it turned to the left, perhaps sixty degrees, which gave it a direction nearly parallel to the ravine. At the bend it was not more than two hundred yards from the ravine. At a short distance it turned to the right and ran directly across the ravine and led straight on to Matamoras, some five miles distant. On our side, to the left of the road at the ravine, the ground was comparatively open, having been used by Mexican ox-trains as a camping ground. To the right was a dense chaparral. With this explanation of the approach to Resaca you will be the better prepared to understand what I am going to relate.

As I have said, General Taylor halted at the point where the road entered the woods. The skirmishers that had felt the enemy were returned, and all was quiet. Soon an order came for our battery to move down the road. As it did so, all were left behind at rest; and Ridgely, Walker, of the Texas Rangers, and myself, were in the advance, followed by the battery at a quiet walk, moving as silently as possible. When near the bend in the road the artillery of the Mexicans opened on us; and then we advanced at a gallop to the turn in the road and brought our battery into action. No enemy was in view, and we would fire in the direction of the smoke of their guns, and they replied in like manner. Soon musket-balls began to pass

over our heads from the right and rear which showed we had got in advance of their skirmish line. For a period of near half an hour the battery continued firing, moving after every discharge "by hand to the front" down the road. Ridgely, finding he had no support, said to me, "Get on your horse and go quickly to General Taylor and ask him to send some support to our battery." I galloped up the road and met General Taylor not far from where the road entered the woods, and delivered my message. His reply was, "The infantry was deployed and advanced some time ago." As I returned I could see some infantry in the chaparral to the right of the road moving to the front as best they could through the thick undergrowth. I reported the answer to Ridgely. We continued advancing the guns down the road by hand until we came to the more open ground to the left of the road which brought us directly in front of the enemy's battery, and distant not over a hundred yards. At this time considerable firing was heard away to the right, and we knew the infantry had encountered the Mexicans. All was yet quiet on the left. Ridgely now feeling safe, ordered me to go to General Taylor, as rapidly as I could, and ask the general "to send him assistance to take that battery." I galloped up the road again—it was now filled with infantry—and met General Taylor. I told him what Ridgely had said, and added the battery is right in front of us and can be captured. His reply was, "Where is May? I can not get him up;" and this was said as much to Major Bliss, his adjutant-general, as to me. Something claimed the general's attention and I got no other reply, so I returned. The batteries were still attracting the fire of each other; but perhaps not over ten minutes had passed, after my return, before a squadron of U. S. dragoons came down the road. Captain May rode up to Ridgely and shouted: "Hello! Ridgely, where is that battery I am ordered to charge?" The answer was, "Wait till I fire and you will see." The guns were fired, the battery limbered up; May advanced at a gallop, swept all the cannon-eers from their guns and crossed the ravine into the woods beyond. We came up with our guns muzzle to muzzle with the Mexican battery—only three guns were in the ravine, and ours on the plain. As we came up and were coming into action front, a regiment of Mexican infantry posted in the ravine, but on the other side of it, about twenty yards distant, gave us a volley, killing a number of men and horses. At the fourth discharge of our pieces, they broke and fled into the woods. This regiment had its right resting on the road and, consequently, was not directly in front of us, where May had passed

over. All this did not occupy over five minutes time after we reached the ravine. As we ceased firing General Taylor rode up to where our guns were and halted. Heavy firing now was heard on our right and the infantry were crossing the ravine there.

Now, to my purpose: "While sitting on my horse near General Taylor, Captain Charles May, returning from the other side of the ravine, approached General Taylor, and as he did so, took a sword by the point and gracefully handing the hilt to him, said, "General Taylor, I have the honor to present to you the sword of General La Vega; he is my prisoner." I thought it handsomely done, and it was.

Duncan's battery now came down the road. They had not fired a shot yet, and the Mexican army had fled. Prisoners were being brought in and sent to the rear, and turned over to Captain J. Bankhead Magruder, as I recollect. Duncan's guns crossed the ravine, and as they were crossing I asked General Taylor if we could go on—happening to be close by him. He said, "Oh! no; Ridgely's battery has done enough for to-day." When Duncan crossed, Ridgely said, "I am going, too." I told him what General Taylor had told me, but he laughed and said, "I can't receive orders from you." Directing me to repair a partly disabled gun, and follow him, he crossed after Duncan, and I soon joined them.

Now, this is merely to tell you that when I caught up with them, I saw a man to our left, not far from the road, under a tree, and turning my horse aside rode up to him, and tried to ask him his rank in Spanish. He put his hand into his pocket and said, "Si Signior," and handed me some bread. Doctor J. K. Barnes, the late surgeon-general of the army, and Captain C. Kerr, of the dragoons, riding up just as this occurred, Barnes said to Kerr, "Great heavens, French has been asking that officer for bread," and he ever after used to delight in telling the story on me. The officer was an aid-de-camp of General La Vega. He was sent to the rear in charge of a non-commissioned officer.

Night found our battery on the banks of the Rio Grande five miles in advance of the main army, without orders, and I was sent in the darkness all the way back to headquarters for instructions without any one accompanying me, and returned without meeting a Mexican or being in any way molested.

The day following, or the second day after, Ridgely's battery was ordered to Point Isabel with an infantry escort guarding the prisoners. They were in charge of Lieutenant J. J. Reynolds, now General J. J. Reynolds, U. S. Army, who went with them to New Orleans.



I think now you may safely arrive at the following conclusions :

First—That Captain Wheat's company was not present at the battle of Resaca de la Palma.

Second—That if so he did not capture General La Vega.

Third—That General La Vega was not a guest of Captain Wheat on that occasion.

Fourth—That he did not present Captain Wheat with his sword at Resaca.

Fifth—That General Scott could not have made the remarks attributed to him on that occasion, for he was not present, being in Washington City.

Sixth—And, therefore, if General Scott was present, it occurred on the line from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and the writer refers to some other battle.

In conclusion, permit me to add that although I have said a good deal about myself, I am sure you will overlook that, as I was connected with the succession of events that led to the capture of the guns and the prisoner referred to. Ridgely's inspiration, like a hidden spring, caused other bodies to move; but to good old General Taylor belongs all the honor.

You may ask why these two batteries so near each other were not destroyed?

At the commencement of the action no doubt the Mexican battery was on our side of the ravine and out on the plain, but it soon fell back into the ravine for shelter, where it was almost useless, because the guns were about level with the plain; and if elevated at all, the shot passed too high for harm, and if fired at a level the shot rolled on the ground without any force. Grape shot would roll along and strike the carriage wheels at the ground without doing the least damage or pass above with a peculiar noise, according to the elevation of the guns, but in both cases almost harmless.

I am here without any data for reference and write you from a recollection of scenes and events now thirty-eight years in the past, and merely to correct the error in the article you published.

Yours, respectfully,

S. G. FRENCH.

WINTER PARK, FLA., May 21, 1884.



### THE FIRST BATTLE AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

The frontispiece illustrates an incident of the first battle of Winchester, Virginia, which occurred May 25, 1862. It was designed by an eye-witness, then a boy nine years old, who, from the top of his father's house, was a surprised spectator of the wild route. The following is a short account of the stirring events which explain it:

During the night of May 24, 1862, Banks' forces in broken columns were in full retreat towards Winchester upon two roads, one leading from the village of Front Royal, the other from Middletown. On the first of these Ewell with his division, pressed close behind the fugitives; on the second, Stonewall Jackson, flushed with his recent victory at McDowell, led the Confederate van. The Federals made no precipitate retreat, as many suppose, but resisted stubbornly. The numerous stone fences, which crossed the line of march, with occasional strips of heavy timber, furnished the means for deadly ambuscades.

More than once the pursuers were driven back with loss, and sometimes the positions were held by the Federals till a portion of Jackson's main body was brought up to assist the advanced guard. The night was far spent when the vicinity of Winchester was reached. The Confederate skirmish line was ordered forward to move cautiously through the rank grass and waving fields of grain. Jackson bade the main column to halt and take a short rest, while he himself, "without a cloak to protect him from the chilling dews, stood sentry at the head of the column listening to every sound from the front." When morning broke the faint light of the early gray revealed the Federal line of skirmishers occupying a range of hills which commanded the approaches to the town from the south. These were soon brushed away and the enemy were discovered in solid lines on other rising eminences overlooking Winchester.

Soon far to the right was seen the smoke of Ewell's guns, their fierce reports breaking the stillness of the beautiful May morning, while his columns deployed were moving to the assault. Placing his batteries in position on the newly-occupied hills, Jackson opened fire upon the foe, mustering his columns behind for a general advance. The Federals responded with spirit and deploying towards Jackson's left threatened to dislodge his artillery. Jackson saw their purpose and sent Taylor's brigade to assail the enemy's right. They moved from the rear of his center and were in full view of the enemy. Un-

der a heavy fire of cannon they wheeled from column into line and advanced up the hill. In the meantime, the Federals were not idle and threatened to seize a point for their artillery where they could enfilade Jackson's batteries and force those on the left to retire.

Anticipating the movement, Jackson brought up the Thirty-third Virginia, and turning to Colonel Neff, its commanding officer, said: "I expect the enemy to bring artillery to this hill. *They must not do it!* When they come, clamp them."\*

Simultaneous with the advance of Taylor's brigade, the whole Confederate line moved into position. Soon along the extended front of both armies the thunder of battle arose, and for a few minutes fate trembled in the balance. Presently Jackson saw a portion of the enemy beginning to break. Encouraged by the resistless sweep of Taylor's brigade, he gave the order for a general advance, crying, "Forward after the enemy." Animated by their leader, the Confederates pressed forward, and soon from behind stone fences the Federals were seen rushing in confusion towards Winchester. On went the pursuers with loud shouts, and the streets of the town were soon full of a panic-stricken multitude, pouring along in wild disorder.

A portion of Taylor's brigade passing through some timber on the extreme left came suddenly upon a body of Federal cavalry posted on a hill; with a well-aimed volley they saluted the troops, and without standing upon the order of their going, they broke and fled.

The following is the brief tale of the artist who designed the picture:

"I was lying on the roof of our house watching the progress of the battle to my left. I had noticed a body of cavalry on my right at rest on a hill near by. Presently I heard a volley of musketry, and, looking around, saw them rush pell-mell down the face of the hill towards the town."

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DURING the period that Confederate money was most worthless, a negro was observed digging a hole in the ground, and a gentleman passing by asked: "Hello, Sambo! digging for gold?"

"No, sir," replied the negro, "spec I'll get Confederate money."

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\*Dabney's life of Jackson.



## LITTLE GIFFEN, OF TENNESSEE.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,  
Out of the hospital walls as dire,  
Smitten of grape shot and gangrene—  
(Eighteenth battle and he sixteen)—  
Specter such as you seldom see,  
Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

Take him, and welcome, the surgeon said,  
Much your doctor can help the dead,  
And so we took him and brought him where  
The balm was sweet on the summer air;  
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,  
Utter Lazarus, heel to head.

Weary war with the bated breath,  
Skeleton boy against skeleton death;  
Months of torture, how many such,  
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;  
Still a glint in the steel blue eye,  
Spoke of a spirit that would't die.

And didn't nay more in death's despite  
The crippled skeleton learned to write  
"Dear mother" at first, of course, and then  
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the "men"—  
(Captain's answer of eighty and five,  
Giffen and I are left alive).

Johnston pressed at the front, they say,  
Little Giffen was up and away;  
A tear, his first, as he bade good bye,  
Dimmed the glint of his steel blue eye;  
"I'll write, if spared;" there was news of fight,  
But none of Giffen—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy when I'm king,  
And my gallant courtiers form a ring,  
And each so thoughtless of power and pelf,  
And each so loyal to all but self;  
I'd give the best on his bended knee,  
Yea, barter the whole for the Loyalty  
Of Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

CO. C., MORGAN'S SQUADRON.

(For the BIVOUAC.)

## THE CONFEDERATE REUNION AT DALLAS, TEXAS.



THE morning of August 6th a small party of ladies and gentlemen set forth from Shreveport to attend the Confederate reunion at Dallas, Texas. The gentlemen of the party were veteran soldiers, and your correspondent claimed like honors. (Place this admission to my credit, for believe me, it is a ruthless sacrifice of womanly vanity to dearer memories).

In congenial companionship the day passed quickly. Its close brought us to Dallas. And here began at once an emotional experience which might well be called "a tempest of the heart"—glimpses of glory once real. "Forms and scenes of long ago," appeared in such constant succession that it seemed like a resurrection of the dead and buried past.

The first object that met our view was a large Confederate battle-flag suspended from a conspicuous building on one of the principal streets, surmounted, surrounded by "star spangled banners," large and small, but still *there*, to set our hearts throbbing wildly to call forth a rain of blinding tears. This was but the beginning. Borne swiftly onward to the hotel, we momentarily started forward with streaming eyes and bated breath to gaze upon the phantom legions ever passing. Squads of cavalry dashed by, manly weather-beaten boys in gray, and elegant-looking officers wearing the well-remembered slouched hat with cord and feathers, and full Confederate uniforms. Infantry and artillery officers and privates thronged the sidewalks, arm in arm, walking in half embrace, or standing, with hand grasping hand. Those not in uniform wore the badges of their respective commands and frequently some faded remnant of "the gray." In the large dry goods establishment of Sanger & Bros. an immense show window was skillfully and beautifully arranged in honor of the occasion. Confederate soldiers (life size), so natural and life-like as to startle one, were grouped around a camp-fire anxiously watching a large kettle containing a tempting looking "mess" of green corn, potatoes, other vegetables and the rations of pork and beef. Blankets neatly rolled and strapped, canteens, haversacks, etc., lay near upon the ground. In the back-ground, a deck of cards and two piles of Confederate money had evidently been thrown down

and deserted, to "watch the pot." We learned that this most realistic arrangement was the work of a "Yankee boy," whose father had served in the Federal army—a loving tribute to the people among whom he had come to make his home.

Arrived at the hotel where a crowd of people waited in the parlor to be assigned rooms, we witnessed many a touching scene between veterans who met now after twenty years. An anxious face would look in at the door, a manly form would advance irresolutely into the room, furtively scanning the new comers. Suddenly: "Jim, *can* this be you?" "Why, Dave, old fel., great G—d, *is* this Dave?" Then as hand met and grasped hand, these strong men would often break into sobs which forbade all speech, while every heart of those who looked on, thrilled with responsive feeling.

From what I learned of the intended evening festivities at the camp-ground (music and dancing under the glare of the electric light), I felt disinclined to be present. All day I had walked hand in hand with memory, turning again and again to clasp her closely and to feel the throbbing of her sad heart upon my own. The dear presence still enthralled me, and I could imagine no counter-charm in the laughing face and airy form of terpsichore.

On the following morning Amy and I, escorted by a gallant Missouri veteran, set out for the rendezvous where we found assembled three or four thousand people, among whom hundreds wearing more or less of the gray, were conspicuous. The perfect and magnificent arrangements for the comfort and entertainment of guests inspired one with genuine admiration for those who had so well accomplished the grand results everywhere apparent. Did one thirst? In a hundred cool, pleasant nooks were placed casks of ice-water with dippers and gourds of all sizes attached by long chains. If hungry, at "headquarters" requisitions were furnished and duly honored by the commissary, who seemed to have a never-failing supply of delicious barbecued beef and mutton, also generous rations of fresh bread. These were supplemented by elegant refreshments of all kinds served under shaded tents by ladies, whose entire cordiality made them charming hostesses.

Bands of music continually enlivened the scene. One of these (Gauche Bros., of Dallas,) was of rare excellence, rendering "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," and an exquisite nocturne, "The Soldier's Dream," (composed for this occasion by the leaders of this band), with so much expression and skill as to elicit great applause.

The speaker's stand was beautifully ornamented. Hung on either



side of the rostrum was a Confederate battle flag. Above them in the center floated a new and very handsome United States banner in graceful undulations. From its blue field not a star was missing. All had been restored, and the bunting waved proudly as if instinct with knowledge of this fact. *But, oh, those other flags!* sacred emblems of a cause so loved, so nobly defended, yet, alas, *lost!* Scattered and torn by shot and shell, begrimed with the smoke of battle, deeply stained with precious blood, as the summer breeze dallied with their ragged folds they seemed to stir with a feeble, mournful motion, like the slow throbbing of a breaking heart.

Pictures illustrating camp life, battle scenes, etc., ornamented the stand which was also decorated plentifully with red and white, with a sufficient admixture of blue to make one remember to be loyal to the present.

The attempt to depict camp life, cannon, camp-fires, tents, stacked guns, sentries, etc., was utterly upset by the presence of hundreds of ladies and children, with the inevitable paraphernalia necessary to their comfort. "The front of grim-visaged war" was constantly being smoothed into beauty by baby fingers. Men, lured by siren voices, deserted the tented field, and were happy, in entire forgetfulness of duty (so called). Soldiers who did *not* bring ladies enjoyed hugely living in tents, and once more "messing" together.

Many elegant speakers addressed the crowd. Pearls of eloquence were sown broadcast, and brought forth a generous harvest of applause.

The number of officers present was surprising. Generals, colonels, majors, were pointed out to me by the score and at last I began to wonder whether in the portion of the Confederate army here represented, there were *any* "privates," at least I *might* have so wondered had I not *known* that after many of the battles now being recalled with honest pride and merited applause, my own eyes had been too dim with tears to see the glory, my ears had failed to catch the sounds of triumph because so filled with awful death groans or the agonizing cries of the wounded. Men whose parting breath was an ascription of praise to the God of battles, whose last earthly joy was the knowledge of victory, and others who shattered and torn, and in throes of agony yet repressed their moans that they might listen for the music of the fount which "springs eternal," whose bright waters (to them) mirrored the cause they loved and had served so well.

All honor to those who planned the glorious campaigns of the late war, who dauntlessly led heroic legions. Their record is without a

parallel in the history of nations. *Equal* honor to the rank and file, whose splendid valor and self-sacrifice made success possible even when further efforts seemed but "a forlorn hope."

I believe I have omitted no important detail of the reunion. Each day was just like the preceding one. Meetings and partings "tried men's souls," and women's hearts were stirred to their depths. At last the end came, and afterwards to many a painful reaction. Still it was passing sweet to meet old friends and comrades, and to find that memory had not proven faithless to her trust, and for many a day in the future we shall stand in the light of the surpassing glory which streamed through as the curtain, which has so long obscured the past, was lifted again and again by tender, reverent hands, under the oaks at Dallas.

VIOLETTA.

SHREVEPORT, August 16, 1884.

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[ For the BIVOUAC. ]

### OUR CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

At the commencement of the war there lived in Sharon, Mississippi, Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary, surrounded by a family of five stalwart sons.

Mrs. Catherine O'Leary was a fond and loving mother, but also an unflinching patriot, and her heart was fired with love for the cause of Southern liberty. Therefore, when her brave sons, one after the other, went forth to battle for the right, she bade them God-speed. "Be true to your God and your country," said this noble woman, "and never disgrace your mother by flinching from duty."

Her youngest and, perhaps, dearest, was at that time only fifteen, and, for awhile, she felt that his place was by her side, but in 1863, when he was barely seventeen, she no longer tried to restrain him, and her trembling hands, having arrayed the last beloved boy for the sacrifice, rested in blessing on *his* head ere he went forth. Repressing the agony which swelled her heart, she calmly bade him also, "Do your whole duty. If you must die, let it be with your face to the foe," and so went forth James A. O'Leary at the tender age of seventeen, full of ardor and hope. He was at once assigned to courier duty under General Loving. On the 28th of July, 1864, at the battle of Atlanta, he was shot through the hip, the bullet remaining in the wound, causing intense suffering until 1870, when it was extracted and the wound healed for the first time. Notwithstanding

this wound, he insisted upon returning to his command which, in the meantime, had joined Wood's regiment of cavalry. This was in 1865, and so wounded he served three months, surrendering with General West Adams at Gainsville. A short but very glorious record. This young hero is now residing in Shreveport, Louisiana, is a successful physician and an honored member of the Veteran Association of that city—Dr. James A. O'Leary.

Of his brothers, the oldest, Ignatius S. O'Leary, served throughout the war, and is now a prominent druggist of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Dr. Richard O'Leary, Surgeon P. A. C. S., now practicing medicine in Vicksburg.

Cornelius O'Leary, badly wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, lay on the field for hours with the legions of friend and foe alternately charging over him. After a long illness he recovered, and is now a planter near Sharon, Mississippi.

John Pearce O'Leary was killed in the battle of "The Wilderness."

Mrs. O'Leary still lives in Sharon, and the old fire is unquenched.

VIOLETTA.

[For the BIVOUC.]

### ORPHAN BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.



ABOUT the 16th of September, 1863, found us encamped on a ridge in the neighborhood of Lafayette, Georgia. We had passed a very disagreeable summer in Mississippi, living on the most slender rations, and drinking wretched water. Besides, the hot climate and our bivouac in the sand had told fearfully on us. It

was a treat for us to rest awhile on the grand mountains of Georgia. Our commissary was not overstocked, and we continued to arise from our meals hungry, go on guard hungry, go to bed hungry, and our minds would revert toward breakfast as soon as our eyes opened upon the "rocks and the pine." I remember how we raided the sorghum patch in the valley below, and spent hours chewing the pith of the delicious cane. But the "water was good," and time fails me to tell of the way we appreciated it. How we congregated around the grand old springs and drank water and talked about Kentucky! You



want to camp out in a Mississippi swamp all summer before you can be truly thankful for a "cup of cold water." Well, by a few movements we were brought, on the morning of the 19th of September, in the rear of "Hup" Graves' artillery, or rather Cobb's battery of his command, for Major Graves was our division chief of artillery. Our brigade commander very innocently remarks in his report of the affair, that "a shot from the battery into a house about five hundred yards off, where the enemy's skirmishers were concealed, excited an immediate response," etc. That is literally correct, but the subject will admit of a great many adjectives. We had to lay flat down and spread out like Cuban adders on the ground, and then were far from safe.

Shells cut the young trees, and limbs from the larger ones, and they fell promiscuously over and around us. These terrible missiles would also plough the ground and burst in our midst, making sad havoc. Fourteen of our brigade were killed here before we received orders to recross the river on the Chattanooga road.

In the evening we were ordered to the right, at double quick. We had several miles to go, and the march was severe. Many amusing incidents occurred on the route which can not be described though much enjoyed by those present.

Major Charles W. Helm, our Brigade A. C. S., had determined to go in one fight, at least, and had selected this one. He was active on the staff of our brigadier-general, and was extremely active riding up and down the column on the rapid march. He was brim full of wit and humor, and relished everything that had a tendency that way. Owing to his cheerful disposition he was exceedingly popular with the soldiers, and his appearance on this occasion served to lighten the burden of our painful journey. He was complimented by his general after the battle. He appears to me now as the most prominent figure in that rapid march from the left to the right, for I saw him oftener than the other mounted officers. He visited our company oftener to exchange witticisms with "Devil Dick" and "Wild Bill."

After crossing the Chickamauga at Alexander's bridge, we proceeded to seek our resting ground, finding it in an old field about 10 o'clock at night, where, enveloped in the settling smoke of the first day's fight, we laid down to doubtful dreams. We were up betimes the morning of the 20th, and marched forward to the woods in front to await orders and our breakfast, which was in charge of a "cooking detail." When broad day-light had arrived we were moved forward again in the direction of the Chattanooga road and were halted

on the spot where the day previous General Cleburne had so valiantly fought the enemy and driven them a short distance. Suffering as we were with hunger and insufficient rest, the horrors of the scene provoked all the emotions incident to war.

“Along the spot where day before, Pat Cleburne pressed them back,  
Scarred trees, dismounted guns, and furred earth—the schapnel’s track —  
Marked the place where Federal troops essayed to stand their ground,  
Before the flower of Arkansas, stretched they around.

Beneath the forest kings their bed,  
Beneath their branches resting,  
Like giants’ arms their forms o’erspread,  
Uncouth, though kind investing.

Mute in death reclining,  
Ghastly wounds defining,  
Heedless of morning’s shining,  
Dew their hair entwining,  
Lay those boys in blue far from home  
Near Chickamauga’s silent waters.

But we were not allowed to contemplate this scene for any length of time. General Breckinridge once more pushed ahead and formed a junction with Pat Cleburne, who was on our left. We passed General Ben Hill and his adjutant eating their rations under an immense tree. He commanded a brigade of Tennesseans, and his adjutant was Captain Will F. Miller, of Louisville. A great many of us knew both of these officers, and on this occasion we earnestly plied them with questions. to which they responded with good cheer.

We were halted near the edge of an opening in the woods, and were detained there waiting for our rations for quite awhile. The sun was now fairly up, and it seemed as if we were to have an exceptionally beautiful day, even for Georgia, which is celebrated for glorious autumn weather. Skirmishers were placed in front, our breakfast arrived, and many of our brave lads took their last meal on earth. General Breckinridge, whose presence was inspiration, rode frequently along the line. General Helm was moving about quietly and infusing courage into the eager command. It was a picture of “Just Before the Battle,” that can not be put on canvass. Helm’s brigade was about to commence the greatest engagement of the war. About half-past nine o’clock the Fourth regiment was deployed in front of the brigade, and, commanded by the fearless Nuckols, set about feeling for the enemy. It was short work, for he gave the command forward, and soon our Enfields rang out lustily through the

forest. The Fourth lost severely in the charge, but the enemy was developed and found behind breastworks covering part of the brigade front. The command now moved forward and as soon as we felt the fire of the enemy we charged, and the second day's battle begun in earnest. The Second and Ninth and a small portion of the Forty-First Alabama struck their fortifications and suffered terrible slaughter. General Helm was mortally wounded. Major Rice E. Graves, the great artillery chief, was also mortally wounded, besides very many of our brave officers and men were shot down during repeated attempts to storm the works. The Fourth and Sixth Kentucky and Forty-First Alabama missed this dangerous place, and struck two lines of infantry. Such was the impetuosity of the charge that these lines were almost literally run over. They were sent to the rear as fast as captured. A battery continued to hold out in our front, but soon the command was given to take it. We found that it was in the Chattanooga road, and as soon as captured it was turned on the routed enemy as they fled across an open field. At this juncture General Breckinridge rejoined us, and I never shall forget his stately presence. He sat erect on his horse, his whole body seeming to indicate attention to the business on hand. His quick mind soon comprehended the situation, and he spoke his words of command in a natural tone of voice. We discovered we were alone in our advanced position, with no knowledge of our gallant Second and Ninth. Before we could charge the rear, which we had unconsciously gained, the enemy had received heavy reinforcements, and thrown a strong column perpendicularly to his line of battle. We were immediately ordered to rejoin the two regiments spoken of, which was accomplished.

The battle now seemed to hang on this point which was so early developed by the Fourth and so stubbornly attacked by the Second and Ninth. Late in the afternoon General D. H. Hill's corps made a sweeping charge, and the Kentuckians once more drove everything across the Chattanooga road, and the Federal army was in retreat to Chattanooga.

FRED. JOYCE.





[For the BIVOUC.]

**THE DEATH OF GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.**

The following account of the heroic death of General J. E. B. Stuart was obtained from a private in the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, then a boy eighteen years old. The story, though short and unadorned, well recalls the much-loved chief, who, whether fortune frowned or smiled, was ever found at the post of duty:

On the morning of the fight at Yellow Tavern, I was acting as one of Stuart's couriers. At the beginning of it I was stationed in front of the tavern, under one of a row of trees that lined the way close by. To my left, about four hundred yards off, the enemy could be easily seen emerging from a piece of woods and forming for battle. A short distance to my right, was visible, an irregular line of Confederates. Pretty soon from the enemy came lively volleys whistling through the trees and starting the dust in the road. In a few minutes I saw two horsemen approach from the Confederate side. As they drew near I recognized General Stuart and Colonel Walter Hullion. They halted near by in the road, and Stuart, taking out his field glass, deliberately watched the maneuvers of the enemy, though balls were whizzing past him. Presently, regardless of the increasing fire, which was now accompanied with shouts, Stuart put his glass away and taking out pen and pencil wrote an order. Handing it to Colonel Hullion, he told him to take it to General Lomax. That officer replied, by pointing to me, and suggested that I should carry it. Stuart assented and I rode off in search of General Lomax. The firing continued to increase, and many squadrons were in sight. The enemy, conscious of superior numbers, seemed about to make a general advance while our men were availing themselves of the character of the ground, to repel their attack. After going a few rods to the rear my horse, excited by the firing, suddenly stopped and refused to budge. After several vain attempts with the spur and the flat side of my sword to start him, I at last struck him with all my strength right between the ears. This downed him, but he soon rose and ran off at the top of his speed. I soon came to where General Lomax was and colliding with his horse gained his immediate attention. After reading the note he told me to go back and tell General Stuart that the order had been delivered. In a few moments I rejoined Stuart. He was sitting on his horse close behind a line of dismounted men, who were firing at the advancing Federals. The disparity of numbers between the opposing forces

was very great; judging by the eye, the odds were almost ten to one against us. Our men seemed conscious of their inferior strength, but were not dismayed. The enemy, confident, pressed forward with exultant shouts, delivering tremendous volleys. The Confederates returned their fire with yells of defiance. Stuart, with pistol in hand, shot over the heads of the troops, while with words of cheer he encouraged them. He kept saying: "Steady, men, steady. Give it to them." Presently he reeled in his saddle. His head was bowed and his hat fell off. He turned and said as I drew nearer: "Go and tell General Lee and Dr. Fontaine to come here." I wheeled at once and went as fast as I could to do his bidding. Coming to the part of the line where General Lomax was, I told him Stuart was hurt and that he wanted General Lee. He pointed to the left and told me to hurry. Soon I found General Fitz Lee and delivered the message. He was riding a light gray, if I forget not, and instantly upon receipt of the news went like an arrow down the line. When I returned, Stuart had been taken from his horse and was being carried by his men off the field. I saw him put in an ambulance and I followed it close behind. He lay without speaking as it went along, but kept shaking his head with an expression of the deepest disappointment.

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A GOOD JOKE.—A pretty good joke was played upon two of the Third New Hampshire boys during the picket fight that the regiment was engaged in on James Island, June 10, 1862. The rebels were shelling quite freely, the minie-balls were zipping by, and quite a number were wounded. The members of the band were on hand, as they always were when any fighting was going on. While in the hottest a big strapping fellow came limping along, and says, "I am badly wounded." So two of the boys took a stretcher and placed him carefully upon it, and started for the ambulance. One of the boys was large and the other small, and it made a good load for the small one. When they arrived at the ambulance they sat their stretcher down. The wounded man got up and ran for the camp. The small man was mad, clean through, but the large one took the thing in good part and said, "You hold on a minute, and we will lug you clear into camp."—*Veteran's (N. H.) Advocate.*

## Youths' Department.

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### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

Soon, the Yankees came opposite, and passed by without noticing us in the woods. As I looked at the cannon passing, I felt right sick at the stomach. Suppose they were to see us, and stop and fire a shot at our party! What earthly chance would there be for any of us to get away alive? If a shell were to burst among us, it would kill the whole company! I thought that Captain Jumper was the biggest fool that ever commanded men. What right had he to risk all our lives in that way? He might risk his own life, but it would do us no good to get killed along with him.

Besides, I didn't enlist in his company to fight artillery. I was willing to fight infantry and cavalry, but not artillery. What chance had I with a pistol against a cannon? The more I thought of it, and the more I looked at those brass guns, big enough to knock a house down, the more I cursed Captain Jumper in my heart. However, he had me there, and I determined to stay with him. Besides, they might hear me, if I moved, and might shoot at us.

The infantry and artillery, however, passed by, and the wagons commenced rolling along. I never saw so many wagons before in my life. I think there must have been a thousand of them. They were certainly a mile long. And such splendid mules! If I had a dozen of them I would go straight home, and begin raising crops for the Confederate army. As they passed along, wagging their ears and switching their tails, I forgot the cannon, and was ready to rush right down and capture the teams, and those confounded teamsters drove along there as quietly cracking their whips and cussing their mules, as if they were in New York. The cowardly rascals! Why, weren't they fighting, instead of driving wagons? I was anxious to get a shot at them and show them what war was.

However, the captain let a long line of wagons pass without moving. Presently he sent an order down the line for every one to follow him when he started. Out he rushed and we after him. The captain, when he reached the road, shot the lead-mules of a team and then went down the road towards Uniontown. The wagoners that



had gotten past went ahead toward Pikeville as hard as they could drive their teams. Some of our men stopped at each wagon and commenced unhitching the mules.

I pulled up my horse pretty soon, thinking that the captain had enough men with him, and unhitched a mule and tied him by a strap to my saddle. There was no teamster at the wagon, and I supposed he had taken to the bushes that bordered the road on the other side. Everything looked pretty quiet around, and, as the other fellows had gotten into their wagons and were plundering, I thought I would do the same. So down I got, tied my horse at the back of the wagon, and mounted inside.

Just as I got up into the wagon, a man arose in the front part and surprised me so that I hollered, "Don't shoot; I'll surrender." The fellow had reached his hand out towards me and I thought he was aiming a pistol. He could have killed me easily, and that was the reason I told him I would surrender. Any man would have done the same thing. However, the fellow told me that he was the driver, and had no pistol, and would surrender to me. I told him to get out of the wagon and consider himself a prisoner. He got out, and, watching his chance, ran into the bushes. I didn't try to stop him, as he might tell that I had surrendered to him and the fellows might joke me about it, though any one of them, I'm sure, would have done the same thing. How was I to know that he didn't have a pistol? General Lee himself would have surrendered in such a place as that!

After the fellow left the wagon, I looked around to see what was inside. I found a good many boxes there, and after pulling and hauling them about, I found at last, stored away at the front of the wagon, an iron chest. I thought my fortune was made, for I knew it was a quartermaster's chest, and must be filled with greenbacks. I pulled it out and tried to open it, but could not do it, for it was locked and I could find no key anywhere. I took my pistol out and commenced hammering with it against the lid. Suddenly I heard a shot fired, and I dropped down into the bottom of the wagon, for I felt sure that the Yankees had come back and were attacking us.

I lay for some time perfectly still, but, hearing no other noise, I arose and picked up my pistol. I found then that the shot had come from my own pistol, which had gone off with the hammering. I concluded to stop hammering with it. I pulled the chest out of the wagon, and when I got it on the ground I picked up a rock and commenced hammering with it on the lid. But I made no impression on it. So, finally, I concluded, that I had better take the box on my horse, carry it home, and open it there.

Accordingly, I mounted my horse, took the box up before me and was just about to start, with my mule still fastened to my saddle. Suddenly, I heard a most horrible, screeching noise in the air, and something lit in the wagon I had just left, and burst there, blowing the boxes into pieces all around. Something struck me in the back, and for some moments I thought I was a dead man. I never heard such a noise before in my life and I never want to hear another such. I felt sure my backbone was broken. I prayed my Heavenly Father to get me away safe from this place, and I socked both spurs into my horse up to the heel. Off Rebel started, pulling the mule along with him. I held on to the iron box, for I thought that if I *did* get away safe, it might be of use to me.

Down the road towards Uniontown went horse and mule. Presently another shell burst in the field near me, and I felt sure the next would strike me on the head. I couldn't fight against artillery, so I kept on, and our fellows behind me were following fast, nearly every man leading a mule. Soon, I met some of our boys coming *toward* me, and crying out that the cavalry was after them. We had Yankees now in front and rear, and it was no time for staying on the road. So we dashed into the field and started for the woods. Just then, another shell fell near us and burst. A piece of it struck me on the shin, and I felt sure had broken the bone. I never prayed so truly and earnestly in my life before. There was no help for me from our fellows, and I *had* to look to the Almighty to save me. I kept digging my spurs into Rebel's sides, but could not make very fast time as the mule could not keep up well. I would have let him loose but could not untie the strap.

Soon the Yankee cavalry came in sight, shooting at our men who were making pretty fast time toward the woods. Between the pistol-bullets that were whistling about our heads and the shells bursting around us, and the men yelling at their horses, I thought the very devils had been let loose from hell after us. Finally, we reached the woods and went through them as hard as we could drive, the Yankees following and shooting at every step. I got near Jim, who was leading a mule. Making a desperate rush, I got ahead of him. Across the field we went and into a country road. Along this we went as fast as we could, but the Yankee cavalry pressed on close behind.

After we had run about a mile, the Captain, who was in the rear, called out to us to halt and make a stand. I knew I couldn't do anything with a mule tied to me and a box in my hands. Besides, I was

hurt in the back, and I was certain that my leg was broken. So I kept right straight on. But a good many of the men stopped and wheeled and fired at the Yankees. This brought them to a halt.

After both parties had fired at each other for some time, the guerrillas fell back slowly, and finally, the Yankees stopped following us. They had, however, captured several of our men and wounded several others. I kept on with my horse and mule as hard as I could stave. Rebel ran so fast that now and then he fairly lifted the mule off his feet. I kept up my fast gait for fully three miles in order to get entirely out of reach of the Yankees. I then went more slowly, and, finally, about sunset, I reached home.

Mrs. Morrison and Miss Sallie came out of the front door when they saw me riding up. When they saw me looking so pale they both cried out: "What is the matter?" I told them that I was badly wounded in a fight we had just had. I never shall forget the kind manner in which Miss Sallie looked at me. She talked so sweet and her eyes shone so bright! She asked me where I was wounded. I told her I had been struck in the back, and I believed my leg was broken also.

I rode up close to the porch and they took the box out of my hands. Mrs. Morrison eyed it pretty closely when she put it down, and she talked more kindly even than she had. I rested my hand on Miss Sallie's shoulder (that blessed shoulder!) and Mrs. Morrison took me around the waist, and by hard pulling and lifting they got me on the porch. I laid down flat, for I was sure my leg was broken. I told them a shell had struck me in the very thickest of the fight. They got a knife and cut my pantaloons open to the knee, and then cut open my boot.

When they had laid bare the leg they told me they saw nothing but a bruise, and that they did not believe the leg was broken. I rose up then and looked at the leg. Sure enough, there was a bruise on the center of the shin, and I found that I could work my toes, and hence concluded that the bone of the leg could not be broken; in fact, I found that I could stand on the leg. I told them then that a piece of a shell certainly had struck me, as they could see, and the jar had been so great that I thought the leg was broken. I certainly was glad when I found that I was all right. The blow on the back had not even bruised me. I told them to carry the box into the house, and we would open it when I come in. I then carried Rebel and the mule to the stable. The mule held his ears down and walked very feeble. Rebel had jerked him a good deal, and he had had a longer run than he was used to.



Jim got home shortly afterward with his mule. He had stopped with the captain, and this had kept him later than me. He seemed to think that I ought to have staid with them, but when I explained the matter, and told him about the iron box, he said it was all right. We got the box out then, and Jim said there must be, at least, one hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks in it. I promised him a share, and we went to work to open it.

We found we could make no impression on the box with an axe. So Jim proposed to pour powder into the lock and blow it open. I didn't like the idea much, as the box might have something in it which would explode. However, we filled the key-hole with powder, put the box in the yard, and then laid a train of powder up to it. We then set fire to the train and went behind the house. Presently there was a big explosion, and out we ran, Jim in front, then the ladies, and I last; the wound made me a little lame. However, there was no further explosion, and we soon came to the box.

I don't think I ever was as mad in my life as when I looked at that box. The lid had been blown open, and we saw the box was filled with nothing but papers—quartermaster's accounts! I could then and there have eaten that infernal quartermaster up, bones and all! I would have cursed the whole thing if the ladies hadn't been there. Here had I been risking my life, had got shot in two places, had held on to that box through it all, and then to find it filled with—*papers*! I thought I would be rich enough to go home and go to farming, and here were—*papers*! I walked into the house and went to bed.

*July 20.* I have staid close at home ever since the wagon-train raid. The bruise made by the shell on my leg has brought back the rheumatism. I have had pains in every joint in my body, and especially in my leg. I have been obliged to use a cane, and can not go from one room to another without leaning heavily on it. The pain I suffer is so great that I groan whenever I move, or when any one touches me on the leg. The captain comes here quite often and asks to see me, and he seems to feel deeply for me whenever he sees me hobbling about and groaning. He said the other day that he didn't think I would ever be fit to go on another raid with him. I don't believe so either. I would go home if I did not hate to leave Miss Sallie. Besides, they wrote to me from home that I had better stay where I was, as the conscript officer was very strict now, and would not excuse a man, no matter how much he suffered from rheumatism.

Miss Sallie is just as lovely as ever. She talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright! I believe I love her more than I do my country; which I oughtn't to do, but I can't help it. As much as I love her however, I have never been able to tell her so until a few days ago. Always, when I tried it before, I could not find the words to say it to her. Often and often I have laid awake at night, thinking how I would tell her; but when I had settled on my words and would sit down by her the next day, the words would stick in my throat and I could not get them out.

Last Saturday, however, I told her the whole truth. I came down into the parlor and found her sitting down by herself, mending her stockings. I took my seat by her, and we talked for some time about one thing and another. She is a true Southern girl, and loves to talk of fighting the Yankees and beating them. She keeps on talking about its being every man's duty to go out and fight the Yankees so as to gain our freedom. She can't have been hinting at me, for she sees I am too sick to go out and fight them. So I agree with her, and say that I would like to go out every day and have a fight if I was able to do it.

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**TAKING A PROPER VIEW.**—With all General Gordon's gaiety and imagination, he is, and always has been sincerely a pious man, and never went into an engagement that he did not ask Divine assistance and favor. Once, however, he almost lost his gravity at prayers, held on the eve of a battle—the battle of the Wilderness. One of the common soldiers was called on to pray, and men could pray at such times, knowing that within the next hour or two one or more of them must be lying in the dust. On this occasion the soldier began: "O Lord! Thou knowest we are about to engage in a terrible conflict, if you take a proper view of the subject." At this time the hearers lost their gravity, and fought the battle of the Wilderness with their eternal spirits giggling all through.

**MUSIC WILL SOOTHE.**—When the Thirtieth Georgia infantry was preparing to go into its first fight, a soldier had a violin strapped to his back.

"What are you going to do with that fiddle?" said the colonel.

"O," replied the musical soldier, "If I die I want to die to the sound of Betsy," this being the name he had given the violin.

The battle ending, the soldier's name was not answered at roll call, but he was found at the foot of the tree badly wounded in the leg, quietly sawing the strings of Betsy.

**STURGEON, THE FINANCIER.**

Sturgeon was a dude of African blood. His nappy hair cut fighting short was the only unmistakable sign of his Hamitic descent. His skin, though dark-hued resembled more a Cuban's than a mulatto's. His figure was slight, lithe, and graceful, and his head and features, lips excepted, closely resembled the type of the French *noblesse*.

He was the body-servant of a Confederate officer whom he greatly loved, and he looked after his comfort with untiring zeal. His manner towards his master suggested the solicitude of a mother for her young, and when he thought they were alone, it was somewhat severe and dictatorial. No one could ever make the acquaintance of Sturgeon without being impressed by him. No master of ceremony of the old school was ever more perfect in the language of courtesy, albeit his grammar and diction was not of the best. His deferential manner, without being intrusive, commanded your attention; and though a regard for your position forced you to treat him as a slave, you could not help feeling that in some respects he was your superior. Sturgeon's master, Captain K., had maintained on Confederate rations two thoroughbred chargers. They were of race-horse stock, slight, well knit, beautifully formed, and of exquisite action. One was a chestnut, the other a bright bay. No trainer with an unlimited supply of stable hands, ever kept a royal steed in finer plight than Sturgeon kept these horses. After a long march they would be led out next day with their coats glistening like silk and their manes and tails festooned with ribbons. There was only one thing, or rather one pair of things, in the brigade that shone brighter than the coats of these horses—they were Sturgeon's master's boots. The care of these horses and his master's wardrobe was not the half of Sturgeon's task. His paramount duty was to procure for Captain K. at least two square meals a day and to keep always on hand a small amount of whisky. Sturgeon's ability to perform this paramount duty in spite of wind and weather, was past all praise. His talent for finding something to eat and drink, in houses which had been plundered over and over again, was almost miraculous. His achievements were equal to those of "The Slave of the Lamp." The writer was often an invited and sometimes an uninvited guest of Captain K. We would often dismount after a hard day's march, content to eat hard tack and go to bed when Sturgeon would meet us at the door, take us into a secret chamber and there, by a crackling wood fire, we would find a steaming hot supper prepared.



What magic or medicine the African used I can not say, but all the people about the house seemed to be his willing slaves, and every door opened at his command. As the war dragged its slow length along and both the necessities and luxuries of life got scarcer and scarcer, Sturgeon's genius arose with the occasion. But when Richmond was about to fall, from which came the supplies of money, Sturgeon at last became discouraged.

"Massa George," said he one day, "I understand that our army is on the pint of abanding the capital."

"So they say, Sturgeon," said Captain K.

"Well," he continued, "you know money ain't getting any plentier, though it is of less value every day; but we have to eat and drink all the same."

"That is so," said Captain K., "but we will have to stand it."

"Of course, but what are we going to do when Richmond is left behind and when it will be hard to git any money at all?"

"Trust to providence and you, Sturgeon."

"Manners," said Sturgeon with look of conscious pride, "kin do a heap; but to make 'em tell, it takes money, and whar is it to come from, now?"

The voice and countenance of the African filled Captain K. with apprehension. Was it possible that his faithful servant was thinking of leaving him? Remembering his past service, he said:

"If you don't want to stay with me any longer, Sturgeon, you are free to go and shift for yourself."

There was a look of pain on the African's face as he replied in his old way:

"That's not to the pint. The trouble is where is the money to come from? You don't know. Well, I'll tell you. You sell me for what you can get."

"Sell *you*, Sturgeon! Hard times shall never bring me to that."

"But, Massa George, business is business. I'd make a first-rate hotel waiter, and they fetch a big price."

"Not big enough to buy you, Sturgeon," said Captain K. deeply moved, "when you leave me you go free."

"Who's talking about leaving you?"

"Of course, if I sell you, you would have to go with your master," said Captain K.

"S'pose I did. All you have got to do," said Sturgeon with a meaning twinkle, "*is to put me in your pocket* and go along out of Richmond. If I turn up in a few days at headquarters, you are not 'sponsible. Who's talking about leaving you?"

This was a financial expedient, worthy the brain of Jay Gould, but Captain K. refused to adopt it in spite of the earnest pleadings of its author. They left together with the army, and Sturgeon stuck to his master to the bitter end.

I understand that Sturgeon is still living and is a successful business man.

HENRICO.

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### THE DIVERSIONS OF A SICK CHAMBER.

Nothing so distresses a soldier as lying in a sick bed far from home.

It is said that many of the North Carolina troops, after recovering from malignant fevers, drooped and died of homesickness. It was bad enough to be carried to a hospital and laid on a couch near the dying, to hear their shrieks and groans and to see them carried out to the dead-house.

Even this was softened by the presence of gentle women who nursed so tenderly and watched with a mother's or sister's solicitude. But just to think of having a loathsome, contagious disease, of being taken to a kind of pest-house and nursed by a man detailed for the purpose, who was bored by every groan or trifling request for assistance made!

Major B. caught the small-pox. The nature of his sickness was not known when he was admitted into the spare room of a Virginia farmer of German extraction. When it was found out, the spare room was severely quarantined and so was Joe Black, his detailed nurse. Mr. Black, in volunteering for a nurse, had thought to avoid the bullets, when lo and behold, he was brought face to face with the king of terrors.

Joe Black's visage got longer and longer until he almost made up his mind to murder the major and flee to the mountains.

At last, the patient convalesced and repaid the savage care of his nurse every way he knew how. As his strength increased, he tried hard to entertain Joe Black, whose ignorance was as dark as his name, for he could neither read nor write. He told him about the giants of antiquity and the wonderful men of all ages, but Joe Black was never stirred with emotions of wonder. The story of Milo, who had carried a calf every day till it got to be a large ox, only excited the remark that Jim Cunningham, a mountain neighbor of his, had done the same way with a Boston colt his father had given him. The feats of Bucephalus, when related, served only to remind him of a milk-white horse he used to own that "skeered at his shadow and clumb up into the corn crib."

The supposed speech of Leonidas at Thermopylæ or Regulus at Carthage, was greatly admired; but no burst of eloquence of ancient or modern times could, in his judgment, equal the dying words of Jasper of revolutionary fame.

This he knew by heart, and often repeated: "Take this sword," said Jasper to his attendant, "and tell my mother I never dishonored it." He liked poetry, too, and was delighted to listen to popular extracts from Burns and Shakespeare; but none in his opinion compared to the light, mountain ditties he had stored away in his quaint mind and which he half sung as he repeated with action suited to the words.

At last Joe Black, himself, was seized with the terrible disease. When first informed that the signs were unmistakable, he nearly died of fright.

"I wouldn't keer for myself," said he, "but what is to become of Mary and the baby?"

The attack, however, proved a mild one, for the disease had already exhausted itself upon thirteen members of the farmer's family. By dint of a little medicine and a mountain constitution Joe Black soon recovered and went again to war. BOURBON.

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#### THE SKIRMISH LINE.

BEECH leaves, when young, and hog parsley (the pest of gardens) make very palatable "greens"—when you have nothing else.

FIRST boy—"Why is Blaine called the Plumed Knight?"

SECOND boy—"Because—I give it up."

FIRST boy—"Because he always showed the white feather in time of war."

A GREEN RECRUIT.—The Lincoln cavalry had halted on an open plain in the Shenandoah and dismounted, and the troopers were enjoying a little relaxation, when the voice of the colonel rang out the command "Stand to horse!" The green recruit, a tall lanky and awkward-looking youth, heard the command with evident dread. His face wore a puzzled and troubled expression as he asked of the man nearest him, "What does he want us to do—stand on our horses? I can't never do that. I didn't enlist for a circus performer!" And the other troopers smiled an audible smile.—*Veteran's (N. H.) Advocate.*



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## Editorial.

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WE are indebted to J. H. Bemiss, of Rodney, Mississippi, for a corrected copy of the song "Lorena."

THE handsome Confederate flag borne by the Bigby Grays of Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee, is in the war exhibit at the Southern Exposition.

THE "SOUTHERN BIVOUAC" has attained the largest circulation of any magazine published south of the Ohio River. A limited number of unexceptionable advertisements will be received.

THE sword of Captain (now Doctor) F. C. Wilson, which was borne through twenty-nine battles, in which the Stonewall brigade was engaged, attracts much attention at the Exposition.

THE designer of the frontispece is Mr. Kenneth McDonald, of the firm of McDonald Bros., of Louisville. He drew it from memory, being an eye-witness to the stampede so vividly portrayed.

THE New York *Independent* has discovered that black as Blaine is painted, he is a saint, compared to Cleveland. In the Puritan philosophy, whited sepulchres are better than penitent publicans.

THE survivors of the First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry should not forget the reunion at Elizabethtown on the 19th of September. The good people of that city will see that they have a good time.

THE flag of the First Kentucky (Confederate) Infantry, afterwards used by the Second Kentucky, is in possession of a member of the latter command. Money will not buy it, and but few are permitted to look at it lest it becomes soiled by the dust.

THE September issue of the BIVOUAC is three thousand. It should be five thousand, and may reach that figure by January, 1885. But reconstruction has taught us to advance cautiously, and at every halt to fortify. If our friends will help us, they will surely get their money back compounded.

IT is expected that members of the Orphan Brigade will attend the reunion at Elizabethtown prepared to contribute as much as they feel able towards the fund to purchase monuments for Generals Helm and Hanson. It is desirable that every survivor should give something, and when all is collected the work can be speedily done.

THE methods of the Standard Oil Company are being rapidly copied by similar combinations in the South. Everything points to the destruction of the individual unit in commerce as well as politics. The self-governing average citizen must now step down and out. The slaves of lucre soon find a master of flesh and blood, and land serfdom has vanished only to reappear in business circles.

THE angry criticisms of the Republican press on Cleveland's short letter of acceptance, recalls the following :

Once an Irishman was taking a stroll by star-light. A ferocious bull-dog ran out at him, and receiving a single blow from his stick retired precipitately, making night hideous with yells. "Och," said the Irishman, "I know I hurt you, or you wouldn't howl so."

THE increasing number of divorce cases in Kentucky is an unfailing sign of the southward march of civilization. No wonder the voice of the shotgun is heard in the land. Those, however, who are impatient to hasten the good times should bear in mind that even the most improved law of divorce in Massachusetts, the well-spring of progress, can not compare in its workings with that which already prevails with our colored brethren of the South.

NOT a few wiseacres have settled the question as to the fate of the negro. They quote statistics to prove that by the natural law of greater increase, he will eventually crowd the white out of the cotton belt. The error lies where errors are generally found, in the premises. The census of 1870 was incorrect, failing to give the true number of the negroes dwelling in the cotton belt. Hence, the apparent increase as shown by the census of 1880, was misleading. In several districts of that region, we are informed, accurate accounts, for years, of the comparative birth and death rates of the two races have been kept. In every instance it has been found that the birth rate of the whites is more and the death rate less than that of the blacks. Possibly, immigration may assist the negro; but unless it gives him great numerical superiority in regions adjoining the belt, even if he comes to wholly occupy that alluvial spot, he will never own it.

THE sham battle recently played in the Louisville fair grounds, was bravely done. It was manifestly planned and executed by men of more than "bookish theoretic." One thing, however, was lacking, as all old soldiers must admit. Just at the crisis of the action there should have appeared the conventional straggler with despair in his aspect, saying in broken accents: "My command is all cut to pieces."

SHAKEN, indeed, is the sea of public opinion to its slimy depths when such a man as Butler floats on top. To what shall we compare him, since history furnishes no parallel? If Thersites had a defiling wit and an effrontery sublime, he sometimes used them for his country's good. If Cataline goaded by debt and infamy plotted the ruin of the republic, he, at least, had the courage to be the foremost to face the storm his wickedness had raised. Even Robespierre, who hid behind a front of brass the heart of a craven, could plead despair. Butler, possessing all their bad, is without any of their redeeming traits. Colossal in evil only, like a villainous masterpiece, he blends all their base qualities in one.

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#### THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

This grand exhibition of the products, industries, and curiosities of the country is much better than that of last year.

The changes are all improvements, and especially noteworthy are the fountain with its iridescent springs, the music shell, and the enlarged Music Hall. As contrasted with the display of 1883, better taste is shown in the arrangement of exhibits, a greater variety is presented, and altogether it is an exhibition which must challenge the attention and interest of all classes of visitors.

An unique feature is the "War Memorial Exhibit, where the soldiers will repair to live over the war again, while they look at the souvenirs and mementos of the late 'confusion.'"

It is said that war brings out all the good that is in man, and certainly, the expressions of mutual esteem and the friendly chats by those who stood in opposing ranks twenty years ago show a harmony on this point. Stands of guns used in the late war are in the foreground flanked by field pieces. On the one side of the pavilion are relics of war, contributed by ex-Federal soldiers, upon the other the cherished mementos of the Confederate struggle. The banner of stars and bars is spread on the one side until its stars mingle in one blue field with those of flag of the Union, and both blend their striped folds above a headquarter tent held in common.



We have no patience with those who cry out "that the display reopens the wounds of the war." It but calls up its memories stripped of bitterness. There is scarcely a Confederate soldier who would hesitate to admire the faces of Kearney, Thomas, or Grant, or refuse to bestow a silent tribute of admiration for their gallant devotion to the Union, and there are but few if any Federal soldiers, who will turn away from the portraits of Breckinridge, Forrest, or the only "Stonewall" the world has ever produced.

#### THE SOLDIERS' REUNION AT DALLAS.

On the last day of the Southern soldiers' reunion at Dallas, and when sentiments had been read in honor of this and that officer of distinction in the service of the lost cause, a lady occupying a somewhat retired position on the platform, handed to General Gaue a slip of paper on which was traced the following noble sentiment as read by General Gaue in a clear, distinct voice and in tones that expressed his entire concurrence.

The sentiment and the name subscribed are sufficient of themselves. We give it as follows:

"The private soldier of the Confederate States army."

He bore in his bosom a heart of oak; he withstood the brunt of battle and sustained the heat and burthen of the day. His blood nourished the laurels which otherwise had never bloomed to grace the brow of Lee or Jackson. For myself, no blessing has ever crowned my life, more highly prized than the God-given privilege I enjoyed during four years of the war, of ministering to the boys wore the ragged, unornamented gray.

Your devoted friend and comrade,

MRS. FANNY A. BEERS,  
Late of the Confederate Army.

To this sentiment came the response of three cheers and a regular rebel yell, repeated and repeated for a space of twenty minutes.

But the most touching feature followed. A number of old Confederate soldiers who had, in wounds and sickness, received gentle and healing ministrations from the hands of Mrs. Beers, and learning just then that she was present, in defiance of all order rushed to the stand and gathered about her. Each and every one bore the mark of some wound received in the war and wore about their person some fragment of Confederate uniform—a hat, a coat, or other articles, as souvenirs of the days of trials and of glory.

Like old children they gathered around her, grasping her hand and blessing her and testifying to all the world what a blessing she had been to them.

It was, indeed, truly the most touching and striking incident of the late reunion of Confederate veterans at Dallas.

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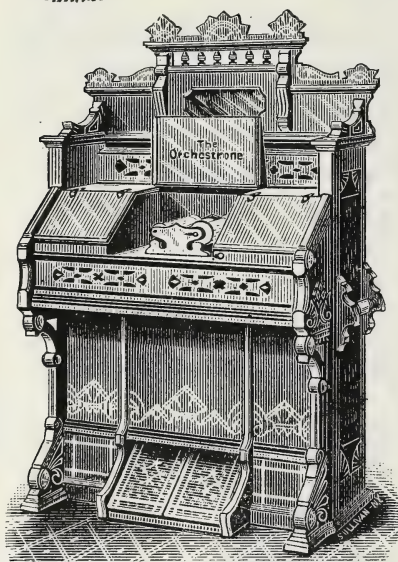
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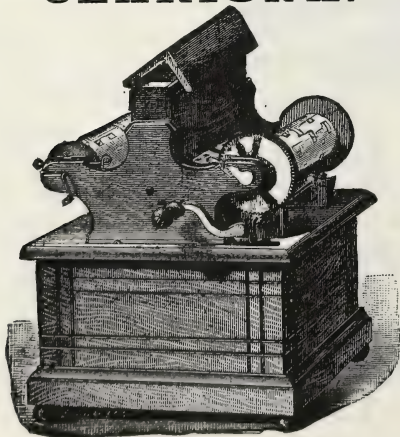
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*Dr. Wintersmith,*

OFFICE OF THE COURIER-JOURNAL, LOUISVILLE.

*Sir:* I waive a rule I have observed for many years, the value of your remedy prompting me to say, in reply to your request, what I know of your Chill Cure. The private assurances of its efficacy I had, and the good results of its effects I had observed on Mr. R. W. Meredith, who, for more than fifteen years, has been foreman of my office, induced me to test it in my family. The results have been entirely satisfactory. The first case was of two years' standing, in which I believe every known remedy had been tried with temporary relief—the chills returning periodically and seemingly with increased severity. Your cure broke them at once, and there has been no recurrence of them for more than six months. The other case was of a milder form, and yielded more readily to other remedies ; but the chills would return at intervals, until your medicine was used, since which time, now several months, they have entirely disappeared. From the opportunity I have had to judge, I do not hesitate to express my belief that your Chill Cure is a valuable specific, and performs all you promise for it.

Very respectfully,

W. N. HALDEMAN.

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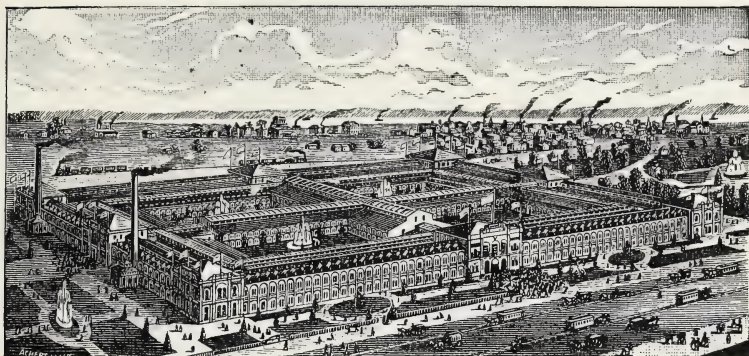
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The consummation of the arrangements with Cappa and Gilmore assures the Southern Exposition the repetition of probably the most charming feature of last year's exhibition. From August 16 to October 25, there will thus be given two concerts each day from bands not excelled by any in the world. Musical entertainments of this kind had never been attempted by any exposition until the Southern Exposition of 1883, and the repetition of the engagements this year will probably make our exhibition exceptional in this respect.

The pyrotechnique display of last year, which attracted the admiration and wonder of all who were so fortunate as to see them, will be equally if not surpassed this season.

An eye toward the comfort and convenience of visitors will be always maintained, and in brief, nothing will be left undone that can add to the pleasure of the people and the popularity of the Exposition.

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The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is a monthly magazine, published under the auspices of the Southern Historical Society, of Louisville, Ky., and was established to preserve in book form such history and reminiscences of the war as those only who took part in it can furnish. In works now published are found accounts of the movements of armies, and the great battles of the war, made up principally from official reports. The object of the magazine is to supplement these by accounts which picture the soldier on the march, in camp, as well as in the field; his talks around the bivouac fire, foraging exploits, jokes, rations, wounds, hospital and prison life, sufferings, and his heroism and devotion to his country amid it all.

Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

Its contents will include, besides the papers of historic interest read before the association, short stories of the war, sketches of soldiers distinguished in battle, poetry, notices of individual heroism on either side, and a select miscellany of other articles, making it interesting to the old soldier, instructive and entertaining to those growing up around him.

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WILLIAM N. McDONALD, Editor.  
Private Stonewall Brigade.

E. H. McDONALD, Business Manager.  
Major 11th Va. Cavalry.

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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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[For the BIVOUAC.]

## BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.



WILSON'S CREEK was the scene of one of the most important battles fought on Missouri soil, August 10, 1862. Up to this time there had been much desultory fighting between the Federal forces and the State troops under Governor Jackson and Price; and on both sides a fierce bitterness had been exhibited. The war in that State practically began with the attack upon Camp Jackson, near St. Louis, and the unprovoked massacre of innocent women and children upon that occasion, converted strong Union men into bitter secessionists.

Prior to this event, not only the people, but the State government was for standing by the Union. Missouri had cast her vote for Douglas, and to the convention which was called to consider the question of secession, few, if any, disunionists were elected. Sterling Price, chosen as a Union man without opposition, in his district, was made president of the convention, and, like those whom he represented, was an ardent lover of his whole country.

There is no space to speak of the causes which gradually led to an open breach between the Union Democrats and the Republicans, but the acrimony caused by the Kansas war was probably the chief factor. Placed geographically in the van of the sectional conflict, and almost encompassed by States full of violent Republicans, the Missourians were impelled to a course of loyalty, by the instincts of self-preservation. They surely endured much for the sake of peace, and it was not until the ruthless massacre at Camp Jackson, that, casting aside the counsels of wisdom, they rushed into revolution. The news of this outrage fired the popular heart, and the State authorities, in quick response, raised the standard of resistance. Governor Jackson issued a proclamation for 50,000 volunteers, and appointed Sterling Price commander-in-chief of the State forces.

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The Kansas war had already sharply drawn the lines of political opinion, and it took but little to raise the country. Without arms or stores or even an organized militia, in a short time, the State possessed a formidable body of citizen soldiery. In almost every county, there was an uprising and soon the roads were filled with tumultuous bands of half-armed men seeking Price's headquarters. Neighbor was arrayed against neighbor, and at many points there raged an internecine strife which, to the horrors of ordinary war, added those of arson and assassination.

The army of Missouri was unlike any raised by the Confederate government. It was more than any other typical of the cause and the times. It was a popular outburst against the tyranny of Federal power. Its strength lay not in the *esprit du corps* of regimental units, nor in State loyalty, nor in influence of political leaders, but in the intense feeling of hostility to an oppressive government. Without a commissary, or quartermaster departments, and almost without arms and ammunition, the scattered bands gradually united and were formed into rude regiments and brigades. The first action was at Boonville, where eight hundred men, in disobedience to the orders of their commander, refused scornfully to retire before a superior force under General Lyon, till they had inflicted serious damage. Shortly afterward, the capture of several hundred of the German home guards at Cole Camp gave a small supply of muskets.

On the night of the 3d of July, in Cedar county, a union of the tumultuary bodies was formed, and upon being organized by Price, were found to number about three thousand and six hundred men. Five hundred of these were wholly unarmed, and nearly all were without canteens, or cartridge-boxes. In passing through the country, eight pieces of cannon had been captured. For these they had little ammunition. They had some powder, and for round shot and canister, pieces of trace-chains, and round stones were substituted.

Thus organized and equipped, they began their march toward the south-western corner of the State closely pursued by a heavy force under Lyon, with Siegel towards their front seeking an opportunity to hem them in. At Carthage they turned upon Siegel, and by the vigorous rush of their disorderly masses, put him to rout. But upon the approach of the force under Lyon, they retreated to Cowskin prairie near the boundary of the Indian nation.

Two days after the battle of Carthage, Price, who had been absent from illness, reached camp, to the delight of the soldiers. The news of the achievements of the revolutionary troops had gone through

the State and excited a noble spirit of emulation. From all quarters small bodies came pouring in, and Price soon found himself at the head of nearly eight thousand men. By agreement with McCulloch, he met him at Cassville, July 28th, and the Confederates and Missourians were united in one army. August 1st, the whole force moved off toward Springfield with a view of attacking the Federals there under Lyon and Siegel. (Price's report.) Confident in their strength, the troops turned northward, with a bright hope of driving the enemy from the State, and never was more enthusiasm exhibited. Upon reaching Cane creek, McCulloch, who led the advance, halted for the rest of the column. The enemy had been discovered on the Springfield road in threatening numbers, and McCulloch refused to advance further, unless he was given the leadership.

On the 4th of August, Price "put the Missouri forces under the direction of General McCulloch who assumed command of both armies." (Pollard's *Lost Cause*.) From Cane creek the Confederates advanced to Wilson's creek, seventeen miles nearer Springfield. On the night of the 9th, it was determined to go forward and attack the foe the following morning. But a rain beginning to fall, and fearing lest from want of cartridge-boxes the small amount of ammunition would be ruined, McCulloch waited till break of day. The event proves it was a lost opportunity. Lyon was before and near him watching every movement. Commanding a force inferior in numbers though better armed and disciplined, he had learned, by experience, the bravery of the Missouri bands; and now that McCulloch had joined them with his brigade and one of Arkansas troops, under General Pearce, he felt that nothing but the most energetic action would save him.

In a report of his, dated August 4th, he writes: "Painful as it is to announce, I fear much my inability to retain position in Springfield." On August the 9th, the day before the battle in which he lost his life, he writes to Fremont, "I find my position exceedingly embarrassing." He felt compelled to be the aggressor and though despondent, he made his plans with a mind undaunted by the prospect of impending calamity.

According to the plan adopted by him and Siegel, Lyon was to go with the main body of about 5,500 men and ten pieces of artillery against the Confederate front and left flank, while Siegel, by another road, with about 2,000 men and six pieces of artillery, was to move stealthily on the right flank and rear of the foe. Darkness favored the movement; and while the Missourians, delighted at the prospect

of a speedy return to their homes, were dancing before their camp-fires, the Federals concealed by the cloudy night, were approaching within almost musket range of their position.

Says Siegel, in his report: "In sight of the enemy's tents which spread out in our front and right, I planted four pieces of artillery on a little hill. It was 5:30 o'clock when some musket firing was heard from the north-west. I, therefore, ordered the artillery to begin their fire against the camp of the enemy (Missourians) which was of so much effect, that the enemy's troops were seen leaving their tents and retiring in haste toward the north-east of the valley."

Says General McCulloch in his report: "My effective force was 5,300 infantry, fifteen pieces of artillery, and 6,000 horsemen, armed with flint-lock muskets, rifles, and shot-guns. There were other horsemen with the army, who were entirely unarmed, and instead of being a help, were continually in the way."

Shortly after sunrise, the Confederates were aroused by the bursting of shells in their midst. To many it was a great surprise, and the galloping hither and thither of unarmed horsemen, did not tend to allay the excitement. Stunned by an attack from a foe, who they thought was cowering inside of his breastworks at Springfield, there must have been at first some confusion. McCulloch, however, had learned sometime after daylight of the advance of the enemy and rapidly made arrangements to receive him. Simultaneous with Siegel's attack on the right and rear, Lyon opened on the front and left, having planted his guns on commanding hills.

The day was saved by the sturdy valor of Price's men assisted by the Arkansas troops, and last, but not least, by the daring genius of McCulloch. Siegel pushing his advantage, pressed forward toward the Confederate rear. Having posted his guns so as to sweep in flank the Confederate front, he poured a destructive fire into the ranks of those who were resisting the advance of Lyon. McCulloch saw that this battery had to be taken. Calling upon a portion of the Third Louisiana regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hyams, he led them around Siegel's right flank and charged the battery. Says Hyams: "Arriving on the brow of the hill, Lieutenant Leacy, of the Shreveport Rangers, sprang on a log, waved his sword, and called, 'Come on, Caddo.' The whole command rushed forward, carried the guns, rushed to the fence and drove the enemy off."

They were speedily reinforced by a large force of Arkansas cav-



alry, who, plunging through the brush, attacked the infantry support and put Siegel's whole command to flight. That unfortunate officer upon whom afterward all the blame of the disaster was cast, says that the charging column of Confederates was at first supposed to be a portion of Lyon's men, and that the mistake was only discovered when they were quite near his guns. Says he: "It is impossible for me to describe the consternation and frightful confusion which was occasioned by this unfortunate event. The cry, 'They (Lyon's troops) are firing against us,' spread like wildfire through my ranks. \* \* \* The enemy arrived within ten paces from the mouth of our cannon, killed the horses, turned the flanks of the infantry and compelled them to retire."

The right and rear being relieved, the front and left strongly demanded the attention of McCulloch. Here was the hardest fighting. Lyon, with iron purpose and skillful leadership, was steadily advancing. Though surprised by the sudden attack, the Missourians, at the first call to arms, were soon ready for battle. The alertness of the foe in securing strong positions and planting his batteries so as to enfilade their ranks, forced the alternatives of flight or a bold advance up steep hillsides under a murderous fire of cannon and musketry. The Missourians did not hesitate. Up the broken face of the ridge, with irregular front, but with dauntless step, they moved, at times recoiling under the galling fire, but again rallying and returning to the charge. Soon their left was threatened by a force under Major Sturgis. Toward this point a portion of the Third Louisiana regiment and McIntosh's regiment of mounted riflemen (then dismounted) were sent. They were met by a galling fire from troops stationed behind a fence. Up to the fence and over it they went, and, with an impetuous rush, drove the enemy back upon the main body.

Lyon, though contending with superior numbers, would not yield the ground. Again and again he urged his men forward, leading them into the thick of the fight. Fearing that his right would be turned, he sent the Second Kansas to support the First Missouri (Federal) regiment, which had recoiled before the fierce onset of the Confederates.

At the same time he had to resist a determined assault upon his center. Here Totten's battery was stationed and with rapid discharges, was sweeping the wooded crests with grape and canister. Around it the tide of battle roared. More than once the Missourians, with reckless valor, charged to within a few yards of the guns and were driven off.

It was in the desperate encounter for the possession of this battery that Lyon fell. Sometime before, while gallantly attempting to rally his men, he was shot in the leg and head; but he refused to leave the field. To Sturgis he said, mournfully: "I fear the day is lost." Says Sturgis: "Mounting another horse, he swung his hat in the air and called upon the troops to follow him." Charging with the energy of despair, the Federals drove back the Missourians and pressed them hard. But the defeat of Siegel had relieved the Confederate right and rear, and the Missourians were quickly reinforced by First and Second Arkansas mounted riflemen, commanded respectively by Colonel T. J. Churchill and Lieutenant-Colonel Embury, by Gratiot's regiment and McRae's battalion. McCulloch says: "A terrible fire of musketry was now kept up along the whole side and top of the hill upon which the enemy was posted. Masses of infantry fell back and again rushed forward. The summit of the hill was covered with dead and wounded. Both sides were fighting with desperation for the day. Carroll's and Grier's regiments, led gallantly by Captain Bradfute, charged the battery (Totten's) but the whole strength of the enemy was immediately in rear, and a deadly fire was opened upon them." At this critical moment, McCulloch ordered up Pearce's brigade, of Arkansas troops, with Reed's battery and a portion of the Third Louisiana. Most manfully did the Federals meet the opposing masses, but they were forced to give away inch by inch. Says McCulloch: "Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of our final charge. The enemy fled and could not be rallied, and they were seen at 12 M., fast retreating among the hills in the distance."

This last statement is contradicted by the reports of Major Sturgis who, upon the fall of Lyon, assumed command, and of Captain Totten, whose battery did so much execution. They both declare that the Confederates were driven off before they began to retire from the field. The casualties admitted by the Federals was 1,235, while McCulloch acknowledges a loss of 1,065 killed and wounded, and thirty missing.

It is hard to tell what was the relative strength of the combatants. According to official reports, the Federals numbered about 8,000 while the Confederates reached 11,000.

On August 12th, Siegel, who had assumed command at Rolla, twenty-eight miles east of Springfield, writes to Fremont: "We are now here with 3,000 men of infantry and 300 cavalry." This warrants the inference that the Federal loss was much greater than that reported by Sturgis.

W. N. M.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR—IN TWO PAPERS.

## CHAPTER I.



HE fall of Fort Donelson was a memorable and a gloomy epoch in the history of Tennessee.

It opened the State to the full tide of invasion, and it was to many a sure sign of the surrender that the South must finally make. Besides, the air was full of farewells to the dying—to the dead—"The heart of Rachel for her children crying, would not be comforted." Those upon the Southern limit of the State were slow to believe the sad truth, but unmistakable evidences were soon given.

On a Saturday night, dark and gloomy, with a wet atmosphere, so cold that it penetrated the most comfortable clothing and made strong men shiver, came the dispatch—"Prepare hospitals for—number of sick soldiers. They must be sent forward at once to prevent capture."

Before the gray shadows had lifted themselves from the face of the dawn the sick squadrons were moving in. Such a sight! The tears start even now, when I recall the ghastly picture of men moving in the raw air that sad Sunday morning. "Toll the bell, toll the bell;" said old Mrs. S., "they are dead men, and we are dead people!"

This was at first the common feeling, and now after the lapse of so many *hard* years (for whether our Northern neighbors believe it, or not, they have been hard), I do not quite shake off the feeling of sorrows to come, which oppressed me then.

But it was not a time when the luxury of tears could be indulged in. Work, sad work, was waiting every hand; for the swift-coming trains brought heavy cargoes of human suffering.

The hospital was hastily prepared on a lofty site; and, sad omen, in full view lay the silent city of the dead!

Alas! how soon the rows lengthened and multiplied in the "Strangers' Lot." The first to die was a noble Mississippian. While the death-dew stood on his brow, the light of heaven beamed from his eye. He asked that some one would sing and pray; for he was a Christian soldier. Then he talked, talked of his mother, of his home that he should see no more, and of the home to which he was going: and while he talked "he fell on sleep." There he lay in the bleak hospital, as fine a form as any sculptor could wish. Said a



warm-hearted Irishman, as his tears fell upon the unconscious stranger: "It hurts me heart to see the loike of that put under the ground."

In another ward a stalwart Kentuckian lay dying. He bore no marks of sickness, but sorrow and exposure had hastened the work of death. His voice was entirely gone, and his dumb agony was too painful to witness.

In the third ward was a Missourian, so wan, so worn, so forlorn, and so *bony*, that though levity never seemed so much a sin, I could not refrain from nick-naming him "Bones." "What is the matter with you?" inquired the nurse. "O! I'm just *that hungry*," replied he. The expressive emphasis on the word hungry revealed a depth of meaning never before dreamed of; and when he began to eat!—well, I'll not attempt a description. I didn't know *then* how to sympathize with him, and laughed at the rapid disappearance of everything edible in his reach.

As a convalescent (though it is still a wonder to me how one so weak could become strong again save by a miracle), he was quartered in the home of a hospitable citizen. He soon spied a long string of onions. These, after many a painful effort at lifting himself, he succeeded in reaching, and ate them *all*, even the skins! After the sweet sleep induced by this strong opiate his recovery was rapid, and when the invading host came nearer, and the hospital was broken up, and the soldiers ordered further South—he had grown so fat that my husband's biggest breeches had to be widened before he could get into them—he went off well "provisioned," and I have no doubt did some good fighting, and lived through the war, for he clung to life with the tenacity of a Spartan, though not taking kindly to their frugal fare.

The steward of this hospital deserves a passing notice. He understood his work, and did it well. Still for a' that I felt toward him as Laocoon did toward the Greeks. He seemed to me "a man with the *evil eye*" and I could not rid myself of the impression that he was always *watching*. In a time of trial, I feared he would flinch, that he would betray his trust for a *better bid*. The sequel showed that these misgivings shared by many were not meaningless.

One day, just between the lights, two horsemen were seen galloping into town. Whence they came, and whither they went, no one knew. They made their way *straight* to the *hospital*, as if familiar with the "ins and outs" of the place. In a short time a Federal garrison was stationed in the town, having the keys of the hospital al-

ready in possession, but the *janitor* was a *free* man in blue clothes, in a colder clime.

The names of nurses, citizens, physicians, and preachers, who had been attentive at the hospital had also been given. This was surmised from the surveillance which the Federal authorities exercised from the first toward such persons, and which, after a time, developed into absolute tyranny.

## CHAPTER II.

The first Federals came in at night on the turnpike leading from ———. The many anxious eyes looking wistfully for the coming of a son or sire, will never forget the strange sensation which chilled their hearts as the sad news stole through the darkness. "The Yankees are coming!" Listening, we could hear in a distance the sound of the hoofs upon the rocky road. Many wept, and out from the home circle hastened many a brave boy, to die on the march, on the fatal field, in the hospital or prison.

The place was sad and silent as though under interdict. Yet the soldiers were quiet, and well behaved, so far as related to overt acts. They were conscious *conquerors*, and the citizens realized already what conquest signified to the *conquered*. Even the old time social relations could not be resumed with the old freedom and familiarity. Strangers had come in. The display of female finery was peculiarly provoking to Southern women, who disdained to dress in rich robes, while lover and husband were imperiling their lives. *Hecuba*, with her weeping women, was now at the altar, and then at the loom.

So the months dragged on, and nothing occurred to break the dreary monotony, until suddenly one day a Southern cavalier dashed in among the Yankees, leaped upon one of their horses and was off, before the picket started from his surprise.

This incident gave the invaders a feeling of uneasiness, and renewed their suspicions of the citizens. As no further demonstration was made, matters soon settled into their wonted way. The quiet, however, was only *seeming*. We were like the people who used to have their homes on the sides of Vesuvius, or in the crags of the Alps. The flowers bloomed, the birds sang, and the children played, but the mothers had heaviness of soul. They knew that at any moment the hot lava might be poured upon them from the seething volcano, or the awful avalanche might bury them beneath the eternal snow. It is a fearful thing to bear about you a body of death, whether this body be that of a chained criminal whose putrid carcass

defiles the flesh of the living, or that invisible but *equally palpable* death which each heart touched by sorrow, bears with it *perpetually*.

Bravely as the Southern women have met the issues of the war, they do not forget the former days, when life was all a song—a gay, sweet song, changed too soon into a dirge. Poverty they have borne, and defeat they have borne; but oh, the *hopelessness* and *weariness* of living when those you love are all dead.

The Persian king answered the prayer of the poor peasant, that his sons might remain with him, but he answered it by slaughtering them, and thrusting their bloody bodies into the fond father's face.

But I digress, and while I wander, the grass grows green over the heaving hillocks where the soldiers sleep, for the earth, ever mindful of the dead children who rest in her bosom, loves thus to keep their memory green. A smiling sky bends lovingly over them, and a soft sun is kissing into bloom the flowers which gentle hands have planted for "somebody's sake."

Once more the fertile fields of Tennessee are waving with wheat, and without a word to cheer us, we grow more hopeful, for it is hard to be downcast, when the very winds of heaven are blowing an invocation to freedom, and every sleeping seed is bursting through the stubborn soil. We breathe in the influence of the old life renewed.

It was with a sentiment of this sort that I looked abroad over the high hills surrounding P——on a morning in May.

### CHAPTER III.

I do not know that I write for any who sometimes *feel* with the certainty of *fact* that *something is going to happen*.

I do not understand it myself, but on that day there came to me such an inspiration. I made a vain effort at the regular routine of domestic duties, but about two o'clock I threw down my work exclaiming, "they are coming, they are coming; I know it, it seems to me I can hear their shouts in the air."

"Who are coming," quietly inquired my husband. "O, our boys, our boys, I believe they are here *now*." With that I went to the back porch and a most *stirring* spectacle met the eye. The whole Federal force was in rapid retreat, and standing not upon the order of their going. Fast, fast, and faster did they fly, and not a pursuer could be seen.

Anon shouts are heard on every side, "Morgan's men! Morgan's men! Morgan's men!"

The prince when he found the enchanted castle and waked the



"Sleeping Beauty," never started half so loud a hum of human life. The sick left their beds. Those who had never sung before, sung; and those who had never shouted before, *shouted*. Men, women, and children, the young, and the old, the rich and the poor, the white and the black, surged to the public square to welcome Morgan, and Morgan's men. What inspiration there was in that name, like Scotia's burning brand it excited enthusiasm wherever it went. He was the Cid Campeador of Southern cavaliers, and we regarded him as the Spaniards did that incomparable lord—viz: that victory was certain wherever he led.

Amid these reminiscences we drop a tear at the hard fate of such a hero.

The Southern soldiers came in from every direction, and in an incredibly short time the entire garrison was captured. The loss of life was trifling, if we dare so speak of a loss that is ever great and solemn.

The enemy concealed themselves, about a mile from town, behind an old rock fence, enclosing a grave-yard.

For one night the town held high revel, and yet, I must say, that the chief joy arose, not from a feeling of triumph over the fallen, but from the meeting with friends, from greeting those who had embraced a common cause.

Repeatedly are we warned to rejoice with moderation, for they, the Southern soldiers, could not stay to protect us—and so, on the morrow, suddenly and silently as they came—they left.

At four o'clock that same day just as we sat down to enjoy a little rest before the fire, for the air was cool, we heard what seemed to our startled ears a war-whoop! Into the fire went a budget of captured mail-matter. One letter only had I read, or tried to read, and the burden of that was "Bee shure now to send me sumthin from them thar parts."

This is a *bona fide* quotation, given to show that bad spelling was not confined to the "ragged rebs," and also the animus with which many came to "these here parts."

Very soon we began to think that "Ann Marier's" wish would be gratified, even to the sending away of *every* thing from these parts.

Down the same road came the four thousand, their bayonets flashing in the sunset-blaze. They were *mad*, and like brave men they were. Even the trees, and fences and flowers, and women and children were made to feel the force of that wrath.

For three days eating was a kind of hap-hazard game. We ate

what we were fortunate enough to get in *transitu* from the kitchen to the dining-room, and often we took it like Orientals, with fingers for forks. How longingly memory reverted to the Pied Piper,—

Who in Tartary freed the chain  
From *his* huge swarms of gnats,  
And eased in *Asia* the *Nizam*  
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats.

One Irishman was so inflamed, partly by whisky, that he threatened “awful things” and had to be *tied*. This was done to a tree, or rather the *tree* to *him*, for, with a mighty wrench, he uprooted it!

Less successful was a doughty Dutchman who attacked a billy goat, whose *capricious* movements were construed into a challenge.

When discipline was restored the citizens were made to know, in every way, that they had committed an unpardonable sin in the welcome extended to Southern soldiers.

In June an order was issued for the arrest of twelve representative citizens. They had the choice of a most odious oath, or of abandoning their homes for a sojourn in the South. Some of these men could not leave, others were old, and several had but small means, but little with which to meet daily demands, and nothing to spend in traveling, had they felt so inclined. All were true Southern gentlemen, ardently attached to their native State, and with hearts alive with sympathy for those engaged in the struggle.

The greater number of this party had been active in their ministrations at the hospital. Their record was well known *before* the *arrests were made*, and the absence of the steward grew less and less a mystery.



## THE RETREAT FROM LAUREL HILL, WEST VIRGINIA.

## NUMBER TWO.



ALTHOUGH the ground was somewhat level, it was rock after rock all the way to the stream. Some of these rocks are very high with laurel growing between and here and there a large spruce pine tree. The rocks were covered with heavy moss, making them slippery so that we had to be quite cautious. Then before reaching another rock we would have to cut through the laurel; some of us reached the stream by dark, while some thirty or forty had to remain just where they were, either on or between the rocks, as it was dangerous for them to move. Those of us who reached the stream found more comfortable quarters—that is, as far as the nature of the ground was concerned. We could either lie down on the wet moss, or sit up against a spruce pine tree, and sleep (if you could). Although it was the 14th of July, the weather was so cold that what sleep we did get did us little or no good. If the balance of the command fared as I did they got but an hour's sleep from dark till daylight. The only thing I saved out of my knapsack was one shirt, and I found use for it that night. The moss on the ground was so wet I knew I could not sleep lying down, so I took the shirt, folded it, placed it at the foot of a large spruce pine tree and took my seat for the night. As soon as I closed my eyes I would doze off only to wake again in a moment. I was weak and feverish from loss of sleep, fatigue, and want of food—the rest of the men were in the same condition. Of course, some were better able to stand the hardships, but the situation was bad enough for the strongest of us. We tried to build a fire. We had plenty of matches, but neither the laurel nor the spruce pine bark would light, and that was all the wood we had.

As soon as day broke Monday (July 15th) we could see the boys who had not reached the stream the night before lying around on the rocks. One poor fellow had a large rock all to himself. He said dark had overtaken him on this rock and he was afraid to venture any farther and so “went it alone” that night. It was well enough that he did as he had to have help to get down the next morning. As soon as all had reached the stream (Monday morning, July 15th) we started on our march up the next ridge thinking surely we would find a valley on the other side. The ground was more favorable for marching and the laurel not quite so thick so that by eleven o'clock



we had made two miles. We were marching in single file, Major Thompson and all the captains in front. Suddenly a commotion was created by word being passed up the line from mouth to mouth to "halt." What did that mean? Had the Yankees overtaken us? "What do you think is the matter?" was asked a hundred times. As soon as the word reached the head of the line word came down the line from mouth to mouth, "who says halt." As soon as that word reached the rear of the line the message went back, "we are going in the wrong direction." When Major Thompson received this word he started for the rear at the same time passing back the word, "Who says we are going in the wrong direction?" Word came up, "There is a man here says we can't get out going this way." Major Thompson passed word for the man to come up the line. They met half way (our line was at this time strung out so that it measured about half a mile). The rear of the line followed the man, the front followed the major, so that we all doubled up in the center to see and hear all. As soon as they met, Major Thompson asked the stranger who he was. He answered: "My name is Jim Parson. I live way down the mountain. I heard you were in the mountains, and from the direction I heard you had taken I knew you would never live to get out. In this direction you will only find mountain after mountain for thirty or forty miles." By this time we were huddled up together discussing the situation—all were officers, all on an equality and all talking. Some of us were inclined to trust him while others thought he was a decoy sent out by the Yankees. Major Thompson finally succeeded in restoring quiet and asked Parsons how he knew we were in the mountains. Parsons said: "Sunday evening (July 14th) two men came to my house for something to eat. In talking with them I found they belonged to the First Georgia regiment and had been cut off the day before (Saturday) at Cheat river. They also told me that you men, about four hundred in number, were still in these mountains hoping to make your way across to the valley. I found out from them what direction you were going in when they had left you, and I have come to lead you out."

Sunday morning after our first night in the mountains, two men had branched off on their own hook to try and find their way out. It was very fortunate for us that they did so; we had had no roll-call, hence had not missed them. They went east while we were going south, and after they had rambled about all day were lucky in finding Jim Parsons' house about dark. As soon as it was daylight the noble old mountaineer started out on his mission of mercy to find and

lead us out. He was living on the same ridge that our left had been resting on at Cheat river though about seven miles further down. He followed the top of the ridge till he struck our trail and then had no difficulty in finding us. After Parsons had explained all this to Major Thompson, we were about equally divided as to believing him. The old man insisted on our following him, promising to take us out safe and beyond reach of the Federal army. He said: "You will have to go back to where you started from this morning, and take down that stream. That will lead you to my 'deadening.' When we reach that we will be safe, as my house is not more than four miles further on."

Parsons was asked how far down the stream it was to his deadening. He replied that he did not know as he had never been any higher up the stream than his deadening, however, he did not think it was more than five miles. (A deadening is a piece of woods where all the trees are killed by cutting around them so that the grass will grow for the purpose of grazing cattle, the business Parsons was principally engaged in).

"However," says Mr. Parsons, "I am not positive that my deadening is on this stream, but I think it is. You know I came across the mountains and crossed two or more streams, and as I never was up in this part of the country before I can not say positively which of the streams my deadening is on."

We had now consumed some time in talking over matters and finally Phil. Dodd spoke up and said: "Turn him over to me and I will go ahead with him. If he leads us to the Yankees he will be a dead man, sure." We all knew Phil. Dodd, and that he was the very man for the place. Matters being decided, we moved on with Phil. Dodd and the old man some two hundred yards in advance. Phil. kept his eye on the old man and his gun in hand ready for any emergency. We marched back some distance and then down the stream we had left that morning. We had to walk in the stream, though it was very shallow. Our men were very weak and some had to be helped over bad places, consequently our progress was dreadfully slow. We had marched some four miles, dark was coming on and no deadening in sight. All at once we stopped and every eye was strained looking down stream to know why. Some one says "Yonder goes Phil. Dodd and the old man up the mountain alone, what do you think is the matter?" Another said, "Have they found the Yankees in our front?" The old man having traveled this far and still not seeing his deadening now became alarmed, thinking he was

on the wrong stream. He asked Dodd to let him go up the mountain and take a look around. Parsons knew if we were lost, he was lost, too, so you see he wanted to go up the mountain alone. Then if he could not tell where he was, he could easily make his escape. Dodd took in the situation at a glance and said, "If you think you can tell where we are by going up to the top of the mountain I will go up with you." "No," said Parsons, "You are not strong enough; let me go. I will return as soon as I look around a little." Phil. would not let him go alone, so up they both went. Parsons strained his eye (he had but one) but could not see the much-looked for deadening. Phil. afterwards told us the old man was so confused he could scarcely speak. At last the old man said: "We will go back to the stream and follow it down." When Phil. and the old man returned we started on down the stream. When we had gone about a mile, old Jim Parsons jumped up and down clapping his hands and yelling, "Yonder it is! Yonder it is! Yonder it is!" His eye ever on the lookout had just seen in the far distance one dead tree, but Parsons knew from the looks of that dead tree there were more close by. And such was the case, we had reached the deadening. We marched on a half or three-quarters of a mile and then we could all see what the old man saw so far off. A council was then held, Parsons being admitted in full fellowship. He stated that his house was five miles off and it probably would not be safe for the command to go there as it was directly across from Carrick's Ford, the place where the fight had been Saturday (July 13th). He also stated that Parnett had repulsed the enemy at that time and Sunday the day before he had started out to look for us they (the enemy) were burying their dead just across the ridge, not more than five miles from his house. He suggested that we remain where we were for the night and he, with ten or fifteen men, would go on to his house, cook what meal he had, kill some beeves and return to camp as soon as he could. That suggestion was acted upon. It was now about eight o'clock P. M., and the men were completely broken down; besides, had all gone it would have taken too long to make the trip. Parsons, with fifteen men, started off to the house with the understanding that they were to return as soon as possible with something to eat. The command remained at the deadening for the night—this was the fourth night without food and very little sleep.

The old man and his guard soon reached his house, and after a happy greeting and hand-shaking all round, Parsons said, "Now, let us see what we can find for the boys to eat." In looking over the



supply he found he had no flour, and what corn meal he had would not feed twenty men much less three hundred and ninety-five. So he concluded to cook what meal he had, take it down and divide it among the men which would give each man a very small piece. He thought best not to kill the beeves at his house, the enemy being so close might hear the report of the guns. By daylight the next morning (Tuesday, July 16th) Mr. Parsons and his guard were up and ready to start for the camp at the deadening. They drove down about fifteen beeves; some of them they killed with pistols, and by the time the sun was up the beef was ready for the men. They were called up and formed in line to receive the cornbread which had been prepared at the house. Each man was to receive a piece about the size of an egg. Before the basket with the bread came to sight Major Thompson informed the men that Mr. Parsons had cooked all the meal he had and he would now give each man a small piece. How shall I explain the next scene? I will try and do so in as few words as possible, and such a scene I hope I will never witness again. They commenced at the head of the line, thinking to give each man his piece as his time came. They had not given out more than five pieces before the rear of the line was doubled up on the centre. The men seemed to have gone perfectly wild at sight of the basket. Those farthest down the line would not wait for their turn but rushed on the man with the basket, jerked the basket out of his hand, and men, basket, and cornbread were all mixed up together on the ground. The bread was tramped under foot, and ground into meal again. After the scramble was over and quiet restored, the men looked at each other in mute astonishment, as much as to say: "What has happened?"

Such was the freak of starved men—men in a manner crazy from the loss of sleep and want of food. The corn-bread was all destroyed, we had plenty of beef but no salt. We built small fires and boiled our beef. We could not eat much, but the little we ate did us much good. By the time we got through cooking and eating our beef it was nine o'clock. After a hearty hand-shaking with the noble old mountaineer we started on our march for the land of milk and maple sugar. Mr. Parsons had given us our directions. We had to keep down the same mountain stream some eight or nine miles before we would come to any road. We could march on the side of the stream most of the way, as the laurel was not so thick and the ground somewhat level. We reached the road Parsons had mentioned some time in the afternoon, and we were more than glad to put our feet

down on a road, as we had not done so since Saturday morning, and this was Tuesday afternoon.

We camped that night near the first house we came to and fared better than we had done the night before. We bought beeves from Mr. Snyder, whose house it was we were near, and butchered them ourselves. We had plenty of salt, but could get very little bread. Snyder was a strong Union man and did not want to let us have any thing. We told him we must have the beeves but would pay him for them, which we did, in gold. We understood afterward that Snyder was instrumental in having Jim Parsons killed. Being anxious to get further down the valley in order to get something besides beef to eat, we broke camp early the next morning.

About four o'clock that afternoon we reached a settlement and every man started out on his own hook to find something to eat. That night our command was scattered all over the valley. As soon as most of the men assembled the next morning, we again started on our march down the valley of maple sugar.

By twelve o'clock that day the men had at least five hundred pounds of maple sugar, each man having from one to five pounds. I am satisfied that the eating of this maple sugar did more to strengthen us than all the other food we ate.

Major Thompson finding it would be impossible to keep the men together, gave us orders to branch off in squads, get through the country as best we could and report at Monterey as soon as possible. Some of the men reached Monterey the next Monday (July 22d), others were coming in all next week. From Monterey we were ordered to McDowell to receive a ten day furlough. Some fifteen of the men died soon after we reached Monterey. Several of them were deranged for two or three weeks. Two were sent to the insane asylum, one (Jessie T.) was only little better than an idiot till the day of his death, which occurred some years later.

PRIVATE J. W. STOKES,  
*First Georgia Vols.*



## CHARGE OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE AT PERRYVILLE.



ON the 8th of October there will be a reunion of the First Tennessee regiment volunteers. The day is fittingly chosen, as it is the anniversary of the bloody battle of Perryville, in which this regiment covered itself with glory. The following lines written by Captain B. P. Steele, of Company "B," is a glowing tribute to the memory of those who fell, indeed, to all who shared the perils of that memorable charge.

Far and wide on Perryville's ensanguined plain,  
 The thunder and carnage of battle resounded;  
 And there, over thousands of wounded and slain,  
 Riderless steeds from battle's shock rebounded.  
 Cheatham's division was fiercely attacking,  
 And proudly from his men rose cheer after cheer,  
 As before them McCook was sullenly backing,  
 Gallantly fighting as he moved to the rear.  
 On Cheatham's left, Stewart's guns roared and rattled,  
 And in the center, Donelson onward bore;  
 On the right, Maney's brigade charged and battled,  
 Valiantly driving the stubborn foe before.  
 'Twas there, held in reserve, impatiently lay,  
 The First Tennessee, the "Knights of the Kid Glove,"\*  
 Eager and chafing to join the bloody fray—  
 Help their brave comrades, and their own powers prove.  
 Soon was their impatient valor to be tried,  
 Soon were they to charge to the cannon's grim mouth—  
 Soon upon the battle's crimsoned wave to ride—  
 Soon to prove themselves worthy "Sons of the South."  
 For soon, at headlong speed, there came dashing down—  
 His steed flecked with sweat and foaming at the mouth—  
 The warrior-bishop—he of the "Sword and Gown"—†  
 Who with like devotion served God and the South.  
 Every eye and ear of that gallant band,  
 Was eager turned to catch the old hero's words;  
 On the guns more firmly clenched was every hand,  
 And from their scabbards quick leaped two score of swords;  
 For all knew by the flash of the old chief's eye,  
 That he had hot work for every trusty gun;  
 And ready was each man to fight and to die,

\*The First Tennessee was principally made up of young men from Nashville and other towns in Middle Tennessee, and was called the "Kid Glove regiment," as a term of ridicule.

†General Polk.



In the bloody work then and there to be done.  
 A moment along their solid ranks he glanced,  
 And with just pride his eagle-eye beamed o'er them—  
 Assured by their firm main, that when they advanced,  
 No equal numbered foe could stand before them.  
 He noted the firm set lip and flashing eye,  
 And on their sun-burnt cheeks the brave man's pallor; \*  
 And knew they had the spirit to "do or die,"  
 For Southern honor and with Southern valor.  
 Then pointing towards the cannon-crested height,  
 Where Loomis' guns volleyed in death-dealing wrath,  
 He seemed as a war-god gathering his might,  
 To hurl missiles of destruction on his path,  
 And with a look that plainly said, "You must win,  
 For the sake of the Sunny Land that bore you,"  
 He shouted above the battle's fierce din,  
 "Forward! and carry everything before you!"  
 Forth they sprang, four hundred, less fifty, all told;  
 And as their ranks were thinned by iron and lead,  
 With true discipline, fearless courage, and bold,  
 They closed their files and rushed on over the dead.  
 Towards the height, bristling in hostile array,  
 With unwavering line the heroes rushed on—  
 Oh! truly was it a glorious display  
 Of courage—worthy the fame the "Old Guard" won.  
 All *dressed by the right* with veteran skill,  
 They moved on their way with step steady and true,  
 And guns at shoulder, to the foot of the hill,  
 As if on parade, for the "soldiers in blue."  
 But then their muskets spoke, their wild shouts leaped,  
 As before them, in rout, a regiment fled; †  
 Many of which their bullets halted and heaped  
 In bloody confusion, the wounded and dead.  
 Now more dreadful the carnage volleyed and roared,  
 A volcanic crater the hill's frowning crest,  
 Down whose bloody sides, death's fiery lava poured,  
 Sweeping the young and the brave upon its breast.  
 • Like sear leaves before the autumn blast" they sank,  
 But their undaunted comrades pressed on o'er them—  
 Pressed on, with quick, steady step and closed up rank,  
 Hurling death into the blue links before them.  
 Brave Loomis' support ‡ were veterans long tried,  
 And nobly did they second his fatal blows;  
 But their numbers and valor were all defied,

\* 'Tis said that the *bravest* men, conscious of danger, pale before it, but *dare* to meet it.

† One hundred and Sixth Ohio, which fled panic-stricken from the field.

‡ First Wisconsin, which stood its ground till fearfully decimated.

By the impetuous ranks of their Southern foes.  
 Loomis' gunners and horses went to the dust,  
 And his terrible war-dogs were hushed and still;  
 A few more quick bounds and a bayonet thrust,  
 And the "kid glove soldiers" had captured the hill.  
 But then came stern Rousseau, a Federal "brave,"  
 Rapidly sweeping down with his fine command,  
 And threw it like a torrent, wave upon wave,  
 Against the brave First's shattered and bleeding band.  
 But they met it as meets the breakers firm rock,  
 The wild, towering waves of the storm-lashed sea—  
 Met it to hurl it back with a fearful shock—  
 Back, like the foiled, rock-broken waves of the sea.  
 But just then the cry was passed along the line,  
 "They are flanking by the left! fall back! fall back!"  
 Ah! 'twas then more brilliant did their valor shine,  
 As with face to the foe, they retraced their track.  
 Proudly, their reluctant, backward way they bent,  
 With sullen, defiant mien, firm step and slow,  
 Sending back defiance and death as they went,  
 And moved more to the left in the plain below.  
 And then "forward!" was again the cheering cry,  
 And quickly did those noble Southerners respond;  
 They again sprang forward, and their shouts rose high,  
 As they swept the hill and the wide plain beyond.  
 And then, when the fierce, bloody conflict was o'er,  
 The heroes sank down with fighting sore wearied;  
 And wept that of their brave comrades, full ten score,  
 Were wounded or dead; ¶ *but the height had been carried.*

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#### AN INCIDENT.

In giving a slight sketch of an incident in the life of my daughter I can truly say, that the losses we experienced during the war, were so trivial (I mean our personal privations), compared to the terrible scenes many of our relations were witness to, and from which they suffered, that I feel disposed to relate only those incidents which were of a brighter cast. And yet my memory reverts to the robbery of my daughter's jewelry and it is this sketch I propose to give you.

My husband was the surgeon of the Marion Alabama hospital, the college buildings being taken for that purpose. And here let me pay a passing tribute to his great medical knowledge, and assert

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¶ The loss of the First Tennessee in this charge was about sixty killed and one hundred and fifty-one wounded.

the fact that he saved many limbs from being amputated, by his very successful treatment of gangrene.

A beautiful girl in Marion bestowed her affections on a young colonel from, I think, Forrest's army, and many were the consultations concerning her trousseau, which was at last gotten up in good taste, though under great difficulties. How could it be otherwise, when a calico dress cost \$40, and a home-spun \$100? But silks and ribbons and laces were forth coming, for all female energies were put forth to accomplish that end. Then came the important evening, and among the many guests none received a warmer welcome than my little household. In those sad times of war and desolation, we had thought it in bad taste to wear much jewelry, so my daughter's was laid away in her trunk—all save a diamond ring, which she wore habitually, and which, like most of the rest, had been an heir-loom for a century and a half.

The young bride, anxious for her wedding to be as brilliant as the times would permit, requested A—— to wear her diamonds on that occasion. A very short time after this the "march of Sherman to the sea," flooded our poor lost Confederacy with stragglers from the robber horde. A negress, one of the family servants of Mrs. D—— who had waited at the wedding, informed two Yankee soldiers, that, for a consideration she would pilot them to a country-house where they would find *forty thousand dollars* worth of jewels. This, of course, was far beyond the mark; but there was enough to excite their cupidity, so they marched into the house, and putting a pistol to her head, demanded her keys.

She had a few moments before secreted her ring in the coils of her hair; but who can blame her if she delivered her keys to the ruffians with death staring her in the face? Opening her trunk they soon found the treasure, which they stuffed into their pockets. She, knowing how I prized an exquisite miniature of her great-grandmother, appealed to them to give it to her, if they took all the rest; so one pitched it to the far end of the room, where she found it unbroken after their hasty departure. This miniature has its own romantic history. It was rescued from the British soldiery in the rebellion of 1798, in Ireland—a war so like our own—both fighting for rights we felt were ours, both overpowered by numbers, both nations having father and son and brothers arrayed against each other.

L.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

**THE BATTLE OF DEAD ANGLE ON THE KENNESAW LINE,  
NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA.**

THE 27th of June, 1864, will long be remembered by the First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee regiments, for on that hot and sultry day we repulsed a fierce attack from Sherman's men.

Two or three days before that day we were marched up to this place and were supplied with shovels and picks and told to go into the ground, which we did, and built what we imagined were good works out of logs, rocks, and dirt; but we reckoned without our host on that score, for on the 25th the enemy moved a battery up on a hill about eight hundred yards from our line, opened a terrific cannonade and knocked our works all into "pi," in fact, ruined them. Well, we had to grin and endure it and wait and wish for night, promising ourselves if we were spared until the sun would go down that we would make some works right, and well we kept our promises, for I suppose the works are standing there yet; they were made to last. We put up head logs on the works, planted *chevaux de frise* in front and then laid down to rest and waited for them to come on; which they did on the 27th. On that morning we were notified by the picket that the enemy were massing troops in our front, and ordered to keep a good lookout, for they seemed to be in earnest and meant business. Well, in a short time, the music commenced by a picket-fight and then our pickets came running in with the Federals close on their heels.

The Federals were massed in regiments and marched up quietly without any huzzas or noise, with their bayonets gleaming in the bright sun. They were fine-looking fellows and brave ones at that. There they stood, not firing any at all for several minutes, but we were pouring musketry into them; and a battery we had on our left was pouring grape and canister into them and a battery still further to our left was firing shot and shell among them. They looked like they had come to stay, for they did not run from the murderous fire. They then made a rush on us after so long a time, but brave and gallant as they were they had foemen to met them that never quailed in any fight. Our regiment was placed along in the works in single file, about two paces apart, rather a thin line; but we had the word passed to us to hold the works at all hazards; and it did

look as if we would be pushed back by sheer force; but stand we must; and stand we did. Some of the enemy were killed on our works. The battle lasted nearly an hour, then the enemy fell back below the crest of the hill and commenced fortifying, for they had been at work while they were fighting us. And it was then we discovered, what a good many of the "high privates" had said, while we were building the works, was true, that our works were too far beyond the crest of the hill for us to successfully defend them. They were busy burrowing in the ground, and sharp-shooting at us, and we lost some good men from them that way.

We were somewhat reassured about the winding up of the battle, by a line of battle marching up behind us in our works, and still further back was another line and behind them was a part of artillery with guns trained on this Angle, for it would have been disastrous to our army to have lost this point. I reckon "old Joe" was afraid they would make another attack, and he was fixing to give them a warmer reception than they had before; but they seemed to have enough, and, to tell the truth, we had as much as we wanted that day and were willing to lie down and rest.

We lay there that day and night, the next day and night, and on the morning of the 29th a flag of truce was raised by the enemy for the purpose of burying their dead. Not an hour sooner did it come than we wanted it, for of all the horrid stench in the world we had it there and no relief from it. We had to keep awake all the time, as the enemy was only a few yards from us. We had rations enough, but for the stench that went up, we had lost all appetite. It seems strange to say a soldier lost his appetite, but it was a fact, on this occasion, sure and certain. They buried a great many, I heard at the time how many, but have forgotten the number. That night we were relieved and marched back to a reserve work about three hundred yards to the rear to rest and sleep.

On the first night of our rest in the rear works there was a false alarm in the front lines, something that happened several times in that campaign, each line fearing the other was making the *grand sneak* up. While it was dark some fellow would imagine he saw some one crawling, and then bang! would go his gun; and, of course, it would be answered by several, and then the fire would begin. Generally, a fight like that would do very little harm, but occasionally some would get hurt or killed. The writer did not get hurt that night, but got scared out of his pants mighty slick; he pulled off his shoes, socks, and to make his rest better, took off his pants, too,

folded them up nicely, and made a pillow of them, and was going to sleep at a two-forty gait when the din began by bang! bang! boom! boom! while the cry went up all around us, "Fall in, fall in, the enemy are on us!" We thought, or at least a good many of us did, that we were still in the front line and were crazed from loss of sleep. Every one woke up with a start and was dazed to such a degree that we hardly knew where to go, but there were our guns stacked just before us, and there were the works, too. The writer jumped up, put on his socks and shoes, and hat, grabbed what he thought was his pants, jammed one foot through a breeches leg, but it would not go on, simply for the reason it was his jacket he was trying to put on that way; gave that up as a bad job, looked for the pants and could not find them, so he put on his jacket and fell into line in a Texas costume style. Everybody was too much excited to notice my white pants, so after the scare was all over, I wrapped my blanket around me and laid down to rest again, promising myself that I would be up with first peep of day and find my pants before any of the boys could find it out; which was done, but the joke was too good and I had to tell it and help to laugh at myself for being scared out of my pants.

On the night of the 3d of July, 1864, we were ordered back from the line at the Dead Angle, and, as luck would have it, the writer of this was detailed with twelve men as a vidette to crawl on our hands and knees out about ten yards in front of the works through the abattis and other obstructions to watch the enemy while the line was gradually falling back. First went the line of battle and then the skirmishers, and then to our great joy we left our posts and fell back, too. In crawling out to our post that night we ran a great risk, for if we shook a bush or made the least noise, we would hear the unwelcome firing of a minnie bullet at once, and they came pretty close, too, if they were fired in the dark. We had orders not to fire our guns under any circumstances, so we could not reply to the calls we had. It was our province to watch and listen, and, if crowded, to jump and run. Well, the men were placed, one by one, in a zigzag line as well as they could be in the dark by the writer, he having to crawl out and post one and then come back after another until they were all arranged. Then it was the duty of the officer to go along the line and see if they were all doing their duty, that is, lying down and keeping awake—not much trouble to keep awake that night, I assure you. Well, on one of the tours of inspection the officer got a little off the line and it being crooked, too, he got clear outside of the line and got



turned around so that he could not tell whether he was going to his own men or not. While creeping along in this frame of mind he ran up against the muzzle of a musket right against his bosom, and then heard the click, click of the cock. Well, the past life of the writer came up before him. All the mean things he ever did were passed in review in a few seconds for it was only a short time that it took to pass through this trying ordeal. He was afraid to catch the gun, for it would make the man at the other end of it pull the trigger, and then good-bye. So he asked, "Who is that?" No answer. Then he said, "If you are Federals, I am your meat." Still no answer. If you are rebs, I am your officer." No answer yet. The sweat was pouring down my face about that time, I tell you. The soldier took his gun down then, I don't know why, for he took me for a Federal soldier as my clothes were dark and I had on a black hat. However, the gun was down and the writer was down, too, lying prone on the ground by the soldier and he saw who it was that held the gun. It happened to be a man in the regiment that was considered a little off about the head, in fact "sorter queer" and then the scare came on good, for he had no more sense than to shoot anyhow; if it had have been one of the other men they would not have cocked their guns, and would have tried to find out who it was creeping along there. Well, the reaction came to my nervous system and I was as weak as water; if the enemy had come on us then, I could have been taken in sure, as it would have been impossible to get up off the ground. Well, the poor fellow was frightened, too, when he saw how near he had come to sending me to my long home. At a given signal, which was about twelve o'clock, we moved back to the works, and then we lost no time in catching up with the rear guard, which we found about two miles ahead of us. I should add that the vidette line right along there did not get inspected any more that night.

M.

IN one of Forrest's desperate fights, while the enemy pressed hard in front, a heavy force appeared in his rear. Forrest, busy as usual in the van, did not know of the new move until told of it by an excited messenger. But he did not seem to hear, so deeply was he absorbed by the fighting around him. "General," he repeated, "the enemy are in the rear!" Turning quickly, the chief replied: "What ——— do I care? Wait till I fix these fellows in front and when I turn around, won't I be in their rear?"

## PICKETT'S AND HOOD'S CHARGES AT GETTYSBURG.



PICKETT'S charge at Gettysburg with his division of Virginians has been embalmed in prose and verse. Never was a grander effort made, to wring from cruel fate, a reversion of her apparent decision. It was not a rash venture at the opening of battle, but a desperate attempt in the face of frowning fortune. The following is an account taken from an exchange:

The time had come, and Pickett's brave Virginians were formed for the assault, that gallant officer riding up and down his lines, talking calmly to his officers and men. Still the order did not come. Longstreet could not give the order to throw these men across the plain and against the breastworks of the enemy, and when, at last, Pickett said to him: "Shall I go forward, sir?" Longstreet turned away his head. Then Pickett, with impetuosity, said with the haughty air of an old crusader: "Sir! I shall lead my division forward."

The loud order of the officers now rang out, "Attention! attention!" and the men, who had been lying down during the bombardment, now stood up and formed their lines. The brave fellows realized the hot work before them, and could be heard calling out "good-bye" to comrades a few files from them. Suddenly, the final order came, in ringing tones from Pickett himself, who, superbly mounted and with his fair hair waving under his gold-braided cap seemed the very incarnation of war. "Column forward! Guide center!" and the brigades of Garnett, Armistead, and Kemper moved forward in common time, their gay battle-flags fluttering over them as they passed over the green sward.

It was nearly a mile they had to march, and the enemy's artillery had now opened its fire upon the lines, making gaps in the ranks which were closed up as fast as made. Heath's division, under General Pettigrew, now emerged from the timber and followed Pickett, on his flank in "echelon." Wilcox, too, moves out upon his right. Pickett's line was seen to halt, and under a tremendous fire, he changes his course by an oblique movement, beautifully, coolly, and deliberately done. Now, they advance again, and the Confederate artillery reopens, firing over the heads of the men.

"Forward! forward!" the brave Virginians go, until at last they come within range of the enemy behind the stone walls of Cemetery Hill. The blue line rises up, and with a cheer, pour a deadly fire

into their ranks. The Confederates respond with a yell, and on they go unflinching. Now, a body of Federals are seen emerging from a clump of timber on the left flank of Pettigrew's North Carolinians. Taken by surprise they falter, stagger and fall back, as the best of troops will do, when realizing they are taken at a disadvantage.

Pickett's men have crossed the Federal works and are among the cannon and in the full flush of victory, when news comes to Longstreet, sent by Col. Larobe, of the disaster that has befallen his support. He galloped back to try and capture the fugitives, but all in vain, they will not form, the storm of shot, shell and bullets are too heavy.

Then finding himself unsupported, his generals, Armistead, Kemper, and Garrett killed or wounded, all of his field officers gone, he throws away his empty pistol, and with his great soldier heart almost breaking, he gives his orders for his remaining braves to fall back.

But "Wagram" has been eclipsed, and they had now undying fame; and whenever Gettysburg is spoken of by friend or foe, the charge of Pickett and his Virginians will be recalled with the same pride Englishmen feel when speaking of the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava.

The following is an account of the charge of Hood's division over the same ground, the day before Pickett led his division up the fatal heights. It is given by a participant, who perhaps justly complains, that not sufficient account has been taken of Hood's equally-brave effort to capture the Federal breastworks on Cemetery Hill:

I belonged to Company "H," Fifth Texas, Hood's old Texas brigade, attached to Longstreet's corps.

On Monday night, July 2d, we moved from our camp which was on some creek, and marched to Stone bridge, six miles in rear of the battle-field. At daylight, we moved to our position in line in front of Sugar Loaf mountain. My division was on the right of Longstreet's corps, and my regiment was on the right of Hood's division. Near me, before the charge, Generals Longstreet, Hood, and Robinson were sitting on their horses; I heard Hood say to Longstreet three times: "Let me take my division to the right and flank that mountain." Longstreet replied, "You must obey orders." Hood, knowing the destruction which would follow, was moved even to tears. Our position at that time was a little in the rear of the crest



of a hill upon which stood our batteries. When the order to charge was given the whole line moved forward, passing by the guns and descending the hill on the other side. We struck the enemy just in a meadow situated in the valley, and drove them across the Emmettsburg road, along which was a stone fence. They attempted to rally behind this barrier, but we never stopped, and, with a rush, pressed them onward till we came to a stake-and-rider fence at the foot of Sugar Loaf mountain, beyond which was heavy timber and rocks. Right there a funny thing occurred. Capt. Cleveland said: "Ten dollars to the first man who gets over that fence." Privates Stone and Settler were the first to get over. Afterward, they claimed the ten dollars, but I don't know whether they got it or not.

Over the fence once we swept on up the mountain, climbing with great difficulty, occasionally pulling each other up on account of the rocks. The enemy retreated to the top of the mountain and took position behind their breastworks. Three times we charged up the mountain side to within forty yards of the breastworks, but were each time compelled to retire by the heavy volleys from the fortified enemy. During these charges among fallen trees and giant rocks there was necessarily much confusion. Besides the musketry fire from the front there was an enfilading fire from Federal batteries, which swept the face of the mountain, doing much damage. After the third charge we fell back about four hundred yards, about half way between the fence and the works, and there we stayed, though still somewhat exposed to the artillery fire of the foe. I wish here to state that during the charges a portion of the Fourth Alabama, Law's brigade, somehow or other over-lapped our line, and getting to the right of my regiment, swung around the enemy's works and flanking the foe, got up on top of the hill in the Federal wagon camp.

Our last charge was made about sunset, and we stayed on the mountain-side all night long, and spent part of the night gathering up our wounded. We slept on the ground with nothing to eat.

I was badly wounded in the arm the first charge, and left on the field within forty yards of the breastworks. As our men retired the enemy's skirmish line followed them and passed me. The thought of a prison nerved me to try to rejoin my comrades. With great difficulty I descended the mountain, passed through the Federal skirmish line, and met my command as they were returning to the second charge.

Our loss was very heavy, especially in officers of the line. I did not get off the mountain-side till after my regiment had made the

third charge. During the night I made my way back to the hospital situated just in the rear of our first position. My wounds were not attended to till next day, and I was lying under an apple tree when Pickett's division passed me in their famous charge. What happened after this I don't know, except that I saw Pickett's broken columns retiring sometime during the day. Pickett passed near me and was crying. I do not remember anything he said. I have told this to show that Hood's division did some hard fighting at Gettysburg, and as far as I have been informed they have not received the honorable mention they deserve.

PRIVATE CO. "H," FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

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(For the BIVOUAC.)

#### A REMINISCENCE OF GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

An account of the death of Stuart, in the September number, brings to my mind an event in which Stuart was the chief figure. It is but a trifle, but may serve to illustrate the methods of that "prince of cavaliers." On the morning of the —, 1863, the cavalry command to which I belonged was marching toward Culpeper Court-house, with a view of masking a covert movement of all of Lee's infantry toward Meade's right flank. When within about six miles of that place, we began to find abandoned camps, hastily deserted. One could not help being struck with the signs of comfort everywhere visible. There was no time to stop. The enemy was clearly in full retreat, and we quickened our pace, sometimes going at a gallop. Stuart was riding at the head of the column, directing the pursuit. He was, as usual, quite gay, and though talking as he rode along, was glancing in every direction, closely observing the country we passed through, and plying the guide with questions. At one point, after passing a deserted camp, we came suddenly upon a small body of infantry drawn up as if to dispute our advance. Stuart ordered the writer to tell Colonel Marshall, commanding the Seventh Virginia Cavalry (then a little in the rear, but in sight, toward the left), to charge them. Upon the delivery of the message Marshall's only response was, "Attention, trot, march!" Upon his return to Stuart, he, seeing Marshall slackening his speed, for the rear files to come up, said, "Tell him to go at them at a gallop!" To this, Marshall's emphatic reply was, "Gallop, charge!" and away went the Seventh with a yell. The Federals fired one

volley and fled. In a minute all had surrendered. After that we moved rapidly in pursuit, till emerging from the woods, upon a hill, facing the court-house, and within short cannon-range of a battery strongly posted in front of us. A warm salute made us soon sheer to the left, and give the battery a wide berth. Our column proceeded on a road nearly parallel to the one leading from Culpeper House to the hill at Brandy Station, a spot already memorable for the great cavalry fight there on the 9th of June, 1862. For some distance we could see, by the great clouds of dust, that heavy masses of the enemy were making for the same point. Presently, when within about two miles of the hill, just as we passed a belt of timber, the two columns came in full view of each other. Then a wondrous sight appeared. A little over a half mile from us, the other road was crowded with cavalry masses, retreating in compact order. When I looked at our little force of about one thousand men, and then at their treble columns, stretching in both directions in endless line, it seemed as if Stuart had lost his judgment. For at least a mile the race continued, the roads gradually nearing each other. Occasionally, men would dash out from either column and shoot at each other, exchanging compliments more pointed than polite. The sun shone brightly, and its beams, glancing from the glittering sabers, enveloped the moving columns in a radiance of martial splendor.

As we approached the inevitable place of conflict, Stuart kept rising in his saddle as if looking for something beyond the Federal line. At last, as if thinking aloud, he said: "Oh, if Fitz Lee would only come!" Hardly were the words uttered, when, in seeming answer, the smoke of a bursting shell, over the heads of the Federals, near the hill, was distinctly seen. "That's Fitz!" he cried, "now at them, men; faster, faster, gallop, charge!" For more than an hour the battle raged. But I saw no more of Stuart that day. The sun was near its setting when its level rays shone full upon the Confederates, resting in the enjoyment of victory upon the hills of Brandy Station.

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"SAM," said a Confederate to a negro who waited around Jackson's headquarters, "was the general kind to you?" "Dat he was, massa, all de time; in trouble and out of it, jes the same." "Was he a praying man?" "Prayin'? Why I never seed no preacher what prayed much as him. 'Peared like, when he wuzn't fitin' or 'tendin' to bizness, he wuz allers prayin'; and when you hear him git up two or three times at night and kneel, look out fur nex' day!"



## Youths' Department.

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We talked over this again on Saturday. Then there was a long silence, and I was trying to make up my mind to tell her how much I loved her. My throat got as dry as a powder-horn, and my heart beat about a million times a minute, I do believe. It was a hot day and the sweat came out on me so much that my shirt got as wet as if it was in a wash-tub. Finally I made up my mind to "make a break," no matter what came of it. So said I, after coughing, "Miss Sallie, how would you like to darn socks for a man?" She said she would not like to darn socks for a man at all. This did not look like a good beginning. However, after awhile, I said, "Not if he was your husband?" When I got out the word "husband" I felt as if a bullet had struck me through the heart. She smiled, and said that would be a different matter, and she supposed she would like to work for a husband as much as any woman would. Then, as if a steam-engine was driving me, I burst out with the final words, "Miss Sallie, will you work for me? I swear I love you with all my heart, and will work for you until I die, if you will marry me." Said she, "Mr. Buster, I don't believe you are in earnest, and even if you were, I could not think of marrying a man and taking him out of the army where he ought to serve his country." I told her I need not leave the army, but would stay in it, and keep on fighting the Yankees. She said that she would believe I was in earnest if I would go and capture a Yankee and bring him to her. She said that she would feel then that she was doing her country a service, and would then promise to marry me. I swore to her that I would bring her a Yankee, or die in the attempt. She then shook hands with me and left the room.

She is a good Southern girl. But it seems to me foolishness in her to ask me to bring her a Yankee. What does she want with a Yankee? I gave her the mule I captured, to take the place of the horse that the Yankees got from her; and a good mule he is, too, though he kicks like the devil. But what does she want with a Yankee? It can not hurt the Yankee army much to lose one man, and what she wants to do with him, I can not guess to save my life. However, she has asked for him, and I will get one for her as sure as my name is Buster. I will have to get well first, though; and I began the next day to rub some lard on my joints, and I am walking better already.

*July 25.* I have been rubbing myself every day with the lard I got from Mrs. Morrison, and can walk pretty well now. I have been cleaning up my pistol, too, and feeding and currying Rebel. I am anxious to get everything in good trim, so that I may go out and get that Yankee for Miss Sallie. I have not had a private talk with her since that Saturday. I think she avoids being alone with me. I suppose she don't like to talk with me about marrying, till she sees I am in earnest, by my getting her that Yankee. I have concluded to go out and catch him by myself. If I go out with Captain Jumper and the company I can't do it as well as by myself, and I am tired of fighting with him, and all the credit of what I do being given to him. Besides, the captain don't fight on any reasonable plan. He would just as lief attack double his number as not. There is no sense in that way of fighting. It is a wonder to me that his men keep on following him! I, for one, am determined to go out on my own hook. I am going to start to-morrow.

*July 27.* I went out yesterday on my first raid by myself. The Yankees have a regiment of cavalry camped at Milton, and another at Hazleton—about ten miles from each other. From these camps they send out scouting parties nearly every day, to capture what guerrillas they can come across. My idea was, to waylay one of these scouting parties, and capture a Yankee. So I set out soon after breakfast yesterday morning and rode across the country, keeping nearly all the way in the fields and woods, until I got into a skirt of woods near the road from Milton to Rainsville. The road passed within about twenty-five yards of the woods. I reached this place about one o'clock, and set myself to watching the road.

After being there about an hour, and not seeing anything on the road, it occurred to me that a party might have left the road, and, going through the fields, have gotten in my rear. As soon as this thought struck me, I put spurs to Rebel and went back to the other side of the woods as fast as I could go. It was the part of a true soldier to have his rear clear. He couldn't fight front and rear at the same time. However, there were no signs of Yankees in the field in rear. I stayed there about an hour, watching the field. Everything seemed as still as death, so I came back to my first place, near the road.

## UNCLE GEORGE.

*Mr. Editor:* Uncle George worked so hard this summer in the hay-field, that he has been laid up with a real bad attack of rheumatism. When these spells come on him he won't talk about anything, let alone about the war, which he says is at the root of the whole trouble. He is better now, and is getting back his strength by eating watermelons, which, he says, is a "shore cure for the rheumatiz." He gave me a piece of one he was eating the other day, when I came up with him, sitting on the shady side of a hay-rick. He asked me to sit down and rest myself.

"Uncle George," said I, "how *did* you get the rheumatism, anyhow?"

"Spec I cotched him, hunny, in de army. You know fightin' 'casions rain, and rain—well, when de rain gits a far holt on you wonst, you are mity ap' to hear from him agin."

"But," said I, "you weren't much exposed to the weather; you had a covered wagon to keep you dry."

"'Pears like you chillun will never larn nuffin'. How wuz us soger drivers to keep an eye on things a settin' in a kivered wagin? To be sho' de Yankee drivers dun it, but dey druv mostly a single par. Ginral Lee had mo' hosses than men to spar! 'Sides, we wuzn't raised on no two-hoss farms! Tell you, chile, to have sot on Dobbin, fur saddle mule, and two tricky creeturs in de lead, when de picketers wuz a makin' things lively, keepin' a sharp look-out for bizness wuzn't no small shakes, you heah me!"

"I suppose the two days' rain you were in, after the battle of Gettysburg, hurt you pretty bad?"

"Middlin', hunny; but dat wuzn't a sarcumstance to what I 'sperienced at Williamsport de day arter Smith Johnson 'pulsed de Yankees."

"A sure-enough waterspout, I reckon?"

"Wuss dan dat, dough you did cum mity nigh de name of which Mr. Blakely mentioned. Ef I don't disremember, he sed it war a war-spout. You see, arter de Yankees wuz 'pulsed, we wuz naterally mity oneasy, coz we wuz afeard dey wud cum back agin, you understan'. Nex day, Mr. Blakely, he clum a tree, on the edge of the bank, which I dun tole you pertected us fum de Yankee bummers. He sed he didn't intenshun to be 'sprized no mo', an' so, on a big lim' ob de tree he sot an' sot, a tryin' to see behine the woods whar he sed de cowherdly rasculs wuz a maskin' dere guns. Well,



ef he seed one Yankee a hidin' in dem woodses, he seed nigh onto a million. At ebery little spec of dus' he'd sing out: 'Here they come!' We hadn't had any breckfus', an' we couldn't git none. Jes as soon as de fiah wud 'gin to blaze, we'd hear him say, 'Looky out fur de artilry!' In course we'd drop evrything, an' make fur de bank fur all de wurl like a lot of chickens when de ole hen squawks. Arter a spell, when de bummers didn't cum, we'd sidle back an' take anuder heat. It wuzn't no use. Wunst I hurried so, I burnt my han', but I got a hoe-cake in de pan. Jes den I hearn a moanful soun', an' seed Brown's Luke stump his toe agin a kittle of water, lep ober de wagin tung, an' make fur de bank. I follered, in course, an' when I got back, de bread had cotch fiah an' burnt up. An' so it went on. Brown's Luke got hoppin' mad an' started a breckfus fiah under de bank. But Mr. Blakely 'lowed it wud draw de cannon, an' made him put it out. Mr. Blakely wud clim' down de tree wunst in a while fur a drink of water; den we had a little rest. But he wus so pizen feared of bein' 'sprized, dat he made Brown's Luke fetch him a canteen full, an' den he kinder went into winter quarters in de tree. It 'peared most a week fo' de sun went down; den we sot to wuck to git a bite to eat. My cake wuz nearly dun when Mr. Blakely cum a hustlin' aroun', yellin', 'Hitch up!' I rammed de hot do' in my breastes, an' slapped de harness on in less dan no time. Putty soon I seed a crowd a standin' aroun' a man on a hoss, by Mr. Blakely's fiah. Hadn't no more'n' got dar fo' I hearn him say, 'De Yankees haz got atween us an' de main body, an' we are good as cut off!' By-me-by, mo' cavalry rid up, ebry man a leadin' free an' fo' hosses an' colts, till dar wuz a big drove. I didn't know it den, but I foun' out arterwurds, dat dey wuz a lot of hoss-thieves, an' wuz afeared to cross on de pontoons."

"What's all that got to do with the waterspout?"

"Ain't fur off now, hunny! One of de rogues military 'peared, like a sort of captain of de ban'. I kin see him now—a dark, tall man, wid a bushy beard, an' a face like a figger on a number ten stove. Sed he: 'By to-morrow noon, we'll all be in de hans of de enemy, ef we ain't in our graves. Fur my part,' sed he, 'I prefer deth to surrinder.' Mr. Blakely sed he wuzn't prepahd to dye, an' axed de captain ef he cudn't save him. Arter talkin' a little, de captain 'lowed dar wuz no way of gittin' off 'cept by crossin' de ribber. He sed he wuz a ole ribber rat, an' ef we wud help, it wuz easy nuff to build a raff which wud carry mos' of us. Mr. Blakely sed he wuz a gwine out'n dat deth-hole ef he had to go in a bulloon. Brown's

Luke up an' spoke, dat he'd ruther drown dan be tored to pieces by bummers."

"Was the river high?"

"Didn't I tole you it wuz a boomin'? Sakes alive, we wuz dat outdun wid 'citement, all on account of Mr. Blakely, dat we wud a tried Niagry or Noey's flood sooner dan stayed dar. 'Sides, de captain sed he wud make his wurd good, dat dey wudn't a drop of water tech us ef we wud keep cool, an' do steddy wuck."

"Well, I mistrusted de whole thing. In de fuss place, I know'd de Yankees wuzn't a gwine to git us ef Smith Johnson wuz alive, an' one of de drivers wot had bin wid him de day befo' sed he wuz. In de secon' place, I cudn't swim no better'n a piece of railroad iron. Ebry time I flashed my eyes on de rollin' waters, I wuz kinder tuck wid de hydrophoby. But dey hurrahed so, and kep sayin' 'it's our lass chance' so much, dat I cut away same as de res'. At peep of de mornin' we lanch'd de raft an' started out, de military men a settin' on de back een an' lower side, a leadin' dere hosses fru de water."

"Did you leave your team behind?"

"To be sho'. De captain's hosses tuck all de room, 'sides Dobbin wudn't go. He guv one look at de ferryboat, snorted an' runn'd off. A mity long-headed creetur was Dobbin! Arter dat I allers tuck his advice."

"What a splendid time you must have had, dashing among the white-caps!"

"De trubble wuz, de white-caps wuz doin' all de dashin'. Splendid time? No, indeedy! Ebry wunst in a while a big feller wud cum kerslosh, an' de ole raff wud crack an' dubble up like she wuz gwine to pieces. Mr. Blakely wud holler murder, an' beg de captain to go back. But he stood by de lower oar an' guv his orders like a sea-farin' ossifer. You better believe it wuz orful. I wuz a clampin' a big log all de time, a sayin' my prars, but I hearn de captain for all dat, a talkin' to de red-headed rascal at the upper oar. It wudn't be fur his good fur me to set on a jury what wuz a tryin' him, but still, I cain't furgit how proud-like he 'haved hisself when deth wuz a steerin' us in de face. Wunst, when I wuz sho' we wuz all gone, as a big wave hit us, I hearn him say 'Port.' 'Port it is!' said the red-headed man, an' we slung aroun' all rite. Prezenly, I seed a big drift a cumin'—tall as a mountin, it 'peared like. 'Bar a han', dar,' yelled de captain. It warnt no use; she struck us like a train of kyars, an' de nex thing I knowed Brown's Luke an' me wuz a raslin'

in de water fur de upper side of two logs of which de hickry withs hadn't yet dun an' broke. I cud jes make out to see, tru de spray, de captain on a big piece of de raff, wid sum of his men, an' udders a hangin' on to de manes of de loose hosses. I most know'd Mr. Blakely wuz drowneded, an' felt sho' Brown's Luke an' me wud soon foller. But we clincht hard, an' hunny, my ole hans offen yet 'mind me of my orful grip dat time. Well, we scooted 'long down streem as fas' as a runaway ingine, an' I cud see Ginral Lee's wagins a standin' by de thousan' on de Marylan' shore. We hollered awhile, an' den prayed, when we seed nobody a comin'. Prezenly, who shud cum a floatin' alongside but Mr. Blakely. Ef you bleeve me, he wuz dat skeered he didn't know us. He tuck us fur ghosts's or sumthin wuss. Sez he, 'Git 'long way fum heah, you devils.' Sez I, kinder soft-like, "Mr. Blakely!" an' he know'd us, an' den 'gin to beg us to save him. 'Shet up,' sed Brown's Luke, 'stick to yo' log, an' quit tryin' to git astraddle of it.' Fur we bof thawt we mite drift asho'. Well, on we slid, all a hollerin' fur help, till we cudn't do mo' dan whisper. Putty soon we heerd a roarin'. 'What's that?' sed Mr. Blakely. I looked at Brown's Luke, an' he wuz a lookin' at me. We bof know'd it wuz de dam, not fur below. 'Good-by, George,' sed Brown's Luke, 'we's gone up now fur good an' all. Dar's nary soul wud cum out heah to help us now.' 'Dar is one,' sez I, 'what will go wid us ober de dam a tryin', but he's away a fightin'.' An' hunny, jes den sumthin' tole me Smith Johnson wuz a cumin'. I look'd fuss at one sho', den at de udder, but cud see nuffin, an' de roarin' got louder an' louder. 'What's that coming so fast behind us?' sed Mr. Blakely. I jes tuck one look an' seed a boat a flyin' like mad down stream. I cudn't see who de three men in it wuz, but I know'd our Smith wuz in comman'. In a twinkler she wuz by us, an' tuck us in, tho' Mr. Blakely like to drowneded us all by grabbin' the side. Soon we wuz safe on lan', an' dat's de way I cotch my rheumatiz."

CHIP.





## SKIRMISH LINE.

THE following incident occurred at Spottsylvania, and is thus related in an exchange :

During the lull in the strife, I rode back to the Second Corps hospitals to see the wounded.

"How goes it, boys?" was the question.

"All right," said one.

"Pretty rough," said another.

"They never will get through the Second Corps," said a Hibernian.

The lull had become a storm. How fearfully rolled the musketry! It is utterly useless to attempt a description or comparison. It was volley after volley, surge after surge, roll after roll.

Maurice Collins, of the Twelfth Massachusetts, was brought in with an ugly wound through his shoulder. He was a Catholic, and the priest was showing him the crucifix.

"Will it be mortal?" he asked.

"Perhaps not, if you will lie still and keep quiet; but you may have to lose your arm."

"Well, I am willing to give an arm to my country," was the reply of one who, though born in the Evergreen isle, while loving the harp and shamrock, adored the stars and stripes of his adopted country.

Two negro girls, eighteen and twenty, who had formed part of the establishment of a large plantation, went to the nearest village to "hire out."

The lady to whom they applied could hardly tell the story for laughing.

"I asked if they could cook.

"'No'm, we ain't never bin cook none; Phil allus cook.'

"'Can you wash?'

"'No'm, we ain't been wash none neither; Aunt Sally, she wash.'

"'Can you clean house, then?'

"'No'm, least, we ain't never been clean none.'

Said Mrs. Nash, "I went through the whole list of qualifications, receiving always the same negative answers.

"'Well, what,' said I at last 'have you been accustomed to do?'

"'Lucinda's dusky face brightened—'

"'Sukey, here, she hunt for master's specs and I keep the flies off ole miss!'"

A WRITER in the *Subsoiler and Democrat*, Corinth, Mississippi, gives a history of the growth of Corinth, in which he says: "If there is a place within the boundaries of the Union that has smelt the breath of war, that place is Corinth. The old redoubts which encompass the town on every hand, tell of the fearful conflict that once raged over them—on the green slopes beyond the earthworks those who hurled themselves against them in vain lie buried in unmarked graves—dust and ashes these twenty-odd years—the grave of only one is known of all those who perished in that fierce assault.

"Colonel Rogers, of the Texas infantry, lies just where he fell, within ten yards of the enemy's guns, and of him, as of the gallant Marceau, we may say:

"His mourners were of two hosts, his friends and foes,  
And happy may the stranger wandering here  
Pray for his gallant spirit's sweet repose."

"No stone marks the spot where he fell. A plain, white picket fence encloses his grave. Yet no cause ever had a bolder champion than the dead soldier who sleeps there. After the battle of Corinth, the town was occupied alternately by the Federals and Confederates. Gradually, the houses were burned, or torn down one by one—the college, the Tishomingo hotel, stores, and residences—until at the close of the war very few houses were left standing. The beautiful woodlands that encompassed the town had been cut bare of timber. When the writer returned after the war, all was desolation. The place seemed utterly deserted, and '*Illum fuit*' seemed written against it."

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#### THE TRIALS OF A CONSCRIPT.

After the battle of Sharpsburg, when Lee's army was in camp near the Potomac, the cavalry company to which I belonged, was frequently engaged in arresting men of conscript age, who were dodging the officers of the law. The arrests occurred chiefly in counties near the border where the secesh and union elements were about equal. It was soon understood what our business was, and in order to lay hands on a man, we had either to run him down or take him unawares.

The aversion to enlistment was not always due to political sentiment. In many cases, that was a mere subterfuge to avoid the perils and hardships of service, and knowing this, we often treated incorrigible persons pretty roughly.

One day my squad, while stealing up to a house, by an unfrequented road, came all of a sudden face to face with the fellow we wanted. "Why are you not in the army?" said the sergeant. "Because, sir," said he with a bold air, "I never did anything to bring about this war, and I ain't a going to help to carry it on." "We'll see about that," said the sergeant, "you come along with us." Immediately the citizen "wilted." Said he whining, "Gentlemen, don't put me in the army. I am the father of three children." Seeing that the sergeant was not touched by his entreaties he asked leave to go and bid his family good-bye. This was granted and we went with him to his house. Here a new trouble arose. His wife, when she realized what was meant, set up a doleful howl, and the children joined in, while the prisoner broke down and fairly blubbered like a baby.

"Oh," said his wife, "I'd sooner see him in his grave." "Don't bother yourself," said a heartless soldier, "you won't be disappointed long." With that the wailing greatly increased. "Oh, stop this nonsense," said the sergeant, "the bullet ain't made that'll kill him, a four-horse team couldn't drag him into a fight. Ain't you ashamed of yourself," he continued, "to be blubbering like a baby." "I wish I was a baby and a gal baby, too," he cried, sobbing. Within two weeks that fellow had run off, was recaptured and again escaped from the clutches of the law.

BOURBON.

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#### A BOLD GAME FOR LIBERTY.

Robert Young, while on a scout near the rear of Hunter's plundering columns, in the summer of 1863, was captured by a foraging party of Yankees. He was put in charge of a trooper, who with drawn saber made him trot along ahead. Upon reaching the highway along which the main body was passing, the prisoner was suddenly seized with a spasm. He fell down all in a heap, and shrieked with pain. "What's the matter with you?" said the trooper, "Oh! Oh!" said Robert, with distorted countenance. "I was wounded in the last fight and it seems as if it would never—Oh! please turn me over." The kind-hearted trooper stopped a passing ambulance, and with the help of two assistants gently lifted Robert into it, he uttering heart-rending groans all the while. As the ambulance moved along, every time it struck a rock Robert set up a yell of pain. Presently a Federal officer was passing, and hearing the groans, asked the driver who the wounded man was. "It's a rebel, we took a short piece back." "Rebel! What in the thunder are you



doing hauling a —— rebel? Put him out the first house you come to." Pretty soon the ambulance came in front of a farm-house, and Robert was gently borne in the arms of three soldiers, into the house. In spite of their tender handling, he suffered intense pain, and his pitiful cries excited the sympathy of all the bystanders. The lady of the house, a warm secessionist, was moved to tears. She had him laid on a feather-bed and soothed him with tender words, fanning him all the time.

"Poor fellow!" said she, wiping away her tears. "I'll take such good care of you that you'll soon be well. What shall I bring you, my dear, you seem exhausted?"

"Are they all gone?" said he.

"Yes, yes," said she, "calm yourself."

"Anybody in sight?" said he, between the groans.

"Not a man," said she after looking out of the window. "Come now, let me give you some tea and toast."

"No tea and toast in mine," said he jumping out of bed to the astonishment of the lady, "I want a square meal of bread and ham."

M.

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The following appeared in a Southern paper some time in 1861, and is republished to preserve the memory of a young hero, and to show the character of the struggle:

"A YOUNG HERO.—The papers of Memphis contain an affecting notice of the funeral procession which followed to the grave the remains of Lieut. Jas. Walker, a lad of that city who fought like a young hero in the battle of Belmont. In that action he received a wound, of which he died immediately on reaching his father's house in Memphis. He was a son of Samuel P. Walker, and grand-nephew of late President Polk. His age was not over twenty, if so much. He was lieutenant we think, in the regiment of his uncle, J. Knox Walker. The captain of his company was shot early in the action. The young lieutenant took command, led his company in the thickest of the battle, fighting and cheering gallantly for three hours at the head of his men. He was shot through the hips.

"After having received the wound he sat down on a log near by, giving the orders for twenty minutes, huzzaing his men on, and then becoming too weak longer to support himself, he called the second lieutenant, Daguer, and said to him: 'Fight, Daguer, fight or die! for God's sake, don't let my men be taken prisoners!' and with the words fainted from exhaustion.

“He barely survived to reach his father’s house in Memphis, when he expired with these brave and affectionate words on his lips: ‘Mother, I am dying, but I fought for you to the last!’ These are the young heroes whom the South sends forth to battle in defense of their liberties, their country and their mothers; who meet in the invading enemy, and as they pour out their hearts’ blood for the cause, think tenderly of absent homes they are defending. The whole Southern region is full of youths fired with the same generous and gallant resolves, but none are worthier of grateful remembrance than Lieut. Walker.”

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### JOHN FILSON.

“The Life and Writings of John Filson, the First Historian of Kentucky,” by Reuben T. Durrett, of Louisville, Kentucky, is on our table. It is a handsomely printed quarto, with imperial antique cover, and invites perusal. No one who feels an interest in the past of this magnificent Ohio Valley can fail to find in its pages matter of great interest. Filson himself, as presented by the author through his own suggestive narrative, and judicious extracts from Filson’s writings, is a wonderfully interesting character. With much of Boone’s spirit of adventure, he roams through the Western wilds, viewing them not with the eyes of a backwoodsman so much as a scholar versed in ancient lore, as well as in woodcraft and the crooked ways of the Indian. The whole volume shows profound research, and a painstaking regard for truth. It deals not alone in dry annals, but is replete with episodes of border life, thrilling and romantic. The following is an extract from Filson’s manuscript, *verbatim et literatim*:

“I told my men there was Indians and immediately about fifteen guns were fired at us, accompanied with that infernal yell, which ever carries the idea of terror with the sound. Being too far distant from shore to receive much damage, though several bullets lodged in our boat, we steered across the river, but was immediately pursued by a pirogue, crowded with savages, firing upon us, and yelling to discourage flight; My place being in the steerage, they directed their balls at me, numbers struck the boat, but although they came like hail, yet we gained the shore unhurt, my hat only received damages. It is impossible to paint the manner of our flight & the pursuit; no human warriors pursue more violently, pursue the unhappy objects of their rage, than savages. Our arms

consisted of only two fuzees and one sword; the savages being advanced within fifty yards of shore, I directed my men to stand and fight them, they being advanced a few steps to flee, turned to me with a melancholy look, and saw cruel death approaching; self-preservation determined their answers for escape. I then told them with speediest flight to save themselves, if possible. As I advance to land took up two small trunks, containing some valuable articles; these I cast under the nettles, a little distance from shore, and entered the woods in a different direction from my men, like the unhappy mariner ready to sink with his vessel in the foaming surge, used prayers and a vigorous flight for safety, the last hope of relief. These were not ineffectual; a wonderful deliverance indeed! Sure some guardian angel averted the impending danger. Who can reflect upon the circumstances without terror? the shore red with bloody savages, I may say just at my heels, who, that have not experienced such a situation can possibly conceive the distress? In flight I oft turned my eyes from behind some ancient friendly tree, to view some blood-thirsty savage, in full chase, with his terrible right hand, to lodge me in the land of silence. Sometimes I lay concealed in the thickest of cane and nettles, but immediately quitted the insecure covering, for to the sagacious savage my track must be obvious, as the herbage yielded to every step; and being wet did not recover their rectitude. Concluding that a crafty flight was the only possible means to ensure safety, I used many turnings and windings by crossing my track and walking back and on logs and spaces clear of herbage. Wandering about two hours through the woods, I assayed to return to the spot where we were obliged to fly, and finding that the savages were gone over with their prize, I came near where I left my trunks, and seeing them safe, took them up, and departed, bending my course toward Post Vincent, which was thirty miles distant on a N. E. course. Two of my men had directed their course up White river, and about half a mile from Wabash was cruelly massacred: my third man had concealed himself under a large fallen tree, a little distance from the river, that was closely fenced on either side by nettles: there trembling and pale he saw the savages returning with the clothing and scalps of his companions."

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WHO will protect us against the outflow of bullion and bankrupts to Canada? This is an all-reaching evil. Not only commerce is wounded and money made stringent, but even society is robbed of its most shining ornaments.



## Editorial.

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THE report of the reunion of the Orphan Brigade did not reach us in time for insertion in the October issue.

FOR the future, it is our purpose to devote a special space to the children. This department will be conducted by Mrs. F. A. Beers, of New Orleans.

SOME bitter partisan asserts that Mrs. Lockwood is *not* younger than the Hon. Susan B. Anthony. Well, what if she "ain't." This country is not yet so far gone as to prefer a giddy girl to a statesman-like stateswoman.

IF Butler and Mrs. Lockwood combine, as rumor insists, what is to become of the union in case the election is thrown into the house? If the combination succeeds they will scoop both offices, and then even another Guiteau can not mend matters much.

A NEW theory of protection is now advanced. Charge, say the horny-handed farmers, an export duty on grain and wool, until it equalizes that laid on manufactures. "This would protect the farm laborer, and has he not as much right to be taken care of as the bloated workingman?"

NOW is the time for head-splitting leaders on tariff and free trade. The platitudes on political economy are luckily relieved by campaign lies, or the faithful reader of our brilliant dailies would be tempted to make away with himself. Woe to the man who seeks a guiding star in the midst of such majestic rubbish! If to him sleep ever comes it brings a nightmare to which death is a sweet release.

IN our November number, the first of a series of papers on Hood's Tennessee campaign, by Major D. W. Sanders, Adjutant-General of French's division, will appear. They are being prepared at the request of numerous correspondents from both sections, and are based on original orders and manuscripts in Major Sanders' possession, not heretofore given to the public, and not to be found in the archives at Washington. They will be illustrated with portraits of the conspicuous chiefs. All who desire extra copies will please give early notice, as after a number is out there is only a limited quantity of additional copies of the same for sale.

THE reunion at Gallatin, Tenn., was held in the presence of an immense throng of spectators, stimulated by good cheer and the approving smiles of Tennessee's fair daughters. The veterans marching in column, recalled the days of Dixie and renewed the ties of brotherhood. The details will be given in the November number. Will not the secretary of the meeting send us lists of the soldiers present?

WE have received a prospectus with specimen pages of work entitled "The Military Annals of Tennessee Confederate," edited by J. Berrien Lindsey, of Nashville. The design of the work is to preserve for posterity the noble record of Tennessee during the sectional struggle. It will not only give the dry facts of regimental rolls, but many moving incidents illustrative of the spirit of the sons of Tennessee in her hour of trial and desolation. As far as possible, lists of the time and place of the death of those who fell, will be furnished. We have had the pleasure of viewing some of the official and original sources from which the record is to be made up, and were amazed at the piles of manuscript, gathered by Tennessee's faithful historian. If love of truth and his native State, coupled with indefatigable zeal and literary culture, are any warrant of success, we predict for the coming volume an enthusiastic reception.

#### REUNION AT CLAYMOUNT, AUGUST 19, 1884.

There be reunions and there be reunions. Perchance, of soldiers to renew ties of comradeship, of friends long parted to revive the memories of by-gone days, or it may be of kith and kin to light again the flame of childhood's love. In the sensuous days of August past there was one which embraced all these objects and more. It was a gathering, for the first time since the war, of families separated by its iron hand. Firmly bound by enduring links, they met to renew all the memories of the olden days and to make their children parties to a truly-kept, though unwritten, compact of mutual affection. It was held in Jefferson county, West Virginia, at Claymount, the once proud seat of a princely property. The stately pile was reared by B. C. Washington, a grandson of the general's own brother, and for forty years, was occupied by his descendants. From the upper windows one may see a landscape of surpassing beauty. Over the great oaks of the lawn, over fields of waving grain, and graceful forests, far away to the "burly Blue Ridge," the vista stretches. What scenes its varied objects summon up! Fancy might wander back to the times of the Golden Horseshoe Knights. But who that wore

the gray can look upon those dear, familiar spots without thinking of the red-cross banner and the gallant men who followed Stonewall and Lee? On the grassy grounds of Claymount, under the umbrageous arms of well remembered trees, where gnarled roots and mossy rocks furnish living seats, the reunion we record was held. Once again after the lapse of twenty years, the past returns. They sing the songs of Dixie, they fight the battle over again, and, perhaps, recall in silence, encounters in which love figured more largely than glory. Time has worked wonderful changes, but the pure gold of youth shines yet undimmed. The laughing girl is now a stately matron surrounded with smiling children, forsooth, a diamond set in pearls. The rose has lost some of its bloom, but none of its fragrance. In spite of silver threads above the queenly brow, the old wit sparkles with increased brilliancy and the merry tones tell of a true and loyal heart. Can those stern men of iron-gray be the boys once so light and gay? The glow of youth is gone, but there still are the same brave eyes and firm, set lips that followed to the death the flag of Lee. Around them sit the "patterns of their sires" and listen to the tales of the olden times. But music calls and soon young and old mingling in the dance, shake with rhythmic feet the classic walls of Claymount. But the sweetest day must have an end. The sun is setting and again there is a parting. Yet, before they go, once more under the tall trees they meet. True to the instincts of martial days, they organize a "Dixie club," which is to be immortal, and vow, if heaven spares, they will gather again in the August of each coming year.

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#### A MONUMENT TO COLONEL ROBERT SMITH.

When so many of our heroes sleep in unknown or neglected graves, it is some comfort to find that now and then one is not forgotten. At Munfordsville, on the seventeenth of September a beautiful monument was unveiled, dedicated to the memory of Colonel Robert Smith, of Mississippi. It is a loving tribute from an affectionate brother, James Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland, and is erected near the spot where Colonel Robert Smith fell.

The fight in which he lost his life, was at the storming of Fort Creng, a small fortification situated on the South side of Green river, opposite Munfordsville, and it occurred September, 1862.

In the assault, the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-ninth, and Forty-fourth, Mississippi regiments were engaged. Protected by walls of



earth and logs, and abattis in the front, the enemy poured a destructive fire into their ranks, and made great slaughter. The Tenth Mississippi suffered most, and its gallant commander, Colonel Robert Smith, fell mortally wounded while leading the charge.

The unavailing was attended with appropriate ceremonies. Major E. T. Sykes delivered the principal address, in which he gave a brief sketch of the hero to whose memory they had met to do honor. In the outset of his military career, Colonel Robert Smith was a captain of the Mississippi Rifles. His first duty was to escort Mr. Davis to the newly-chosen Confederate capital. His first battle was Shiloh, where his gallant conduct attracted attention, and on each new field he rose more and more in the esteem of his associates. He fell in the morning of his fame, and his death was deplored as a great public calamity.

After the conclusion of Major Sykes' address, a few remarks were made by Mr. Walls, an eminent solicitor, of Glasgow.

The following is a brief extract from the same :

"I know no greater heroes in the annals of the old or new world than General's Lee and Jackson, and many others of your leaders. Why, to us Scotchmen, these men appeared not only as brilliant commanders, but as the very incarnation of patriotism and self-sacrifice, recalling to us the magic names of our Wallace and our Bruce. True, your leaders did not win success, but they did better, they deserved it, and even the graves of your dear departed proclaim the truth, that there is no nobler sentiment or abiding virtue than the love of independence."

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#### IN MEMORIAM.

The death of Brigadier-General James R. Herbert, of Baltimore, Maryland, which occurred at Woodstock, his country-home, August 5, 1884, recalls many incidents in the life of this distinguished Confederate officer. He was conspicuous even in that gallant old corps, the Maryland Line, for his bravery, steady devotion to duty, and manly bearing as a soldier. The men of the Army of Northern Virginia well remember the quick, steady step of the Second Maryland regiment, when on the march, and their rapid, steady fire, or resistless charge on the field of battle. General (then Colonel) Herbert, while in command of the regiment, was wounded July 2, 1863, charging the enemy's works at Culp's Hill, during the battle of Gettysburg, and fell into the enemy's hands. From this wound

he never entirely recovered, and while not the immediate, was the hastening cause of his death. Upon the surrender of the Confederate army, he returned to his native city, with nothing but his good name and indomitable energy to begin again the battle of life. The same traits of character which had made him famous as a soldier, made him successful as a business man. By industry, patience, and integrity, he became one of the foremost citizens of that great city.

During the labor riots, a few years ago, his cool courage and discretion won for him the confidence of the people, of all shades of opinion, and contributed, in a large degree, in preventing bloodshed and restoring order.

His remains were interred in London Park Cemetery, close by the beautiful lot set apart for the burial of Confederate soldiers. His funeral cortege was one of the largest ever seen there, and attested the estimation in which he was held by all classes of citizens. It was composed, in part, of the old survivors of his (the Second Maryland) regiment, under command of the gallant Major Goldsborough, the Society of the Confederate Army and Navy, under command of General George Stewart, the Fifth regiment, Maryland Line, of which he had, at one time, been in command, a large detachment of the Baltimore police, of which he was one of the commissioners at the time of his death, members of the Corn and Flour Exchange, the boys of the House of Refuge, and a large number of citizens.

All that is mortal of James R. Herbert has been committed to the dust, and his spirit has gone into the presence of Him who gave it, but his character still lives for an example to those now living and yet unborn. May they, like him, seek to know only what is right and true, and follow it bravely to the end.

He leaves a wife and three children, whom every Confederate will invoke the "God of all Mercies" to take care of and shield all along their journey in life.

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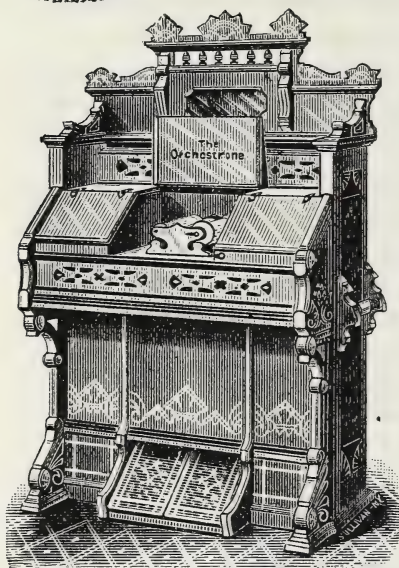
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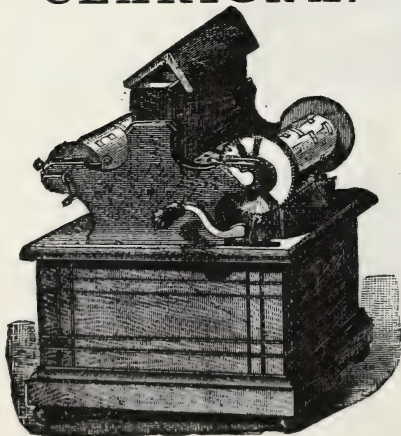
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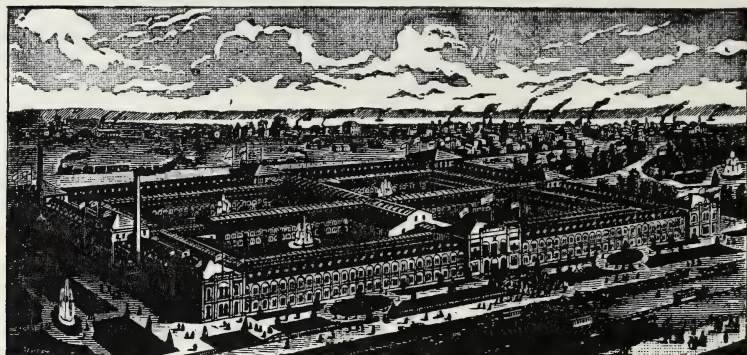
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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. III.

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[For the BIVOUAC.]

## HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

### CHAPTER I.



THE military operations of the Army of Tennessee, in 1864, from Dalton to the south bank of the Chattahoochee river, and thence to and around Atlanta, and finally at Jonesboro, created feelings of hostility between the two distinguished generals, who, at different times during this campaign, were in command of the army. The history of this campaign, given to the public by each of the commanders of the Army of Tennessee, has provoked no inconsiderable amount of criticism, and although written and published years after the termination of the war, resulted in intensify-

ing the differences between these officers and their respective adherents. Their theories and methods of conducting a campaign and manœuvring an army were essentially different, and it may be truthfully said, directly the opposite, yet the result, in the tactical operations of both, was the same, to the distressed and failing fortunes of the Confederate arms.

The belief existed with the people throughout the Confederacy that the genius and military capacity of General Johnston, with the army under his command, would enable him to hold his line at Dalton, and repulse any advance that could be made by General Sherman; and so strong and universal was this belief, that it amounted to faith in the results of the campaign then about to be commenced. The popular mind indulged the belief that the commencement of military operations on the line at Dalton would force the Federal army out of Georgia, and that the contending forces would struggle for the possession of Tennessee, with her great and abundant resources. The success of the campaign, which, in the popular mind, was to realize these expectations, was not doubted. Implicit confidence in the skill, strategy and resources of General Johnston, and

admiration for his army, made the people look forward with pride to the day when he would move his columns of veteran soldiers, facing northward for the expulsion of the enemy from Georgia, and the successful redemption of Tennessee. The credulity of the public mind imposed on itself these extravagant hopes, without the opportunities or patience to investigate and properly estimate the resources at the command of General Johnston, and the magnitude of the operations which were to achieve such results.

In May, 1864, General Sherman opened the campaign and turned Johnston's flank through Snake Creek Gap, which compelled him to abandon the line at Dalton and retreat; and, without attempting a narration of the movements of either army, it is sufficient to say that General Sherman vigorously prosecuted his offensive flanking movements, to the right or left, as the topography of the country required, with each move forcing General Johnston to abandon his lines and retreat to new ones, until the Army of Tennessee was driven out of the mountains of Georgia and to the south bank of the Chattahoochee, in the immediate vicinity of Atlanta, where he was, on the 18th of July, relieved of the command of the army, and General Hood appointed his successor.

General Hood at once commenced offensive operations. July 20th, at Peach Tree creek, he assaulted the fortified lines of General Thomas with Stewart's corps, and was repulsed with considerable loss in officers, men and colors. Hood had intended to make this assault with the corps of Hardee and Stewart, and drive Thomas to the Chattahoochee, with the Peach Tree creek in his rear, and destroy his army, but Hardee failed to obey his orders to engage vigorously the enemy in his front, and the consequence was a complete failure to dislodge the enemy and accomplish the purpose of the assault. On the night of the following day Hood abandoned his lines, marched his troops within the fortified lines of Atlanta, with the exception of Hardee's corps, which was moved through Atlanta, on the right, with instructions to turn the left of Sherman's army, in the neighborhood of Decatur, and engage the enemy with desperation, which resulted in the battle of July 22d. This battle was fought with unquestioned valor, but was not productive of the results which Hood had anticipated. The army occupied the entrenched lines around Atlanta, and, July the 28th, fought the battle at Ezra Church. August 25th, Sherman moved his army to the right and turned Hood's left, threatening the destruction of his only line of communication with the interior, and this compelled Hood to move Hardee's corps



to Jonesboro, followed by Lee's corps, to dispute Sherman's crossing of Flint river, and cover his line of communications south of Atlanta. This movement resulted in the battle of Jonesboro and the immediate evacuation of Atlanta, which was occupied by Stewart's corps. The evacuation of Atlanta was precipitate; and at night as Stewart's corps marched through the city, trains of cars laden with ordnance stores on the only railroad which was operated during the investment, had not been moved, and were fired. This conflagration and explosion of all kinds of fixed ammunition, lighted up the skies, and must have been seen by the Federals, and while it was grand to look upon, it was believed at the time that it would apprise the enemy of the hurried evacuation of the city, and endanger this column of troops, as it marched east of and to the front of Sherman with its flank exposed, one entire day.

Hood's army, after the evacuation of Atlanta, was encamped about Lovejoy, a station on the railroad from Atlanta to Macon.

The campaign had been most disastrous. The army under Johnston, and then Hood, had failed to meet the high hopes and expectations of the people. Instead of regaining territory lost in preceding campaigns, additional and valuable territory had been yielded to the victorious army of Sherman. The great State of Georgia was at the mercy of the invading and conquering army, with its chief inland city in the possession of the enemy. Organized armed resistance had failed to arrest the devastating advance of Sherman. The trained and disciplined veterans of the Army of Tennessee, under the command of able and distinguished generals, with a valor that will ever elicit the admiration alike of friend and foe, had in vain endeavored to withstand the onward and triumphant march of the enemy. Theorists who maintained the proposition that this invading army, operating in a hostile country, with a long line of communications to its base of operations, imperiled its existence, and was, in a measure, at the mercy of a courageous and alert commander of a smaller army held compactly in hand, now beheld with amazement the audacity of Sherman, who occupied Atlanta, and quartered his great army in and about it, resting from the fatigues and hardships of the campaign.

General Hood was now confronted with a difficult problem to solve. His army could boast of no substantial advantage gained at any time during this campaign. Although no great pitched battle, with all of his troops engaged, had been fought, it was, nevertheless, apparent that there had been a constant failure during the campaign

to catch Sherman unawares and destroy any of the corps of his army. If the character of the country over which the army had retreated from Dalton to Lovejoy was such that no line could be held, or successful defense made, then how could he reasonably expect to withstand Sherman in the level country south of Atlanta? Hood was an undaunted soldier and courageous general. Inactivity was not for a moment entertained. He was a man of high resolve and determined purpose. Difficulties were not overestimated by him, for he firmly believed that he could master and overcome them. He solved problems that appealed to cool judgment and high intelligence, in efforts that called into action the endurance of his army and the life-blood of his soldiers. General Hood, in his communications with the authorities at Richmond, asked that re-inforcements be sent him. And, to impress the authorities with the necessity of his request, he had General Hardee telegraph President Davis that unless re-inforced both Georgia and Alabama would be overrun; and that he could see no other means of arresting this calamity.\* The President replied that the necessity was realized, and every effort made to bring forward reserves, militia, and detailed men for the purpose; and that Polk, Maney, S. D. Lee and Jones had been drawn on to the full extent; that E. K. Smith had been called on, which was the only resource that remained.

Sherman, in the meantime, was resting his troops in and around Atlanta, gathering and storing supplies, which indicated the belief that Atlanta would be his secondary base for movements in a southward direction. His army resting around Atlanta, overawed and discouraged Georgia; and the cruel and oppressive terms he imposed on the non-combatant population of Atlanta made indeed his presence a calamity.

On the 17th of September, 1864, General Sherman addressed a communication to General Hood in which he said, "I have deemed it to the interests of the United States that the citizens now residing in Atlanta should remove, those who prefer it to go South, and the rest North," and requested that General Hood make the necessary arrangements to receive within his lines those who preferred to go South, and that a truce be agreed on in the neighborhood of Rough-and-Ready for this purpose. Hood replied with energy; protested and denounced the enforcement of this order. Mayor Calhoun made a written appeal to General Sherman to reconsider the order expelling the women and children from Atlanta. This obdurate soldier

\* Advance and Retreat, p. 245.

resolutely adhered to the purpose announced in his order, and proceeded forthwith to have it executed.

While this correspondence was being carried on between these two army commanders, General Hood, on the 8th of September, addressed General Sherman a letter, in which he proposed an exchange of prisoners captured in the recent campaign, which was consented to, and the terms agreed on. On the 12th of September, Generals Hood and Sherman agreed upon an armistice at Rough-and-Ready, a station on the railroad between Atlanta and Lovejoy, to continue ten days. The purpose of this was of a two-fold character: first, the exchange of prisoners of war captured by either army in its recent operations; and, second, to receive the non-combatant population of Atlanta, who had been ordered by General Sherman to leave. The non-combatants thus ordered to leave were given the privilege of electing to go either North or South, and those who elected to go South were escorted by the Federal military authorities to Rough-and-Ready and delivered to Major Clare, the officer assigned to duty as the representative of the Army of Tennessee, and charged with the execution of the stipulations of the armistice. Large numbers of non-combatants, chiefly women and children, with a few men under the infirmities of age, were delivered to Major Clare and sent South within the Confederate lines, and two thousand prisoners were exchanged.

During this time, General Hood had matured in his mind the plan of his future operations. He resolved to march to the rear of Sherman, destroy his railroad communications with Chattanooga, compel him to abandon Atlanta, and follow him into northern Georgia, and, if a favorable opportunity presented, to bring on a general engagement. This plan necessitated a change of base, and the northern terminus of the railroad which ran from Selma, through Talladega, to Blue Mountain, in Alabama, was selected. The prisoners at Andersonville were removed, and the solicitude which Hood felt because of this was ended.

The authorities at Richmond were duly informed of this plan of military operations, and in this connection it is a little singular to remark, that General Hood, on the 4th of September, requested General Hardee to telegraph President Davis, because of the high regard which the President entertained for him, urging that reinforcements be sent Hood, and that on the 8th of September, four days later, General Hood telegraphed the President, and requested General Taylor be ordered to relieve General Hardee,\* and again,

\* Advance and Retreat, 249.



on the 13th of September, General Hood telegraphed President Davis, requesting the immediate removal of General Hardee; charged Hardee with the failure of the battles of July 20th, 22d, and August 31st; requested another corps commanded, and suggested either Taylor or Cheatham; and requested, further, that the President confer with Generals Stewart and S. D. Lee.

General M. L. Smith, chief engineer, was instructed to fortify Macon, Columbus and Augusta; the chief commissary was directed to remove all supplies to the West Point railroad. Colonel Pressman, of the engineer corps, was ordered to hold in readiness the pontoon train, with a sufficient number of boats to answer the requirements of any emergencies; and General Wheeler, with his corps of cavalry, was ordered to return from Tennessee; and all necessary orders for the preparation of trains to accompany the troops on the proposed march were issued; and the troops were thoroughly inspected and reviewed by general officers. On Sunday, the 18th day of September, 1864, General Hood broke camp at Lovejoy, and marched his army beyond, and a few miles to the north of Newnan, and established army headquarters at Palmetto, a station on the Atlanta and West Point railroad. Lines of field-works were constructed of such dimensions as to indicate that it was the purpose of the commander to establish an intrenched camp.

President Davis, accompanied by General Howell Cobb, and a couple of staff officers, arrived at army headquarters on the afternoon of the 25th of September. President Davis had delivered a speech at Macon, only a few days before his arrival at Palmetto, in which he intimated that the Army of Tennessee would at once commence active offensive operations, and drive the Federal troops from Georgia. At army headquarters, the President held conferences with corps commanders, and made inquiries as to the condition of the army, the temper of the troops, their discipline, courage and endurance, the causes of dissatisfaction expressed by the people of Georgia, at the repeated defeats of the army in the various battles fought in and around Atlanta, and whether General Hood had received the cordial co-operation of his general officers in the execution of his matured plans of military operations.

On the 26th of September, the President reviewed the army, and for the last time faced the long lines of his veteran soldiers, who had borne their regimental colors in the conflict of great battles, with valor and devotion. He was received with no demonstrations, but

with that quiet courtesy due him; and it can be safely said, that General Hood is in error, when he says that he was treated with rudeness, or positive indifference. The boisterous enthusiasm of the raw recruit in the presence of a high official, at a grand review; had disappeared, and the disciplined soldiers, as they then stood before him, inured to hardships and accustomed to face the perils of constantly recurring engagements with the enemy, promptly, readily and cheerfully saluted him as the Commander-in-chief of the Confederate Armies. This was the last grand review of the Army of Tennessee, and the appearance and equipments of the soldiers presented in the dressed lines of the several corps organizations, gave no indication that there was any demoralization in the ranks, or that they had been, or would prove unreliable, when ordered into action. The losses sustained in the campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro, both in officers and men who had fallen in the line of duty on the field of action, were apparent. The army under Hood had received no re-inforcements; and none could now be furnished from other commands. All available troops, to re-inforce the Army of Tennessee, had been furnished General Johnston in the early stages of the campaign, and the effectives in the several commands had been reduced by continuous service.

President Davis says, in writing of this contemplated movement of General Hood to the rear of Sherman, and the results to be attained, that his "first object was to fill the depleted ranks of the army, to bring the absentees and deserters back to the ranks, and to induce the Governor and State officials to co-operate heartily with the Confederate Government in all measures that might be found necessary to give the proposed movement a reasonable prospect of success."\*

President Davis, on the afternoon of the 27th of September, left Palmetto for Augusta. On the 28th of September the order of the President was promulgated to the army, which relieved Lieutenant-General Hardee from duty with the Army of Tennessee, and assigned him to the command of the department of South Carolina and Florida; and on the same day, the President addressed a letter from Opelika, Alabama, to General Hood, in which he informed him that he would confer with General Beauregard, and, if acceptable to him, would assign him to the command of the department embracing the Army of Tennessee, and that of General R. Taylor, with the view of securing the fullest co-operation of the troops, without relieving either of

\* Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, Vol. II, 565.

the responsibilities and powers of their special commands, "except in so far as would be due to the superior rank and the above assignment of General Beauregard;" and, also, instructing him to proceed "as though no modification of existing organization was contemplated."\*

On the 3d of October, President Davis and General Beauregard held a conference at Augusta, and the President gave "an interesting and minute account of his recent visit to General Hood's headquarters, at Palmetto;"† and explained Hood's contemplated movement on the flank of Sherman. This plan of operations was favored by General Beauregard, and he was assigned to the command indicated in the letter of the President to General Hood, of September 28th. In this conference, the President remarked that Governor Brown "did not give the government a cordial support, and was ever ready to throw obstacles in the way of procuring recruits, conscripts, and even supplies of provisions and manufactured goods;" and that General Cobb was embarrassed in the administration of military affairs in his district, and that there was a want of harmony in the official relations between him and Governor Brown. General Beauregard offered to call on Governor Brown on his way to join Hood's army, and do all in his power toward accomplishing the wishes of the President.‡

The President concluded this conference, and on the night of the 3d of October, departed for Richmond; and on the following day General Beauregard left to join the Army of Tennessee. At Opelika, General Beauregard telegraphed the President, under the date of October 7th, that he had satisfactorily arranged all matters between General Cobb and Governor Brown. General Cheatham was assigned to the command of Hardee's corps. The three corps of infantry which constituted the Army of Tennessee, were commanded by Lieutenant-Generals A. P. Stewart and S. D. Lee, and Major-General B. F. Cheatham, with three battalions of artillery to each corps; and the corps of cavalry, which was a remarkably fine organization, under the command of Major-General Joseph H. Wheeler.

D. W. SANDERS,

*Adj't-General, French's Division.*

\* Advance and Retreat, 255.

† General Beauregard, by Alfred Roman, Vol. II, 277.

‡ General Beauregard, Vol. II, pp. 279, 280.



[For the BIVOAC.]

## CAPTURE OF LEXINGTON, MISSOURI, BY PRICE'S ARMY.



FROM the battle-field of Wilson's Creek the flight of the Federals left the Confederates exultant; but victory brought discord into the councils of their chiefs. For some reason, Price and McCulloch could not agree upon the next step to be taken, and so each leader went his own way. McCulloch withdrew to Arkansas, while Price determined single-handed to follow up his advantage and go to seek the foe. From the beginning of this aggressive move his leading object seems to have been to get possession of Lexington. Actuated by the double motive of keeping up the hearts of his citizen soldiery, and of enabling the guerrilla bands north of the Missouri to join him, he aimed at that point which, if taken, would best answer his purpose. No doubt McCullough thought that the citizen chief was about to rush into the lion's mouth, and that his mob-like army would soon scatter before the attack of an enemy more numerous and better equipped. But Price seems to have relied, not so much upon West Point tactics as on moral causes. He felt that the report of the Wilson Creek fight would raise a new army, if he but flung his banner to the breeze and marched through the land. And the official reports of the Federals show that he did not, at least, misjudge the state of public opinion, for, close upon the announcement of the defeat of Lyons and Siegel, dispatches from various points informed Fremont at St. Louis that the secession element was rising. But, above all, the Missouri leader was one of those men who, impelled by a lofty patriotism, dared to tread in the straight and narrow path of duty, not counting the cost. He heard the cries of his people driven from their desolated homes, and suffering all the horrors of internecine war. He could not refuse to go to their assistance, and he resolved to attempt it, even if he had to share their fate.

At this time the organized forces of the Federals within the State numbered fully 25,000, and new regiments were daily arriving. Knowing this, some time in the latter part of August, Price, with his force now reduced to about 5,000, took up the line of march toward the Missouri. As his banners, now battle-scarred and associated with victory, were seen advancing, recruits flocked in, and, like a moving ball of snow, the further his army went the more it grew. While on the march, word was brought that Lane, of Kansas notoriety, with a

considerable force, was strongly posted at Fort Scott, near the Missouri border. Unwilling to leave him in a position to annoy his rear, Price turned aside to beat him off. He was soon found, twelve miles east of Fort Scott, and after a sharp fight forced to flee. Before the Confederates reached Fort Scott it was abandoned by the foe.

The day after the fight, Lane writes from Fort Lincoln to his superior officer at Fort Leavenworth :

"*September 3.*—I left my cavalry to amuse the enemy until we could establish ourselves here and remove our good stores from Fort Scott. I am compelled to make a stand here or give up Kansas to disgrace and destruction. If you do not hear from me again, you can understand I am surrounded by a superior force."

Fremont seemed to be aware that Price's object was Lexington, and confidently hoped that Lane would annoy his rear. But that distinguished burner of villages was of opinion that Price was trying to cut *him* off, and was guarding his own rear. Price was after "bigger game." While Lane was straining his eyes over the "smooth prairie" to catch sight of the shot-gun cavalry, Price was far away, moving by forced marches on Lexington. The infantry were worn out from want of food, and hard marching; so he pushed ahead with his mounted men to anticipate the enemy.

On reaching the suburbs, he made an attack upon the out-posts, and, after a sharp fight, forced Mulligan to withdraw inside of his intrenchments on College Hill. For a garrison, the latter had the Irish brigade, a regiment of cavalry and a body of the home-guard, in all amounting to 3,500 men.

The college grounds, embracing an area of about fifteen acres, were surrounded with breast-works. They lay north of the main portion of the town, and so near the river on the western side as to create the hope in Mulligan that with his guns he could command the boat-landing at the foot of the hill. From this quarter he expected re-inforcements, and obtained his chief water supply.

Upon the arrival of large re-inforcements, Price determined to surround the town and take it by siege.

Everything being ready, on the morning of the 18th, the Missouri army moved out to the final attack, and took position as follows :

On the east and north-eastern sides was posted Rain's division with Bledsoe's and Churchill Clarke's batteries, three guns each, supported by a portion of General Steel's command; on the south-west quarter, Parson's and Congreve Jackson's divisions, with Guibor's

battery; the western side, between the bluffs and the river shore, was occupied after slight skirmishing by Slack's division, under Colonel Rives, and the commands of McBride and Harris and Green. The last two mentioned officers had but recently crossed the river with their commands, and deserve more than passing mention.

Some time in the month of June, when northern Missouri was threatened with hordes of border ruffians, as well as enlisted troops of the Federal Government, and when, indeed, many places had already been seized by the Unionists, Thomas A. Harris was commissioned a brigadier-general by Governor Jackson, and authorized to enlist troops for the defense of north Missouri. At a public meeting in Paris, he publicly took the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and made an appeal to the citizens to organize for mutual protection. A company was immediately raised, but before it could be armed or equipped, word came that a strong Federal force was approaching. The "rebels" at once dispersed, and General Price retired for safety to Salt river knobs. Here, at Camp Hoke, he established headquarters, and found himself at the head of an army of three. Their names were Brent, Vowells and Pitman. Though without any of the sinews of war, from this center, by means of runners, he set to work to organize, in all the northern counties, local bands, or minute-men. They were to be ready to assemble at a moment's notice, and move to points designated by the general in command. In this way, his forces, though a combative entity, were practically inaccessible to attack. One day they were heard of as assailing a certain point. Federal troops were hurried thither to find the foe vanished into thin air, but to re-appear on the following day at some other and distant place. The north Missourians were armed chiefly with shot-guns. Their first and only piece of artillery was cast in Hannibal City, Missouri, and mounted on wagon wheels. For this they had no fixed ammunition, and fired from it, chiefly, pieces of log-chains. The worthlessness of the gun may be gathered from the following: At the battle of Lexington, the officer in charge of it was told to batter down a house. After firing several rounds he withdrew in disgust, saying that he "couldn't hit the — thing."

This method of warfare, though effecting no signal victory, kept the Federals active, and so alarmed Fremont that many of the troops intended to re-inforce Lyon were halted to suppress the guerrilla bands of Harris. The latter was efficiently aided by an irregular force under Colonel Martin Green, whose daring raids on the north-



ern border sometimes excited apprehension in the sequestered towns of western Illinois.

The efficiency of the system adopted by Harris may be inferred from the rapidity with which the local bands were united to take part in the movement on Lexington. In obedience to the command of his chief, Harris speedily gathered a force of 5,000 men, crossed the river and formed a junction with the main body. At Glasgow he captured a steamboat and ferried his infantry across, having sent his cavalry and wagon-trains by another route. They reached the river at Arrow Rock, and swam over, *taking the wagons with them*. Harris not only brought men, but *powder* for Price's army. This was obtained from Hannibal in the following manner: Parties entered the town at various times to purchase groceries. In their wagons jugs of powder, the stoppers daubed with molasses, were packed among other purchases, and brought out. Thus, little by little, ammunition was procured for Price's army and safely delivered at Lexington.

The works of Mulligan being surrounded, skirmishers were sent to annoy the besieged with a constant and deadly fire, while batteries from three quarters threw missiles into their midst. Though encompassed by a greatly superior force, Mulligan was undismayed, and fought with skill and courage. His Irish brigade sustained the reputation of their race for unflinching valor, and for more than forty hours met every assault with dauntless spirit.

The vulnerable point of the defense proved, as usual, to be there where it was deemed the strongest. Here upon bold bluffs, with a slope reaching to the river's edge, cannon were placed to command the ferry. Under their protection lay moored boats, some of which were waiting to bring over the expected force of Sturgiss. It reached there 1,100 strong, but failed to cross because the boats were seized on the 18th by a part of the Fourth Division under Colonel Rives.\* Just as this was accomplished, an artillery fire was opened upon them from the Anderson House, situated on the summit of the bluffs. This was quickly responded to by a charge from portions of Harris' and Slack's divisions. In the face of a galling fire, they reached the house and took possession of it. It was shortly retaken by a part of the Irish brigade, who in turn were finally driven off by a second rush of the Missourians, in whose hands the position now remained, with the bluffs adjoining. The attack was now kept up unceasingly from all sides.

The state of the besieged is revealed by the following extracts

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\*Bevier's Missouri Brigade.

from the diary of Lieutenant McClure, one of Mulligan's men, first published in the *St. Louis Democrat*, September, 1861.

"September 18.—They have many sharp-shooters who have placed themselves around in convenient places—some in trees, others behind stumps and logs, and from their secure positions keep constantly firing on us. Three of these scoundrels are placed on our track, and have been firing at us since three o'clock yesterday. We have fired at them, but firing at random does not affect them. Ha! that makes me start. He sent a bullet just passed my cheek."

Says an eye-witness:

"An old Texan, dressed in buckskin, and armed with a long rifle, used to go up to the works every morning about seven o'clock, carrying his dinner in a tin pail. Taking a good position, he banged away at the Federals till noon, then rested an hour, at his dinner, after which he resumed operations till six P. M., when he returned home to supper and a night's sleep. The next day a little before seven saw him, dinner and rifle in hand, trudging up street to begin again his regular day's work."

This may be a true picture of the part taken by volunteers from the neighboring farms, but the reports of Price and Harris show that there was no going home to sleep for the regular troops, and a short time for eating dinner. On Harris' side particularly, there was tireless watching to cut off the water details. The Confederates remained in their positions for forty-eight consecutive hours "without comparatively either food, water, or blankets." A few light showers served to fill an occasional hole with water, and this was chiefly Mulligan's source of water supply. The want of it would ultimately have forced a surrender, but the Confederates could not afford to wait for the operation of so slow a process. The Federals were making extraordinary efforts to relieve the place, and it was necessary for the besiegers to bring matters to a speedy conclusion. This was brought about by a novel device, the credit for which is claimed by Harris and not denied by Price, in their reports. Bales of hemp were obtained from a wharf-boat near by, and converted into portable breast-works on the bluffs in front of Harris', McBride's and Green's commands. Behind these a line of riflemen slowly advanced, delivering heavy volleys. Mulligan perceiving the danger from this quarter, made several daring attempts to drive off his assailants, but without success. On rolled the fateful hempen bales, blazing with the fire of unerring rifles. Mulligan, after desperate efforts to repel the assault, and seeing no prospect of the relief, finally, on the 20th, at 2 o'clock, raised the white flag and surrendered.

The fruits of the victory were 3,500 prisoners, three pieces of artillery, two mortars, 750 horses, a large quantity of commissary

stores, and \$900,000 in money, which had been taken from the bank at Lexington.\*

The prisoners were released upon parole except Mulligan, who declined the offered terms upon the ground that his government did not recognize the Confederates as belligerents.\*

The *personnel* of Price's men is thus described by the Federal eyewitness quoted above, in a letter to the *Missouri Republican*:

"Scarcely a hundred of all the Confederate troops were uniformed; scarcely two had guns alike—no two exhibited the same trappings. Here went one fellow in a shirt of brilliant green, on his side an immense cavalry saber, in his belt two navy revolvers and a bowie-knife, and slung from his shoulder a Sharp's rifle. Right by his side was another, upon whose hip dangled a light medical sword, in his hand a double-barreled shot-gun, in his boot an immense sythe, on his heel the inevitable spur—his whole appearance, from tattered boot, through which gazed audaciously his toes, indicating that the plunderings of many a different locality made up his whole."

The losses on both sides were comparatively small. Price states that his whole loss was twenty-five killed and seventy-two wounded, while that of Mulligan is estimated, by his own men, at about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, though there is no official statement to this effect.

The Confederate loss was, for the most part, in Harris' division, on whose front the successful charge was made. He reports a loss of fifty-five killed and wounded.

W. N. M.

[For the BIVOUC.]

## REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

### CHAPTER IV.



AND it was finally decided to send — South under military escort, to be safely delivered within Confederate lines, and I will add "en passant" that the word "safely" was the "saving clause." If found within the Union lines again they were to be dealt with as spies.

The citizens of the town were justly indignant, and especially so, as no time was given the prisoners for correspondence with absent friends, for arranging business matters for providing for their families during the enforced exile. From noon on one day till *seven o'clock* the next morning, was the specified "order" for making ready. An escort of twenty-seven mounted men was the

\*Price's report.



formidable force to undertake this delicate duty. It was, however, augmented by a volunteer, whose appearance I shall never forget.

He was a gigantic fellow, with rough beard, and Mahomet-like eyebrows, the veins above which threatened to burst, whenever he recalled the fact that the "Secesh" had "tuck his hosses, killed his pigs, ruined his corn, and jist used him up — dam 'um." His comfort lay in the thought that he had "seed with *his own* eyes, old Terry go up the spout."

His pantaloons were long in the waist, tight in the legs, and stuck to him in spots like adhesive plaster. The weather was hot, and he wore no vest. His shirt was *dusty*, and liberally besprinkled with "terbaccer" juice, as everything else was, in danger of being, when he commenced to *chew* — the cud of better memories.

His linen duster was *dirty*, though well soaked with sweat across the shoulders. Under it you could see pistols protruding by the half dozen, and his frequent glances in their direction was a constant reminder of their presence. He had a way of swinging or slinging his arms which made you painfully uncertain where they might strike.

Punctually at seven o'clock the "escort" appeared, and the prisoners were *ordered* to the square. I smile now as I think of the anomalous sight! They were permitted to take what could be carried in one wagon. You may be sure it was well loaded — as much as two stout mules could draw. A negro driver, and two female servants who *chose* to go, completed the contents. The old black woman declared she would "stay by that stuff, let 'um see if she wouldn't!"

The captain of the guard was very complacent and courteous *before* starting, declaring that the prisoners "might rest five minutes in every hour, and so give the wagon time to keep up."

The gentlemen were won over by this pleasant proposal, into thinking him "a fine sort of fellow."

Not so the lady, she could see villainy written all over his face — a sardonic face. The *demonstrations* at parting were a test of his true feelings. They put him in a bad humor, which stuck to him like the poisoned vest of Hercules.

At about eight the column moved from town. The heat was oppressive, the dust was dense, and the unfortunate prisoners received it from the front, the rear, and the middle. On and on in silence they traveled, a silence unbroken by talk, save that now and then, as a house appeared, the tired and excited children would ask, "Pa, is *that* Dixie?"

At noon a halt was called for the *first time*. The captain was

hungry, and not timid in making his wishes known. The hostess, thinking, "Discretion the better part of valor," offered him the best in her lunch-basket. He ate heartily without "returning thanks." The meal was served in a shoe-shop on the roadside—as unpoetic a place as one would wish to see.

The dinner dispatched the party was ordered on. By this time the heat was so overpowering that all were glad when the rain began to fall. It came down furiously at first, and then continuously until near nightfall. The mother and children, in summer clothing, were thoroughly wet, for all their wraps were in the wagon, *which had not yet come up*, nor had *any* rest been given.

When the dusk was deepening into darkness the cavalcade was halted at an humble house not far from —.

All dismounted, and the soldiers, in their way, soon made themselves at home. The orderly sergeant, a rough, but kind man, gathered some sticks, and made a fire, by which the prisoners (one an old and feeble man), tried to dry their clothing. The captain took the best place, looking more than ever like a satyr. The room was too small for "Pistols," so he *ruminated* on his lost cattle, and seeing "old Terry go up the spout." I think his Scythian soul would have been satisfied if he had only obtained the general's skull for a drinking-cup. The inmates of the cabin were three women and some children. The frightened females evidently took the entire company for Yankees. It was equally evident that the captain desired this impression to remain. So believing, the lady asked permission to cross into the other room where supper was preparing, that she might have the benefit of the better fire. This request was sullenly granted. He had no right to refuse, as she was not a prisoner. She soon gave the women to understand how the case stood.

At supper—a really good meal—it so chanced that the prisoners were served first. Seeing this the captain said, "*I'll* take some coffee, though you *hav'n't asked me*, I expect to pay you for everything I eat."

The repast concluded, the party went back into the darkness of the other room, when the captain suggested to the lady that she ask for a candle. "O!" replied she, "I have a box full in the wagon—it must be here before long; in the meantime *I* do not feel afraid with so many soldiers around."

Finally, a light was struck, and he called for any letters in our possession written to Southern soldiers. These he had magnanimously *refused* before starting. Some were handed over, and others were burned.

We mounted a ladder to our sleeping-place, our uncertain steps guided by the light of other days, viz: a big gourd, with a cotton strip for a wick, and a quantity of strong grease for oil. We were thankful for this, and enjoyed a sense of security, unfelt in the presence of kerosene.

Safely landed above, the time was devoted to *thinking* and the conclusion was that the danger did not lie in the lamp, but in the men below. The conviction grew that mischief was meditated. This conviction was intensified from the earnest talking which we heard from below through the open stairway, talking as of some one *expositulating*.

The lady quietly made her way back, and saw the lieutenant, a pleasant, polite officer, with her carpet-bag, from which he was removing a lady's pistol. This had been reported and inspected before leaving, and she had permission to retain it. Of this, she reminded him. He apologized, saying, "I know it is wrong, and dislike the duty devolved upon me, but my orders are imperative, the captain says he will return it at the river." Suffice it to say, she never saw the pistol again. The lieutenant added, "he is either drinking, or he has received bad news—something is the matter."

Little sleep was indulged, and all were ready for an early breakfast. The captain was facetious in his morning salutations, and inquired, "Madam, were you alarmed last night?" "O! no, captain, after the long, rough ride, I slept sweetly; but what happened to excite *your* alarm?"

"Why, didn't you hear the firing?"

"Firing! when, and by *whom*?"

"About two o'clock by the pickets. They heard some one walking and they called, 'halt!' No halt was made, and they fired!"

"Indeed! captain, who had the hardihood to approach within range of your valorous pickets?"

"It was—(with a prolonged pause) an—old sow!"

At this intended witty effusion his followers made the cabin *ring*, and "Pistols" grinned horribly, as he thought of his slaughtered swine.

In the first lull of the applause, seeing that some reply was expected, the lady rejoined: "I suggest, captain, that that old sow, be arrested immediately and sent South under a proper escort, and safely delivered within Confederate lines: from what you tell us, the people there are in need of such supplies."



[For the BIVOUAC.]

## AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.



N the night of May 11, 1864, Lee had withdrawn his forces from a salient point called "The Horseshoe," in consequence of a retrograde or flank movement of the enemy opposite that point. A battery of artillery consisting of four companies, which was to have occupied that point, was removed some two miles back. At early dawn, word was brought that Grant's forces had again advanced, and the artillery was ordered to return with all speed. Faster and faster they advanced until they reached the top of the hill in the very toe of the horseshoe, to find themselves in the jaws of the enemy. It fell to the lot of a non-commissioned officer of Captain W. P. Carter's battery to prepare the ammunition. He first cut the fuse for one second's time. After preparing several shells and receiving no word from his general, he made ready double charges of canister, knowing the enemy to be close at hand. Still nobody came for the ammunition. He observed next that the drivers of the limber-chest had dismounted and left their horses, and the horses being without a driver, backed the wheels of the limber over the ammunition. To prevent damage, he seized the off-leader by the bridle and turned them back to a front position. While doing this he distinctly heard the minie-balls crashing through the bones of the horses. They did not fall at once, however, and he had just gotten them to a front position, when a forcible blow upon the right shoulder made by the enemy's color-bearer with the point of his staff, showed him that they were upon him. There was no time to say "Good morning," so he beat a hasty retreat around his limber, "*sauve que peut*." He had scarcely commenced to run when he felt a heavy blow about the middle of his back. His thought was, "Can that color-bearer have repeated his blow, or am I struck by a ball, which has deadened the sense of feeling." There being no flow of blood, however, he concluded he was not much hurt. After a run of forty yards he came to the dry bed of a stream between two hills. Here he paused to reconnoiter. The morning fog and the smoke of battle obscured the view, except close to the ground. Crouching on all-fours, he peered below the cloud of smoke toward the crest of the hill where the battery was. He soon saw that the case was hopeless, and the battery in possession of the enemy. Looking to the left, he read in the

anxious countenance of an aid-de-camp on horse-back that matters at that point were in a desperate case. Running up the bed of the stream he reached the shelter of the woods on his left. So far he had run parallel to the line of battle. When well in the woods, turning at right angles it *seemed* that he had made his escape. Meeting just then with an officer of the battery (the only one who escaped) and several comrades, a brief consultation was held, suddenly cut short by a continuous roar of musketry in the rear and near the heel of the horseshoe, showing that the party were in danger of being enclosed and cut off within the circle. The consultation was summarily ended and flight again resumed. This time they ran well out of the horseshoe and out of danger, stopping not until they met Lee's re-inforcements going to the front. Here, from a point of safety they could hear war holding high revelry in the bottom below. Now, for the first time the soldier took occasion to examine his knapsack. A minie-ball had entered the lower part, passing through sixteen folds of tent cloth, many folds of a blanket, riddling several articles of underwear, and finally burying itself in a small Bible. Such was its force that not a leaf from Revelations to Genesis remained without impress of the ball, and half the leaves were actually penetrated.

Just at this time he was overjoyed to see his brother (about whom he had been painfully anxious) returning to the rear with a company of the Richmond Howitzers, who, having spent all their ammunition, came to replenish their chests. This young man had been color-bearer for the company, and when the battery first reached the hill, had turned to the woods on his left, to tie his horse. Hearing a wild yell which he supposed to be the battle-cry of the Confederates, he joined lustily in the shout and rushed forward bearing his colors. The fog and smoke concealing from him the true state of affairs, it was a terrible shock to see, suddenly, the enemy's colors floating from the battery. Realizing for the first time that all was lost, he hastily lowered his flag between the chests of a caisson, and tearing off the colors thrust them into his bosom, throwing the staff away. He then ran into the woods and up the lines, where he came upon a company of the Richmond Howitzers, and served with them until their ammunition was exhausted.

A remarkable circumstance connected with the above incident, was the fact that during the confusion and haste following the order for the hasty march, the brothers lost sight of each other, and the elder (who bore the flag) was compelled to gallop to the front, leaving the tent-cloth and blankets which usually were included in the

roll behind the saddle, to be carried in the other's knapsack. The first thought of the younger was impatience at the unusual burden he had to carry into battle, but reflection brought with it a feeling (perhaps a premonition), "It is all right, and may be the means of saving my life." In less than half an hour it had proved indeed a blessing in disguise.

The owner of the Bible, *then* a youth of nineteen, *now* a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, cherishes the book and the minie-ball, not only as a memento of the war, but with feelings of deepest gratitude, which find appropriate expression in the consecration of his life to Him who "protected his head in the day of battle." It is his earnest hope that he may, by the blessing of God, so expound the teachings of that blessed Book as to make it a means of salvation to many souls.

F. A. B.

WOODVILLE, Miss., September 20, 1884.

### THIRD REUNION OF THE KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., September 19, 1884.

At the Third Reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade, the meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock A. M., at the court-house, by Lieutenant-Colonel Hervey McDowell, president of the Association, and prayer was offered by Brigade Chaplain Professor Joseph Desha Pickett.

Upon motion, and second, the following were appointed secretaries for their respective regiments, and requested to take a list of members present, viz:

Captain W. E. Bell, Second Kentucky; Captain John H. Weller, Fourth Kentucky; Captain Thomas J. Henry, Fifth Kentucky; Thomas D. Osborne, Sixth Kentucky; Dr. W. J. Byrne, Ninth Kentucky; E. Polk Johnson, First Kentucky Cavalry.

On motion of General S. B. Buckner, and by unanimous vote of the Association, all Federal soldiers present were invited to register and participate in the ceremonies of the day, which was accepted by a number of Federal soldiers, whose names appear on the roll which follows.

Upon motion, and second, the following committee was appointed to select officers of the Association for the next year, and, also, the time and place for holding the Fourth Reunion, viz.:

Captain A. K. Lair, Second Kentucky; Colonel J. P. Nuckols, Fourth Kentucky; Captain T. J. Henry, Fifth Kentucky; Captain D. C. Walker, Sixth Kentucky; Colonel J. C. Wickliffe, Ninth Kentucky; E. Polk Johnson, First Kentucky Cavalry.



The following were appointed pall-bearers for the remains of General Ben Hardin Helm, viz. :

Major Thomas H. Hays, Captain Herr, Major John B. Pirtle, General Fayette Hewitt, John Sherley, E. Polk Johnson, James W. Smith, B. Frank Camp.

The meeting adjourned until 2 o'clock P. M., at which hour the meeting was called to order by Colonel McDowell, and the brigade was then formed by General Joseph H. Lewis, and marched to the residence of Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, where the remains of General Helm were taken charge of by the pall-bearers, and were accompanied by the brigade, Helm's First Kentucky Cavalry, and quite a number of ex-Federal soldiers and a great concourse of citizens, to Helm place, where the remains were deposited in the family burying-ground, near the foot of the handsome shaft erected to the memory of Governor Helm. Appropriate ceremonies were had at the grave, and then the ex-soldiers and citizens repaired to the woods near by, where appropriate remarks were made by Professor Pickett, Governor Knott, Generals Buckner and Lewis, and an interesting paper, on the relative strength of the Kentucky troops in the Confederate and Federal Armies, was read by Colonel J. P. Nuckols; after which the Association marched back to Elizabethtown, and visited the grave of Colonel Martin H. Cofer, in the cemetery near town. The parade was then dismissed, and the meeting adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock at the court-house.

At 8 o'clock P. M., the meeting was called to order by the president, Colonel McDowell, when the Committee on Organization, etc., made the following report, to-wit:

Your Committee, by unanimous vote, recommend that the next meeting of this organization be held on the third Wednesday in August, 1885, at Glasgow, Ky., and that Colonel J. W. Caldwell, of Russellville, be made President, and John A. Murray, of Glasgow, be made Secretary.

T. J. HENRY, Secretary.

J. P. NUCKOLS, Chairman.

Which report was adopted.

Upon motion, and second, the thanks of this Association are tendered the citizens of Elizabethtown for their generous hospitality displayed upon this occasion.

A letter was read by the secretary from Captain Ed. F. Spears, of Paris, Ky., regretting his inability to attend the Third Reunion, and tendering his best wishes to each of his old comrades present.

Captain John H. Weller, of Louisville, made an appeal in the interest of that splendid monthly, the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

Upon motion of Colonel E. Polk Johnson, the members of the First Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry (Helm's old regiment) were

unanimously admitted as a part of this organization, and all ex-Confederate soldiers in Kentucky are cordially invited to participate in our future reunions.

A communication was received from Colonel Bennett H. Young, President of the Southern Exposition, at Louisville, inviting this Association to attend the Exposition in a body at any day that might be convenient. The invitation was cordially accepted, and upon motion of Captain Weller, all who can attend are requested to meet at Confederate headquarters, in the Exposition building, on Saturday, the 20th inst.

Upon motion, and second, it appearing from information before the Association that a number of the graves of our comrades on the battle-field of Chickamauga, and other places in the South, are neglected, Lieutenant Willis L. Ringo, of Frankfort, Ky., is appointed chairman of a committee, to be selected by him, to raise means to secure, and properly protect the graves of our dead comrades in the South.

The Association then adjourned, to meet at Glasgow, the third Wednesday in August, 1885. HERVEY McDOWELL, President.

W. E. BELL, Secretary.

The following is the roll of members present at the Third Reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade, at Elizabethtown, September 19, 1884, and also a roll of visitors belonging to other commands, and Federal soldiers who participated in our meeting, viz.:

*General Field and Staff.*—General Jos. H. Lewis, General S. B. Buckner, Fayette Hewitt, Adjutant-General; Major Thomas H. Hays, Inspector General; Dr. Preston B. Scott, Surgeon; Dr. William J. Byrne, Surgeon; Lieutenant Wallace Herr, Aid-de-camp; Lieutenant John B. Pirtle, Aid-de-camp; Professor J. D. Pickett, Chaplain.

#### SECOND KENTUCKY.

*Field and Staff.*—Major Hervey McDowell.

*Company "A."*—Lieutenant Willis L. Ringo.

*Company "B."*—Lieutenant J. C. Griffith, N. W. Virden.

*Company "C."*—Frank W. Lane, Jack C. Hays, D. F. C. Weller, John A. Murray.

*Company "E."*—Phillip Uhrig, Lieutenant George B. Overton, S. D. Reed.

*Company "F."*—John T. Hogg.

*Company "G."*—E. T. Phillips.

*Company "H."*—Captain A. K. Lair, S. T. Rawlins, Charles Herbst.

*Company "I."*—Captain W. E. Bell, John H. Crain.

*Company "K."*—Captain Charles Sample, John W. Paff.

FOURTH KENTUCKY.

*Field and Staff.*—Colonel Joseph P. Nuckols, Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Adair, Preston B. Scott, Surgeon; R. A. Thompson, Captain and Assistant Quartermaster; John B. Pirtle, Major and Assistant Provost-General.

*Company "A."*—George Dieffenbach.

*Company "D."*—Captain John H. Weller, John M. Herndon, William H. Lucas.

*Company "E."*—James W. Smith, William H. Sellers, Alfred Clark, Joseph Cole, William L. Jett.

*Company "F."*—A. J. Hall, George E. Johnson, Jesse Johnson.

*Company "I."*—Al. Smith, A. T. Kendall, Henry Kraft, Henry B. Rau.

*Company "K."*—Elisha Adams.

FIFTH KENTUCKY.

*Company "B."*—Captain W. T. B. South, Samuel South.

*Company "C."*—Captain T. J. Henry.

*Company "E."*—Lieutenant John W. Green.

*Company "K."*—Captain J. T. Gaines.

SIXTH KENTUCKY.

*Field and Staff.*—General Joseph H. Lewis, Major Thomas H. Hays, Adjutant Virgil Hewitt, Major J. F. Davis, Assistant Commissary Subsistence.

*Company "A."*—Captain Charles Dawson, Sergeant W. B. Spears, Sergeant John T. Craycroft, Corporal J. R. Nance, J. Y. Milton, W. H. Bemiss, Thomas D. Osborne, C. H. Casey.

*Company "B."*—Lieutenant W. H. Miller, Sergeant M. D. Seifres, Corporal A. M. Stith, William Watkins, S. H. Bush, C. A. Buford, M. S. Bennett, A. T. Storms, P. Thomas, L. Mudd, J. E. Brauman, A. W. Randolph, J. F. Lloyd, William Hentieu.

*Company "C."*—Lieutenant B. M. Stiffey, Sergeant J. A. Smith, J. W. Smith.

*Company "D."*—Captain H. J. Street, Lieutenant William Dickinson, W. H. Easters, Joseph Bell, Thomas C. Helm, W. F. Smith, W. H. Gilloch.

*Company "E."*—Captain T. Y. Page, Orderly Sergeant J. L. Stout, Sergeant John H. Yancy, Corporal T. W. Spillman, W. W. Franklin, H. P. Gilloch, J. O. Wilkerson.

*Company "G."*—T. H. Bowles.

*Company "H."*—Surgeon George W. Strickler, Sergeant H. B. Culley, Sergeant W. W. Warren, Jake Pittman, H. S. Harned, A. L. Harned, Jos. Lee, W. B. Hill.

*Company "D."*—Captain D. C. Walker, Lieutenant T. M. Goodnight, Sergeant W. H. Reed, Corporal A. Lawson, J. C. Bryan, J. S. Barlow.

NINTH KENTUCKY.

*Field and Staff.*—Colonel John W. Caldwell, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Wickliffe, Surgeon W. J. Byrne.

*Company "A."*—George R. Beall, George T. Price, R. B. Chastine, T. B. Small, W. T. Henry.



*Company "B."*—First Lieutenant Thomas H. Ellis, Second Lieutenant J. C. Applegate, Jasper Anderson, Norborne G. Gray, John S. Jackman, R. G. McCorkle, C. B. Rapier, George Prunty.

*Company "C."*—Captain Price Newman, J. L. Collins, Curg Reid.

*Company "D."*—A. Agnue, W. H. Whaley.

*Company "G."*—Lieutenant Edward Gregory, E. R. Pennington, Witseen Baird, W. W. Badger, John W. Evans.

*Company "H."*—Andy Wright, Thomas Stevens.

#### FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

*Field and Staff.*—Quartermaster John C. Sherley.

*Company "A."*—Captain W. J. Taylor, Orderly Sergeant J. H. Bozarth, W. T. Aull, J. D. Ewing.

*Company "B."*—Captain George W. Beckley, Lieutenant Joseph E. Vincent, Sergeant Wallace W. Herr, Sergeant B. Frank Camp, W. R. Abbott, W. F. Simpson, Sergeant E. Polk Johnson.

*Company "C."*—Sergeant John Herndon, W. H. Lucas, H. P. Smith.

*Company "D."*—Sergeant J. W. Smith, J. R. May.

*Company "E."*—Captain James W. Johnston, Elijah Basye, W. D. Jones.

*Company "G."*—Orderly Sergeant T. D. Ireland.

*Company "H."*—Lieutenant T. M. Barker.

#### LIST OF EX-CONFEDERATES PRESENT BELONGING TO OTHER COMMANDS.

David C. Hardin, Morgan's Squadron; Captain H. M. Middleton, Thirty-ninth Georgia Infantry; D. P. Bethel, Eighth Kentucky Mounted Infantry; Captain W. F. Bell, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; James Montgomery, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; J. D. Bennett, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; T. D. Luckett, Third Kentucky Cavalry; Major John B. Castleman, Second Kentucky Cavalry; James H. Bland, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; J. W. Mason, Byrne's Battery; H. C. Branham, Forrest's Cavalry; Wm. Wood, Fifth Texas, Hood's Brigade; Edward C. Colgan, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Oscar Thorp, Second Kentucky Battalion; Colonel T. G. Woodruff; C. K. Burnett, First Arkansas; F. M. Joplin, Second Virginia Cavalry; J. P. Lane, Hawesley's Battery; H. C. Hays, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; W. T. Vaughan, First Tennessee; R. S. Ward, Morgan's Squadron; E. Younger, Second Kentucky Cavalry; J. G. Booker, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Adam R. Hendrix, First Texas Regiment; E. Tilley, First Battalion Missouri Sharpshooters; Major T. M. Barna, Eighth Georgia; J. A. Hayden, Hawesley's Battery; W. W. Bowling, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry and Buckner Guards; James Branham, Forrest's Cavalry; James W. Twyman, Second Kentucky Cavalry; B. J. Bush, Hawesley's Battery; John S. Gray, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; Captain T. H. Hynes, Company "E," Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; James Cook, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; W. H. Miller, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; Lieutenant Joe Haycraft, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; A. Carlton, Hawesley's Battery; L. G. Colvin, Lyons' Command; John H. Kinkaid, Lyons' Command; Fred. Tull, Mexican and all subsequent wars, First Kentucky Cavalry.

#### ROLL OF FEDERAL SOLDIERS PRESENT.

D. M. Brown, Tenth Kentucky; John Bryan, First East Tennessee Cavalry; Thomas Edelin, Thirty-fifth Kentucky; A. G. Putnam, Thirty-fourth Kentucky;

Thomas Gardner, Fifteenth Kentucky; H. F. McBride, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; Wesley Cofer, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; Major C. W. Quiggins, First Battalion Kentucky Infantry; John L. Bohlend, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Jacob Fischer, Hospital Steward, United States Army; John Allen, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; John Heller, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; L. P. Walker, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; T. R. McBeath, Twenty-seventh Kentucky Infantry; M. W. Duncan, Third United States Regiment; H. Simpson, Second Kentucky Cavalry; G. W. Moore, Tenth Kentucky Infantry; D. L. Weaver, United States Gunboat; B. A. Miller, Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

# **BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT SHREVEPORT, LA.**



THE surviving veterans of the Confederate Army, of the city of Shreveport, La., met at Tally's Opera House, June 21, 1884, to institute an organization of a benevolent nature, purposing mutual benevolence, charity and protection. The meeting was large and enthusiastic. It was called to order by Victor Grosjean, of the Fourth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, and Captain James F. Utz, of the Second Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, called to the chair; Mr. J. V. Nolan, of the Crescent Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, acting as secretary.

The roll was opened for signatures, and fifty-six names were subscribed. On motion, the chair appointed a committee of ten to submit a constitution and by-laws two weeks from date for purpose of permanent organization.

On July 6th, following, the constitution and by-laws were adopted, permanent organization effected, the roll swelled to one hundred and thirty-six names, and the following officers elected to serve for the ensuing year.

*President*—Captain James F. Utz, of Company B, Second Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers.

*Vice-Presidents*—1st, Lieutenant J. C. Egan, of Company C, Ninth Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers; 2d, Captain J. W. Jones, of Company K, Nineteenth Louisiana Infantry Volunteers; 3d, L. R. Simmons, Fenner's Battery, Louisiana Artillery Volunteers; 4th, Arthur Newman, Ordnance Sergeant Nineteenth Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers; 5th, Captain William Kinney, Company F, Third Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers.

*Secretary*—James V. Nolan, Company G, Crescent Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers.

*Corresponding Secretary*—Thomas B. Chase, Company C, Crescent Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers.

*Treasurer*—W. C. Perrin, Company E, Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry Volunteers.

*Executive Committee*—I. B. Gilmore, Colonel Third Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry; J. C. Moncure, Major and Assistant Adjutant General Polignac's Staff; Victor Grosjean, Company —, Fourth Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry; G. W. Kendall, Captain and Assistant Commissary Subsistence, Twenty-fifth Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry; R. A. Gray, Dreau's Battalion Louisiana Volunteer Infantry.

*Relief Committee*—Nathan Gregg, Company A, Third Regiment Texas Cavalry; J. S. Young, Lieutenant Company —, Second Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry; S. B. McCutchen, Lieutenant Company I, Twenty-seventh Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry.

The organization is a positive fact, and will result in great mutual benefit to the members thereof.

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To the above, let me append the testimony of a veteran, who, during a severe illness, occurring in Shreveport, tested thoroughly the devotion and loving-kindness of the officers and members of this organization.

As soon as it became known that one who (though a stranger) had faithfully served the Lost Cause was ill, and suffering in their midst, these good Samaritans began their work. Nothing was forgotten or omitted which could add to the comfort of the patient. All responsibility was lifted from the feeble hands; skillful physicians gave their real valuable services "without money and without price."

The wife and sisters of one of the officers bestowed untiring nursing, continued at their own charming home, as soon as partial convalescence permitted removal.

Excepting the Association of A. U. V. of the Army of Tennessee, I know of no Confederate organization so thorough, so vigorous or composed of as excellent material.

Its officers are representative men—widely known as such. "Records" are so carefully examined and tested, that to have been admitted to membership is a sufficient guarantee as to the character of the soldier and the man.



Captain Utz, the president, made an exceptional record in the army of northern Virginia, where heroic men were as thick as "leaves in Valambrosa." Of the secretary, a thrilling story was related to me by one of his comrades. During the bloody and awful battle of Mansfield, it became necessary to send orders to a certain point. The only way lay through an open field, exposed to a terrific fire from the enemy. To cross this field seemed certain death. Young Nolan, then a boy of eighteen years, volunteered for this service, and dashing on through a fearful storm of deadly missiles, successfully executed his mission. His escape was so miraculous that one can only account for it by believing that "God gave his angels charge concerning him."

Thomas B. Chase, corresponding secretary, was a *faithful soldier*, of the Donaldson Artillery. *Higher* praise could not be accorded him.

I am not informed as to the individual records of others of this Association, but, judging from its spirit and character, I believe that here is hidden enough of glory to brighten many a page of history.

VETERAN.

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#### TRUE COURAGE.

In all ages, courage on the battle-field has been the theme of orators and poets, yet the courage of the warrior is not only a common and a variable quality, but has often been surpassed by that displayed by women. Native valor, too, is sometimes inferior to that which is acquired. Frederic the Great ran like a coward out of his first battle. Flying on the wings of fear, he went a great distance from the field, and, coming to one of his own strongholds, reported that his army was destroyed. What was his surprise and mortification to learn that his men had gained a great victory. He never forgot the lesson taught, and ever afterward was conspicuous for steady courage in action. Many instances might be given of soldiers in the last war who, in their first fight, were "lily-livered," but who afterward faced with dauntless front the gleaming steel; and on the other hand, of some who were lion-hearted till taught by the pain of a wound the perils of a battle, and who then became notable cowards. Bravery in action, though more admired, is really not as great as that displayed in passive suffering. The woman who sticks to her post in the pestilential chamber is far braver than Alexander charging at the head of his cavalry.

## Youths' Department.

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### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

I began to feel pretty hungry by this time, so I took out my snack, which dear Miss Sallie had put up for me—bless her soul! she talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright. I set to work, eating, with a will. I stayed on my horse all the time, for if there is one duty that every soldier ought to observe, it is to be always on his guard; always ready for the enemy. So I sat on my horse, eating my bread and chicken, and watching the road all the time. Now and then Rebel stamped at the flies, and made such a terrible noise that I was afraid some one would hear him. I stopped eating, and rode back to the other side of the woods to see if anything was in the rear. Seeing nothing, I came back and went on with my chicken.

When I got through eating, I sat there, thinking about Miss Sallie, and how happy I would be if the war was over, and we were married, and living at home together. These sweet thoughts drove the Yankees from my mind. Suddenly I heard a most unusual noise behind me. I thought the Yankees had gotten in my rear, and I was gone up. I cocked my pistol, wheeled Rebel around, and started in a slanting direction from the noise. After I had gone about ten yards, on looking closely at the point from where I thought the noise came, what should I see but a confounded hog, trotting along, wagging his ears, and shaking his tail, and grunting as if he was trying to sing a song. Confound that hog! I could and would have shot him then and there had I not been afraid the Yankees would hear the noise. So I let him go on, and I came back to my post.

After waiting there about an hour longer, suddenly, as if they had come out of the ground, I found a company of Yankee cavalry on the road, nearly opposite to me. I was afraid to move, for fear they would hear the noise. How I wished for about fifty of the guerrillas then! There would be some chance for us, but what could I do against so many Yankees? I kept as quiet as a mouse, watching them through the branches. At one time I thought they were looking at the woods, and were turning off the road to come after me. I braced myself in the saddle to do

the very fastest kind of running. But I was mistaken; they all passed by. Then I thought I ought to follow them, and try and catch the Yankee for Miss Sallie. But what could I do against so many? There wouldn't be any sense in risking my life without any chance for me! I wouldn't believe Miss Sallie cared for me much if she would wish me to do such a thing as that.

While I was thinking over this, what should I see coming along the road but a Yankee, by himself! He, no doubt, belonged to the company ahead, and had stopped to get some water. I watched him closely, thinking that I would now capture a Yankee for Miss Sallie. The nearer he got to me the bigger he looked! He was riding a thundering big horse, too. Over his shoulder I saw the end of a carbine; he had a pistol in his belt (two, I believe), and a saber by his side. It would have been madness to attack that fellow in front, so I let him pass by, intending to attack him in rear. I then thought that some were behind him, so I waited awhile. I saw none, however, and then I rode down to the road, and followed after the Yankee.

I thought I would go along slowly until I got a hill between me and the Yankee, and then I would gallop up closer, and would go down on him with a rush. So, as soon as he passed over the first hill, I spurred Rebel, and off he went at a gallop. He made so much noise with his feet, that, fearing the Yankee would hear, and prevent my surprising him, I pulled Rebel down to a trot. By the time I got to the top of the hill the Yankee was two hundred yards ahead. I pulled up and went slowly.

After following the Yankee a while longer, I looked around to see whether any Yankees were following. I thought I saw a dust in the distance, so I left the road and took up a gallop for the woods. Looking around again, I saw I was mistaken about the dust. But, as the Yankee had gotten a good distance ahead, I concluded I would have to let him go "scot free" this time. If I hadn't been mistaken about that dust behind me, I would have gotten that fellow! He little knew he was so near being captured or killed.

By this time it was near sunset, and I saw that I would have to give up capturing a Yankee for Miss Sallie this time. What in the thunder does she want with a Yankee? I'll get her one, but I must confess I do not see any use in it. I didn't get one this time, but it was not my fault; I did all that a man could do. Besides, I had learned the ways of these Yankees, and how to raid by myself. I felt sure that I would get one next time, so I went on home not so much dissatisfied with my raid.



I told Miss Sallie that I had gained several points this time, and would soon capture her a Yankee, but she mustn't ask me for particulars until I succeeded. She seemed satisfied—but what in the thunder does she want with that Yankee?

*August 5.* I went out again yesterday to try and capture a Yankee for Miss Sallie. I was afraid that somebody had seen where I had taken my last stand on the road, so I went this time into a woods, near the road leading from Hazleton to Bloomfield. After watching the road for about two hours, I saw a company of cavalry coming along. About a hundred yards behind them came an ambulance. I thought this would be a first-rate chance for me to capture a Yankee, and to get two horses for myself. So I kept myself well hid by the trees while the company was passing, intending to rush out on the ambulance when it came up. However, when it came along, it seemed to me that there might be Yankees inside the ambulance, and they would have the advantage of a shot at me as I came up. So I let it pass. I did not see any signs of men being inside, so I concluded to follow and see if I couldn't capture it further up the road. I thought the driver would stop to water his horses at a stream about a mile further on, and that there would be my best chance to get him. So I followed slowly, keeping a sharp lookout all around me.

Just as I reached the bottom of a long hill I looked around, and what should I see coming on behind me but a Yankee cavalryman! I was in a tight place, for I couldn't expect to capture the Yankee, as he would be prepared for me before I could reach him; and I couldn't go ahead without fighting the whole Yankee company. So I concluded to get off the road as soon as I could.

There were no gates or bars near, and I had to pull the fence down. While I was at this work, the Yankee behind noticed me and came forward at a gallop. I never jerked fence-rails so wildly in all my life! It didn't seem to me more than a minute before the fence was down and I on horseback again. The Yankee, however, had gotten pretty close, and let fly a shot at me. As the ball whistled over my head, I laid low on Rebel's neck and went at the fence with a rush. Over the fence went Rebel, and across the field at his best gait. I had presence of mind enough to ram my spurs into his sides, and the spring he made, I believe, saved my life, for a bullet whistled behind me so close that a moment's stop would have sent it through my head.

The Yankee followed me across the field, but I don't think he

came into the woods into which I rushed, striking against the branches as I went along, and getting my hat brushed off by them. I didn't stop to pick it up. When I got to the woods, I would have turned around and fought the Yankee, but I felt sure he would be followed by others, and I couldn't expect to beat them all. So I kept on across the country at a gallop, for about three miles, and then, seeing no signs of pursuit, I went along at a slower gait, taking the road towards home. I stopped at a store on the road and bought a hat. I didn't like to go home without a hat, as I didn't want Jim to know I had been out on a private raid.

It seems to me that I am unlucky about catching that Yankee for Miss Sallie. Everything goes against me. If that Yankee hadn't come up behind (I think there were more behind him, too), I would have captured that ambulance, certainly. But I'll capture that Yankee yet for Miss Sallie as sure as my name is Buster, though what in the thunder she wants with him I don't know! But she talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright! I believe I would be willing to die for the girl. At any rate, I would get wounded in the arm for her.

*August 12.* I tried another plan yesterday. I got a Spencer carbine, which Jim had captured from a Yankee. Seven balls are put into the stock, and all you have to do is to keep cocking the gun and pulling the trigger. My plan was to take my post near the road, wound a Yankee with this carbine, and then bring him off to Miss Sallie. She said she wanted me to capture a Yankee, and I didn't suppose she would object to my bringing her a wounded one. So off I rode yesterday, and took my post this time on the road leading from Hazleton to Rockland. Soon, a squad of Yankees came along. I didn't like to fire at the crowd, for if I wounded a fellow I couldn't get him, and as Miss Sallie makes a point of my bringing the Yankee to her, it is of no use wounding a man without getting him. Besides, the rest of the party would find out where I was, and might get *me*. So I let them pass and waited for a single Yankee. One came along pretty soon, but as he was near the party ahead, I let *him* pass, taking aim at him, however, in order to get my hand in. Soon, another came along, and I levelled my carbine and took dead aim at him. It occurred to me then that I might *miss* him, and if he came after me he would take me at a disadvantage, as I was not used to fighting with a carbine, and, in retreating through the woods, it might be in my way. So I let *him* pass. He was the last one that came along. I came back home, then, determined to go out again soon, and take a shot next time at all risks.

## UNCLE GEORGE OUT FORAGING.

"You must have been pretty wet," said I to Uncle George, "when Smith Johnson fished you out of the Potomac."

"On de outside, honey, but de innards wus dry es a bone. Understan', I had been frow so much dat I was kinder gone, an' I spec I 'peared so, too, fur they toted me out, an' 'menc'd to roll me over an' hold my footses up in th' air, like dey wus 'parin' fur de kerriner to set on me. But I kicks one niggah over what wus a tryin' tu make me stan' on my head, an' den dey know'd I'd come to. 'Fotch sum apple-jack heah,' ses Major Moore, 'de ole man's cole,' an', honey, dey jes forced me to swaller mor'n a haff pint of de stuff. Dey mite hab gin me more, but Mr. Blakely took a swig at de jug an' drain'd 'er dry. We soon got all rite, an' we cross'd de river on de pontoons de bery same day. Dat's de las' time I seen de Potomac, an' I won't cry if I nebber see her no mo."

"Didn't you go over in the Antietam campaign?"

"Antietam! Sharpsburg you mean; that's wot we call'd it, an' what I say now. Me wuzn't thar? Wuzn't Gen'l Lee an' Jackson thar? Whar else could I bin?"

"Had a good time that trip, I reckon?"

"Dar wuz plenty occasun fur it, but, hunny, it had its drawbacks. We druv aroun' on de mountins consid'able. But dere wuz plenty to eat for niggahs an' mules. Sakes alive! wot a kintry fur peeches an pars an' apples, an' grapes Ole Marylan' is."

"It must have been a regular picnic?"

"Most in gen'ul it wur. But I mind de time wunst wen it cum putty nigh bein' somethin' else. It wuz a smart piece arter sun-down afore we went into camp. I druv fro a fence gap an' unhitch'd. De ar wuz sweet ez roses an' suggah, an' I know'd dar wuz somthin' good a hidin' aroun.' Brown's Luke 'low'd he'd curl over an' take a res'. Ses I, 'Dar's a prize fur a sodger man, sho as yo bawn, an' it taint fur off nuther.' 'Wat's that you'r sayin', said Mr. Blakely, a slippin up to de fiah. 'I'm a steddin' how to git to de spring, or well,' ses I. 'Dar mus' be one aroun' an' ef I ain't mity wrong, dere's pars and grapes awaitin' some starvin' man.' 'You don't say so!' says Mr. Blakely. 'Kin you scent 'em?' 'I kin,' ses I, fur I didn't like skirmishin' aroun' in de dark by mysef. 'Go ahead, then,' says Mr. Blakely. Well, we started, an' soon got into timber of some kind. Mebbe it wus yard trees; enny how, we cum mity ni a bustin' our heads wonst an' a while. I could heer Mr. Blakely a stumblin an' cussin' behind, on' ef I hadn't been afeard uv somebody grabbin' me



I mite a laffed myself to deth. Bymeby dar was a gen'ral sweetness all aroun, an' I upt wid my hand and tetched summin' soft like. If you believe me, hunny, it was a peeche, an' in fine comp'ny, too. I wuzn't perticler, but jes tuck 'em as dey cum, fur dey wus all fust class. When Mr. Blakely got up I wus so bizzy dat I furgot my manners. Arter eatin' nigh onto a bushel apiece, ses I, 'Dar is a smell of grapes cummin' from de rite. We is ajinin' de garden, I spec.' Ses he, 'George, you'r mity good on a trail; you go ahead, an' I'll bring up de rear.' So we stepp'd out by de right flank, single file, an' cum all at wunst agin a palin' fence. Over it we clumb, an' putty soon wuz in de happy lan' uv Canin. I wuz a leetle afraid dar wuzen't eny room fur de grapes till I tasted a bunch, when dey jes 'peared to wash de peeches down good."

"Wouldn't Mr. Blakely eat any?"

"Mr. Blakely! He had no mo' an' tuk a bite afore he got beside hissef. He went on scanlous pullin' de vines an' makin' a splutterin' noise. Presently ses he, 'Dar's bigger bunches higher up,' an' he 'gin to clime on de latters-wuk. Putty soon down he cum, like a yeathquake. Ses he, 'Dat wus a botch'd job.' Ses I, 'You better keep quiet, or dar'll be another botch'd job.' I doan min' zac'ly how long it wuz afore I hyard a rustlin' from de bushes. I Ses, 'Look out, Mr. Blakely, dey is a dog cummin', an' we boof broke fur de fence. Well, we made out by de hardest to git over afore de dog cum up. I couldn't see him well, but I know'd from de noise dat he wus mighty nigh as big as a mule. He didn't bark a bit, but seemed kinder sorry he wuz ahine time. Arter smellin' 'tween de palins he runned off down de fence. Ses Mr. Blakely, 'He's skeered to deth—must be a reg'lar houn'. Ses I, 'Doan be too sartin; dat dog's got a hole froo de fence he's well 'quainted with, an' like as not he's makin' fur it now,' an' rite away I started fur camp, Mr. Blakely a follerin'. As we begun to clar de timber, we held up to a walk an' listened. He wus a cummin, shoo 'nuff, like a run-away hoss. Ses Mr. Blakely, whose wind wur broke, 'We're his meat, suah. It's wuss 'n dyin' on de fiel'. Doan leeve me, George.' I didn' have no time fur fool'shness, an' so I jes' lit out, Mr. Blakely a tryin' to keep up. Bymeby we cum to a wurm fence an' hadn' mo' n' got over it afo de dog cum up and run'd abrest uv us on 'tother side. De fence wus sorter low 'n places, and de dog jumped over, but when he'd cum on our side we'd git over 'n his. An' so we had it, nip an' tuck. But de dog fooled us. Wunst he made pretense to git over on our side but didn't, an' de fust thing we know'd we wuz all on de same side. I bounced back,

right away, but afore Mr. Blakely got over de dog took a peece out uv his coat tail."

"Why didn't you knock him with a stick, or something?"

"Nuffin' less 'n a crow-bar, hunny, would have dun eny good, an' we didn't have none. 'Sides, he hed de bulge on us, an' we didn't have no time to rally."

"How did you get away?"

"Well, de fence got higher an' higher, an' de dog couldn't jump it. Den he got tired and went back."

"Did he hurt Mr. Blakely?"

"I doan no, hunny, fur sartin, but Brown's Luke sed that Mr. Blakely never sot down at his meals artewerds fur mos' a week."

CHIP.

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[For the BIVOUAC.]

#### HOW ONE MAN "STUCK TOGEDDER."

L. Dyer—rest his shade, if he be dead; his substance, if alive—was a short, chunky, game, modest, and sensitive little Polander, in Joe Johnston's army. He was made Sergeant-Major of the Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment (Tom. Scott's Brigade of Infantry), by the adjutant thereof, because that officer "liked to have him around." Besides, no better appointment could have been made. Often did Dyer, in camp or bivouac, to a few friends relate the story of his boyhood in his native city of Cracow, when her tyrants would press into service (one Pole to every four Russians in the ranks) the young men of doomed Sarmatia.

The first day at Shiloh the Forty-ninth, about 800 strong, of first-class though undisciplined material, had (like most of the other regiments) never been under fire. In this green condition they were pushed forward on the extreme left and in front of our attacking columns, when they ran into a regiment, or brigade, of Yankees in ambush. When the blue cloud rose up from the gullies, where they had been quietly awaiting "the coming men," and poured a deadly fire into their ranks, the Alabamians didn't wait for a second invitation to leave. They went back, pell-mell—the devil take the hindmost—their mounted officers leading the way, until all were safely ensconced behind a Tennessee brigade just over the hill. There they were reformed, and, after a rest, tried it again. It is due those brave men to add that no soldiers fought better the second day, and thereafter while the war lasted. Very likely, there was never a regiment of untried soldiers, unexpectedly ambushed, which would have done any better.

But this little escapade, for some time after, subjected the Forty-ninth to many a gibe and jest from members of the other regiments. The fact that they had "broken" in the face of the enemy, and got back so much faster than they went forward, made them a subject of heartless ridicule even by men who, under the same circumstances, would also have manifested a fellow-feeling for the rear.

One day several weeks afterward, while the Forty-ninth was marching along on the retreat from Corinth, some Tennesseans came up and began to joke the Alabamians for not having "stuck together" the first day at Shiloh. To no member of the regiment had such jeers been more humiliating, or more exasperating, than to Dyer, who had all along protested that he had behaved, on the occasion referred to, as a soldier should, and had not even followed his flying friends off the field while a single officer or private remained behind with him. When he couldn't stand the taunting of the Tennessee boys any longer, Dyer, modest as he was, stepped toward the crowd, with fist clenched and his eyes flaming, and said: "Now, we've had just as much o' dat as I'm going to bear. I don't know w'ot de balance o' de regiment did dat day at Shiloh, but anybody w'ot says *I didn't stick together, is a dirty liar!*"

The shouts of laughter which greeted this explosion, from all who heard it alike, I could never forget, and Dyer realized in a moment that he had perpetrated a very serious Irish bull (or a Poland-China pig), and blushing to the roots of his hair, dodged back into the ranks. Ever after that, while the war continued, whenever any one wanted to silence the plucky little Pole, he had only to begin: "Whoever says *I didn't stick togedder, etc., etc.,*" and he would go off and hide himself the remainder of the day.

C. E. M.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

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[For the BIVOUAC.]

#### AN INCIDENT OF HOOD'S CAMPAIGN.

During General Hood's disastrous retreat from Nashville, in December, 1864, the following incident, which I have never seen in print, occurred at the pontoon bridge crossing Duck river into Columbia. The writer was standing barefooted, wet and shivering by the side of the only piece saved by his battery—waiting for a gap in the surging mass that was constantly pouring across—into which he might fall, and do his share of the struggle to reach the opposite bank. Hardee's corps had about finished crossing when a commotion was observed among Cheatham's troops—and just before



the head of his column moved onto the bridge, General Forrest, who had been sitting quietly on his horse, evidently much disgusted at the state of affairs, trotting quickly up to Cheatham, said: "General Cheatham, it is my turn to cross ahead of you, sir." Cheatham replied: "I think not, sir. You are mistaken. I intend to cross now, and will thank you to move out of the way of my troops." Forrest grew furious, and pulling his pistol—the same long-barreled weapon that we all saw him use so effectively on the heads of members of Bates' division, at the disgraceful retreat from Murfreesboro the week before—spurred his horse close up to Cheatham, and said, "If you are a better man than I am, General Cheatham, your troops can cross ahead of mine." Forrest, with his pistol, had the best of Cheatham, and a tragedy was only prevented by the timely interference of General Stephen D. Lee, who, alighting from an ambulance (he was painfully wounded in the leg a few days before), pushed in between the two disputants, and advising General Forrest to cross over, pacified the chafing Cheatham. My companion and messmate, J. W. Noyes, and I, moved across the bridge and on to camp about a mile south of Columbia, picking out the wet and muddy spots along the road, so as to prevent unnecessary wear and tear of our pedal extremities. We took Headquarters Kitchen in the rear, and gaining the good graces of the negro cook, sampled the savory dishes ahead of the generals, and through her kindness slept under the stove that night. The incident at the bridge and barefooted march to Pulaski next day, over the frozen pike road, both left lasting impressions on our minds that only death will obliterate.

FENNER'S BATTERY.

NEW ORLEANS, July 19, 1884.



## SKIRMISH LINE.

THE following story is told of Dr. K., Surgeon of the Fourth Infantry, by an enemy :

"Dr. K. was a stout, pompous, little man, who, though quite youthful, affected spectacles to add dignified severity to a countenance naturally sour. He sat up late every night playing poker, and early next day was, of course, as snappish as a she-bear.

"At the sick-call every morning, as the applicants for medical treatment arrived, the following usually occurred :

" 'Well sir, what's the matter with you?'

"No. 1: 'Had a fever all night; took cold, I reckon.'

" 'Let me see your tongue. Here, take two of these pills (drawing them from his right vest-pocket), and if you don't feel better, come back and get some more.'

"To No. 2: 'You here again? Well, what now?'

" 'I got pains in my joints—headache fit to bust.'

" 'Let me see your tongue. Here, take two of these pills (taking them from his left vest-pocket) and if you don't get better, come back and get some more.'

"To No. 3: 'Well, old pine-knot; tired of drilling, hey?'

" 'I got a bad sprain, doctor, and it's getting worse.'

" 'Let me see your tongue. Here, take two of these pills (taking them from the right vest-pocket), and if you don't feel better, come and get some more.'

"One day a patient came back to 'get some more.' After the usual form of question, Doctor K. began to pull his pills from the right vest-pocket.

" 'Hold on, doctor,' said the old soldier; 'that's the wrong pocket.'

" 'Don't make any difference,' said the surgeon, reddening. 'Shirking ain't fatal, but it is incurable.'"

ONE day opposing pickets on the Rappahannock agreed not to fire. A brisk conversation arose between a Texan and an Irishman, on the Federal side.

"What are *you* doing in the Yankee army?" said the Texan. "What are you fightin' for, anyhow."

"I'm a fitin' for thirteen dollars a month. I belave ye'r fitin' for eleven."

ONE of the best companies of the Stonewall brigade was composed of railroad men from Martinsburg, West Virginia.

In a charge at Manassas, the story goes, the captain offered a barrel of whisky to the man who first reached the guns. When the captain got there, one of his men, already astraddle of a cannon, cried out :

"Don't forget that barrel, Captain."

The next day an admirer of the hero asked him how war compared with railroading.

"Well," said he, "the life of a soldier is pretty rough, but it has one advantage over railroading."

"What is that?" was asked.

"'Tain't near so dangerous," said the man of the rail.

A COLUMN of infantry was one day marching along a dusty road under a broiling sun. Close by, under some trees, was discovered a cluster of sleek commissaries seated at dinner. A tall, raw-boned, and dust-begrimed North Carolinian went up to the fence, and, putting his chin upon it, stared long and earnestly at the tempting table. At last, bursting with envy, he yelled out:

"I say, misters, did any of ye ever hearn tell of the battle of Chancellorsville?"

JUDGE G. was a private in the ranks. Though never distinguished for promptness in collecting his fees, or in the minor details of business, he took great pride in always being among the first at roll-call for drill or battle.

To make sure of always being ready, it was his custom to put on his equipments some time before the appointed hour. One day, after being completely accoutered, he sat down to have a smoke before the drum beat.

When the signal was given, forgetting that he had on his equipments, he rushed to his tent, near where the company was forming, and began to put on a second set of accouterments, in sight of every one. He managed to get a second belt around him, but his efforts to adjust another cartridge-box were somewhat a failure. He twisted, and pulled, and strained, until the whole company, sergeant and all, burst into a horse laugh when the judge discovered his mistake.

"I WAS once," says a correspondent, "riding late at night on the road leading from Richmond to Petersburg, in the spring of 1865. The road, in the rear of our line, near the Appomattox river, and a solitary horseman were rather lonesome. Falling in with a negro, riding a mule, I rode with him, and discussed the war, and the probability of the fall of Petersburg.

"'I tell you, colonel,' said the unknown, 'if General Lee will never 'vance, he 'll stay whar he is furever; but jes let him 'vance wunst, an' he 's a goner.' After further conversation, he said: 'When de white folks is dun an' settled their quarrel, dar's one fur de cullud people to square up. Dese here South Caroliny niggahs say dey cum here to fite Verginny's battle, an' dey is insultin'. All we Verginny niggahs want is fur you all to stan' back an' say nuffin', an' we 'll show 'em what Verginny blood is. We dun an' tuk their imperdence long enuff.'"

THE following is given by an eye-witness: "On Jones' West Virginia raid, one day there was a fight near a country store. The house was soon abandoned by the occupants, and when the enemy retired precipitately, the store was plundered. It was first come, first served. In a twinkling, the dry-goods were gone; then the mob began on the miscellaneous articles. My most valuable capture was a jar of nutmegs. By the time I had them rolled up in a tablecloth, the store was about empty. I saw one poor fellow enter, and look around for something to steal. There was nothing left in sight but a pile of grindstones. Uttering a volley of oaths at his bad luck, he shouldered one of these, and marched off triumphantly."

"OLD WHITEY."—The following account of an old war-horse is obtained from the *Clarke Courier* (Virginia). We had some acquaintance with "Old Whitey," though it did not amount to a speaking one:



"The old members of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry will regret to learn of the death of 'Old Reb,' or 'Whitey,' owned by R. Owen Allen, Lieutenant of Company 'D.' This horse was not less remarkable and conspicuous in old age than in the prime of life, when he won for himself a wide reputation throughout Stuart's Cavalry, where he was known to be of great endurance on the march, and of remarkable powers for either a long or high leap, and conspicuous for his style and action on the field of battle. At the battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, he was wounded in the first charge, at the first fire of the enemy, three times, that being the charge on Colonel Davis, commanding a brigade, who at that time was falling on Chew's battery, encamped on the skirt of a piece of woods, and in imminent danger of being taken by the enemy, who had surprised us, driving in our pickets without our knowledge of their immediate presence. This counter-charge was made by but a handful of men, say seventy-five in all; was led by Colonel Flournoy, and was effective in checking the enemy. Flournoy ordered an immediate falling back to the respective commands, and it was at this juncture that we are brought to the conspicuous event of 'Old Reb's' war record, for it was here that his rider had a personal hand-to-hand encounter with Colonel Davis, who was standing some fifty yards in front of his command, waving his sword over his head, seemingly urging on other advances, and who, for some cause, did not observe that Allen was almost on him, with revolver drawn. When their horses became neck and neck, Davis rose in his stirrups and gave a right cut, expecting to unhorse his adversary, who evaded the destructive cut, Comanche-like, by throwing himself on the side of his blood-stained horse. The force of the desperately-intended blow had scarcely been misspent in vacant air when Allen discharged, in the right side of his adversary, a shot that ended the career of this gallant and highly-esteemed officer. After sending 'Old Reb' to the rear, Lieutenant Allen mounted a captured horse, and received a grape-shot wound in the right shoulder that disabled him for some months. The first service performed by this horse was in Ashby's command, at Harper's Ferry, at the breaking out of the war. He made some very conspicuous leaps during the war, and it is a well-known fact that, a few weeks prior to his death—July 22, 1884—at what we believe to have been his age, namely, thirty-three, he could, at will, clear any ordinary fence, in search of choice and select pastures, in which he indulged most sociably, without regard to party discrimination—at heart a free-trader, and strictly independent. He lived game, and died game; and his bones rest at Westwood."



## TO THE CHILDREN.



SINCE soldiers no longer bivouac upon or near battle-fields, but in pleasant retreats, undisturbed by the rude alarms of war, they are glad to welcome you to their peaceful camp-fire for the sake of the loved comrades whose children you are, I am kindly permitted to convey to you their message and to bid you welcome. Let us try not to be mere lookers-on and listeners, but to make our corner of THE BIVOUAC as attractive as any. It was not the grown people alone who were brave and self-sacrificing during the late war. Children bore patiently great hardships and privations, and often performed grand and heroic deeds. These should not be hidden. You who have often listened to such stories, told by your parents or friends, should remember that those familiar to one will be perfectly fresh and very interesting to another, and it is desirable to interchange reminiscences. I think you all feel as I do, that not even a crumb of our glorious history should be lost.

Therefore, let each child who comes to THE BIVOUAC try to bring a few of these precious scraps. If you can not trust to memory, ask your friends to assist you by writing down the stories they have told you. Send them to my address, and I will find a place for all in the children's "nook."

Your friend,

VIOLETTA.

Address *Violetta*, 242 Josephine Street, New Orleans.

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## NELLY.

In the early autumn, on a lovely afternoon, a little girl sat upon the stile which led from a spacious farm-yard into a field of newly-mown wheat. In her hand she held a long switch, and her business was to watch the motions of a large flock of fowls which—as is usual at harvest time—had been kept in their coop all day, and only let out for an hour or two, just before sunset, to run about in the grassy yard, seeking bugs and worms, or other dainties which they alone know how to find. Of course, they could not be allowed in the field before the grain had been safely garnered, so Nelly had been permitted to mount guard upon the stile, the better to observe and control them. She quite felt the importance of the trust, and, holding her switch as proudly as if it had been a scepter, was eager

and quick to discover occasions to use it. Many a staid and demure-looking hen, or saucy, daring young chicken had stolen quite near to her post, stopping every few moments to peer cautiously around, or to peck at a blade of grass or an imaginary worm, as if quite indifferent to the attractions presented by the field beyond; but just as they had come close to the fence, and thought themselves unnoticed, Nelly would jump from her perch, and, with a thwack of the switch, send them squawking back to their companions. At length, however, the child seemed to grow weary of her task, and, slowly descending to the ground, she walked toward the barn, and returning with her apron full of corn, opened the door of the chicken-house, and, having enticed her charge within, shut them up for the night. This done, Nelly wandered aimlessly about for awhile, then sitting down upon a large stone which seemed to have been rolled under a tree just to make a nice seat, she looked around in an impatient and discontented manner. The sights and sounds which surrounded her were very pleasant, and—one would have imagined—exceedingly attractive to a child. The rays of the declining sun, slanting across the grassy yard, brightened up the low, brown farm-house until the old-fashioned glass door and the latticed windows on either side seemed as if brilliantly lighted *from within*, and one might easily have imagined it an enchanted castle. The mossy roof looked as if gilded, and in front of the house the well-bucket, hanging high upon the sweep, seemed dropping gold into the depths beneath. In the porch, upon a table scrubbed “white as the driven snow,” were set the bright tin-pans ready to receive the evening’s milk. Within the house the maids were singing gayly as they passed to and fro preparing a substantial supper for the farmer. Outside, the creaking wagons were being driven into the barn-yard. Gentle oxen, released from their daily toil, stood patiently waiting to be fed. Horses, with a great deal of stamping and shouting, were led into the barn. Up the lane came the cow-boy, alternately whistling, singing, and cracking his whip, until at length the drove of sweet-breathed cows stood lowing at the bars which, at milking time, would be let down for them to pass each to her own stall.

Nelly seemed to see and hear nothing that was passing around her. The shadow upon her face deepened, the sweet, blue eyes filled with tears. At last she rose, and crossing the stile, passed rapidly through the wheat-field, climbed a low stone wall, and presently came to a green knoll shaded by a sycamore tree, and commanding a view of the public road. Here she stood, eagerly gazing



down the road, while seemingly struggling to subdue the sorrow which, however, soon found vent in heart-broken sobs. Still searching the road with anxious, tearful eyes, she seemed to hesitate for awhile, but at last, after casting many a fearful glance toward the farm-house, the little girl began to descend the high bank, slipping many times, and sadly scratched by the rough gravel and projecting roots of the trees. Having reached the bottom she did not pause a moment, but drew her light shawl over her head and ran swiftly away. And now let us try to discover the cause of all this trouble.

My dear young friends, have you ever heard of a disease called "nostalgia?" A long, hard word, and one which contains a world of terrible meaning. It is a kind of sickness which attacks not only children, but also strong and wise men, who have been known to suffer fearfully—even to *die*—because they could not obtain the only remedy which ever does any good. Nostalgia means *homesickness*. Poor little Nelly was *homesick*, and in desperation she had fled, hoping to find—not her own dear southern home, for that she knew she could never see again—but the house of her grandmamma, where she had some time before left her dear mother. The little girl had, ever since she could remember, lived very happily with her parents in their lovely Virginia home. An only child, she was petted to her heart's content, and had scarcely a wish ungratified. But when the war began her papa became a soldier. Nelly thought he looked very grand in his uniform of gray, with its red trimmings and bright buttons, and rather liked the idea of having a soldier papa. But after he had gone away she missed him dreadfully, and her mamma was always so pale and sad that the child also grew anxious, and could no longer enjoy her play. At first, letters from the absent soldier cheered them, but as the months passed they ceased to hear at all, except the wild rumors, which often frightened and distressed the anxious wife.

"Maum Winnie," an old negro servant who claimed to have "raised Mass Ned" (Nelly's papa), now proved a faithful friend, and a great comfort to her mistress; but Nelly, missing the old woman's cheerful talk and the laugh that used often to shake her fat sides, thought she had grown cross and exacting. The bright morning sunlight sometimes made the little girl forget to be sorrowful, and when her dog, "Ponto," came frisking around her, she gladly joined him in a wild romp. Immediately Maum Winnie would appear, the very picture of dignified astonishment:

"Now, Miss Nelly, *aint* you shame? Yer pore mar she bin had

a mity *onrestless* night, an' jes as she 'bout to ketch a 'nap o' sleep, yere, you bin start all dis 'fusion. Now, her eye dun pop *wide* open an' she gwine straight to studyin' agin."

The days passed, each made more gloomy by rumors of the near approach of the enemy. At last, one dreadful night a regiment of Federal soldiers suddenly appeared, and, at midnight, Nelly and her mamma were compelled to seek shelter in Maum Winnie's cabin. The next morning only a heap of smoking ruins remained to show where their sweet home had been.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A MOTHERS' MEETING.

Three little children, Susie, Annie, and Jane, met one day, according to promise, under a cherry-tree in the back yard to play "Come to see." Each brought her doll, of course. When all were seated on pieces of brick, the play began.

Said Susie, taking the lead, to Annie: "How is your sick child dis mornin', Mrs. Brown?"

Annie: "Oh, Mrs. Brow, he was real low last night. But the doctor come and give him some medicine. I thinks he is a little better now."

Jane was much the youngest, but she felt called on to make a remark, and so she said: "It's a very warm day."

"Yes," said Susie, without noticing Jane, "my child's had the cholly fantem, but we rides him out every day. The doctor ses the fresh air is good for him," and then she kissed her doll, saying, "The poor, dear, little precious!"

"Chillens is a heap of trouble," said Annie, heaving a deep sigh.

Again Jane thought it was her time to say something, so she said, "It's a very warm day."

"It's high time you were learning your letters," said Uncle Joe to his pet niece. "Ain't I doin' it? Why, I knows all the O's," was the ready answer.

ST. JOHN has hardly a corporal's guard, and yet there are millions who would vote for him if they thought he had half a chance of being elected. Whisky is to the moderns what the Scyth of the steppes was to the ancients—the destroyer of nations.

## Editorial.

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THE activity of the Independent Republicans against the candidate of their party is a hopeful sign for the republic. It shows that there are still some who put country above party, and their example might well be followed by their political opponents, in some portions of the land.

ONCE more the friends of the Republican candidate seek to make it appear that the presidential contest is only a sectional struggle for power. The prospect of a solid South has driven Mr. Blaine to despair, and along his whole line an appeal is made to the half-buried hate engendered by the war.

POSTERITY will doubtless have some curiosity about the strategic moves of Confederate generals, but much more concerning those facts which explain the animus of the struggle. The letters of the rank and file, if handed down, will be read long after the official reports are remanded to oblivion.

THE doctrine of hate ill-becomes the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. Words of kindness, without corresponding deeds, count for nothing. Why are they alarmed? Have they beaten the Confederates at the bayonet point to fear them at the ballot-box? The day may yet come when their old enemies in the field may prove their staunchest allies in the halls of legislation.

IT seems not improbable that the Confederate brigadiers may be called upon to "rally 'round the flag, boys." Mr. Blaine hints at a revolt inside of the Union. It might as well be understood that the people of the South intend to preserve the results of the war. They are not going to countenance disunion in any shape, whether it takes the form of revolution or secession. If Maine dares to rebel against the best government the world ever saw, you may yet hear the Confederate yell on the banks of the Penobscot.

WHAT a contrast! North of the Ohio, a tempest of passion is raging. South of it, hardly a ripple breaks the surface of the political deep. Did we sow in tears to reap in joy? or is it the stillness of death? In the one section, eloquence pays her loftiest tributes



to the valor of the Union soldier; in the other, the struggle for constitutional liberty is mentioned with bated breath. Truly, the despotism of public opinion drives the iron into the soul.

It is proposed to give to the January issue of *THE BIVOUAC* something of a holiday character—that is, to fill it almost entirely with short anecdotes of the war and the old-time life in the South. Can not some of our friends help us? Trifling incidents sometimes serve to illustrate a people's daily life better than long-drawn narratives of so-called important events. The rising generation is quite as curious about the old slave days as about the war times. Since the gray-headed sires are too occupied for such trifles, if not above them, we appeal to the mothers and the “ancient maidens.”

It is not too late for the base-ball clubs to put a candidate in the field for President. Now, that women and the drummers have one apiece it is time for the boys to assert themselves. It is a powerful class, and a growing one. With their present control of the Associated Press dispatches, there is no calculating the running power of the head of their ticket. No journal of metropolitan rank would dare to sneer at their man, without danger of being bankrupted by the ruin of its circulation. If a combination could be effected with the boat-club millions, the wave of success would probably attain tidal proportions.

It would seem as if some Federal soldiers had put up their votes to the highest bidder. Taking advantage of the great demand for that commodity, at a recent convention, they demand that every ninety-days' man shall receive a pension. These increasing demands recall those of the idle citizens of Rome for more *free* corn. The times, too, recall other events which went before the fall of the republic, among which not the least is the seizure of the voting-places by gangs of armed men. But why appeal to history? He who does so is apt to be treated as a certain gallant officer at the battle of Ream's Station. A veteran Confederate division had been repulsed, and he was making a desperate effort to rally a portion of the fugitives. “Remember,” said he, “your heroic record, your country and your sacred cause,” and then addressing himself particularly to three men who were struggling with each other for the possession of a sapling, he continued; “Better death a thousand times than disgrace!” Only one of them took the slightest notice of him, and he, turning, exclaimed, impatiently, “Go away, fool!”

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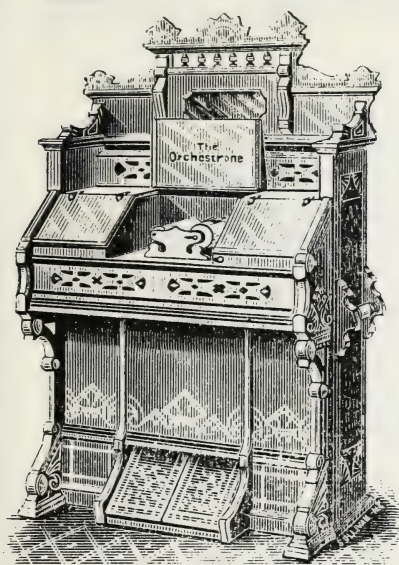
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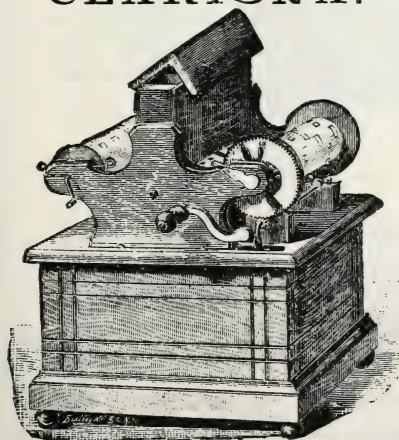
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With the August number many of our subscriptions expired. We hope our friends will take notice and remit at once. To those who remit before December the price will be \$1.50, after that time \$2.00.



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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1884.

No. 4.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

### CHAPTER II.



ON the 28th and 29th of September, 1864, General Hood broke camp, and marched his army across the Chattahoochee river, at Pumpkin Town and Phillips' Ferry, and moved his supply trains by the way of Moore's Ferry. General Jackson's cavalry command moved in advance of the infantry, and operated on the right flank of the army, and threatened the railroad between Atlanta and Marietta; and from his movements in that direction ascertained that Kilpatrick's cavalry was north of the Chattahoochee, and that General Garrad's cavalry had gone further north, in the direction of Rome.

General Hood marched his army to the immediate neighborhood of Lost Mountain, and camped. In the meantime, severe rains fell, and made the roads heavy and slippery.

On the 3d of October, General Stewart was ordered to move his corps to the right and strike the railroad at Big Shanty Station, and destroy it. In obedience to this order, General Stewart marched his corps by Lost Mountain, and struck the railroad at Big Shanty, which is immediately north of Kennesaw Mountain, captured the small garrisons quartered there and at Ackworth, and at once commenced the work of destroying the railroad. This corps extended northwardly on the railroad to Ackworth—Loring's division, at Ackworth, Walthall, at Moon's Station, and French, at Big Shanty. The destruction of the railroad was energetically prosecuted during the day and night of October 3d, and completed on the morning of the 4th of October.

General Hood, with Lee's and Cheatham's corps, moved to the left of Lost Mountain, and encamped at New Hope Church.

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On the 4th of October, General Hood directed General Stewart to rejoin the army with the divisions of Loring and Walthall, and ordered French's division, which was at the greatest distance from the objective point, to move up the railroad, north of Ackworth, "and fill up the deep cut at Allatoona with logs, brush, rails, dirt, etc.," and also, if he (French) can get such information as would justify him, if possible, move to that bridge (Etowah) and destroy it.

General Hood says, in "Advance and Retreat," page 257 :

"I had received information—and General Shoupe records the same in his diary—that the enemy had in store, at Allatoona, large supplies which were guarded by two or three regiments. As one of the main objects of the campaign was to deprive the enemy of provisions, Major-general French was ordered to move with his division, capture the garrison, if practicable, and gain possession of the supplies."

General Hood, in his report, dated Richmond, Va., February 15, 1865, addressed to General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-general, Richmond, Va., said :

"Hearing that the enemy had a quantity of stores at Allatoona, I determined, if possible to destroy the bridge over the Etowah river, and directed Lieutenant-general Stewart to send a division also to Allatoona, instructing the officer in command to destroy the railroad there, and take possession of the place, if, in his judgment, when he reached there, he deemed it practicable. Accordingly, Major-general French was sent, who attacked the place early on the morning of the 6th of October, and quickly carried the enemy's outer line of works, driving him into a redoubt, and, with that exception, carried the place."

The orders actually issued by General Hood, and which state the object of this movement of French's division and indicate the purpose the commanding general had in view, are so essentially variant from the statements made in the above extracts, that it is believed the truth of history requires the production and publication of the original orders, and which are as follows,

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,  
7:30 A. M., October 4th, 1864.

"GENERAL—General Hood directs that later in the evening you move Stevenson back to Davis' Crossroads, and that you bring two of your divisions back to Adam's, and between Adam's and Davis' Crossroads, placing them in such way as to cover the position at Adam's, now occupied by Stevenson; and that your third division (say French) shall move up the railroad *and fill up the deep cut at Allatoona with logs, brush, rails, dirt, etc.* To-morrow morning, at daylight, he desires Stevenson to be moved to Lieutenant-general Lee's actual left, and that two of your divisions, at *that time* at Adam's, to draw back, with your left in the neighborhood of Davis' Crossroads, and your right in the neighborhood of Lost Mountain; and the division that will have gone to Allatoona to march thence to

New Hope Church, and on the position occupied by your other troops—that is, that the division shall rejoin your command by making this march out from the railroad and *via* New Hope.

“General Hood thinks that it is probable that the *guard* at the railroad bridge on Etowah is small; and when General French goes to Allatoona, if he can get such information as would justify him, if possible, move to that bridge and destroy it.

“General Hood considers that its destruction would be a great advantage to the army and the country. Should he be able to destroy the bridge, in coming out he could move, as has been before indicated, *via* New Hope.

“Yours respectfully,

(Signed)

“A. P. MASON,

“*Assistant Adjutant-general.*

(Official) “W. D. GALE, *Assistant Adjutant-general,*  
*Major-general French, Commanding Division.*”

And on the same day, additional instructions were given as follows:

#### HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

OFFICE CHIEF OF STAFF, October 4, 1864, 11:30 A. M.

GENERAL: General Hood directs me to say that it is of the *greatest importance* to destroy the *Etowah railroad bridge*, if such a thing be possible. From the best information we have now, he thinks the enemy can not disturb us before to-morrow, and by that time your main body will be near the remainder of the army. He suggests that, if it is considered practicable to destroy the bridge when the division goes there and the artillery is placed in position, the commanding officer call for volunteers to go to the bridge with light wood and other combustible material that can be obtained, and set fire to it.

Yours, respectfully,

A. P. MASON, *Major and Assistant Adjutant-general.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL STEWART, *Commanding.*

It will be seen from the foregoing orders that General Hood was not aware that Allatoona was fortified, nor was he aware that large supplies were stored there and guarded by two or three regiments. While Stewart's corps was engaged in tearing up the railroad, commanding officers learned from the inhabitants that Allatoona was garrisoned by about three and one-half regiments and was a great depot for provisions. And General Stewart said to General French, when he gave him Hood's orders: “General Hood does not seem to be aware that the place is fortified, and now, French, here is a fine opportunity for you;”\* and, after further conversation with French, increased his artillery to twelve guns, and sent Major Myrick in command of them.

Under these orders, General French left Big Shanty at 3:30 P. M. of October 4th, and marched to Ackworth. Although this division

\* Letter of General French, May 30, 1881, published in *Courier-Journal* June 11, 1881.

arrived at Ackworth about dark, it was compelled to halt until near midnight, awaiting the arrival of rations, which should have been there on its arrival. General French knew nothing of the roads, the enemy's works, or position; was not supplied with a map, or furnished with a guide. It was important to procure the services of a guide, and, after much difficulty, a mere boy was found who claimed to know the roads and the lines of fortifications at Allatoona. At this point, Captain Taylor, of Colonel Robert Pinson's cavalry regiment, with a detail of twenty-five troopers, reported to General French; and he was ordered to send fifteen men, under a reliable officer, and "strike the railroad as near the Etowah bridge as possible, and to take up the rails and hide them, so as to prevent trains reaching Allatoona with re-enforcements, as well as to prevent any trains that might be there from escaping." From an eminence near Ackworth, the enemy could be seen communicating messages by their night signals from Allatoona with the station on Kennesaw, and to the east of us were the fires of a large encampment of the Federals, and apparently opposite Moon Station.\*

At midnight, General French, accompanied by a guide, marched his division across Allatoona creek, and there left the Fourth Mississippi infantry with one piece of artillery, under the command of Colonel Adair, with instructions to surround and capture the block-house with its small garrison, and to destroy the railroad bridge. The night was intensely dark; the rugged spurs of the mountains, covered with a dense undergrowth, were difficult to ascend; and the natural difficulties encountered were so numerous that the movements of the troops were exceedingly slow, and the constant effort to maintain a foothold on the crags and mountain slopes made it an exhausting march on the men. And, to add to the annoyances of the march, the guide had an imperfect knowledge of the roads and surrounding mountains, and became confused, lost his bearings, and could not find the main range, and, after many efforts, the division was halted to await the break of day.

The artillery had been placed in position on the hills south and east of the railroad, supported by the Thirty-ninth North Carolina, under Colonel Coleman, and the Thirty-second Texas, under Colonel Andrews. This was done before the division marched under the directions of the guide to take position on the high range on the west of the fortifications.

With the break of day, the march was resumed, and by 7:30

---

\*General French's report, *Annals of the Army of Tennessee*, p. 318.



o'clock of the morning, the head of the division was on the ridge, and about six hundred yards to the west of the fortifications; and it was fully 9 o'clock before the brigades were gotten into position. The fortifications were now seen for the first time, and, instead of two redoubts, there were disclosed to us three redoubts on the west of the railroad cut, and a star fort on the east, with outer works, and the approaches defended to a great distance by abattis, and nearer the works by stockades and other approaches.\*

Taylor's cavalry detail had failed to tear up the rails of the railroad north of Allatoona and near the Etowah bridge, and the garrison was re-enforced during the night with Rowett's brigade, accompanied by General Corse.

Upon a consultation with the brigade commanders, and at the earnest solicitation of General Young, who was in command of Ector's brigade, General French reluctantly consented to send a flag of truce, with the demand for the unconditional surrender of the garrison. The writer carried this demand, under the flag of truce, accompanied by Lieutenant E. T. Freeman, and escorted by a detail of sixteen men, of the Twenty-ninth North Carolina, and delivered it at the picket line, on the north side of the fortifications, to the officer of the day, with the request that it be delivered to the officer commanding the garrison; and after waiting for a reply, and the time limited in the instructions to await an answer having expired, and it appearing quite evident that no reply would be sent, the flag of truce was declared at an end. The reply, as published in the *Memoirs of General Sherman*, was not sent, and it is a mistake to undertake to perpetuate it as a historical fact. General Corse, who was in command of the garrison, is alive, and it is safe to say, that he will not state that this reply was sent and delivered.

General French at once posted his troops and assaulted the works on the west side of Allatoona Pass, with Cockrell's and Ector's brigades, and on the north side of the mountain and east of the pass, the assault was made with Sears' Mississippi brigade. Major Myrick, chief of artillery of Loring's division, in command of the three batteries, consisting of eleven guns, was stationed, with its support of two regiments of infantry, south of the pass, so as to sweep the railroad cut through the mountain, which was about sixty-five feet deep. Cockrell's and Ector's brigades carried the works in their front, after

\*French's report, *Annals of the Army of Tennessee*, p. 319; General J. D. Cox, in his work entitled "*Atlanta*," p. 230, on the authority of Colonel Poe, chief engineer, says there were two redoubts and no star fort.

a most stubborn and desperate defense, in which the bayonet and clubbed musket were used; and the garrison was driven from the mountain top, west of the pass, and across the railroad cut, when Myrick's artillery swept it with a fearful and devastating fire into the star fort. Sears carried the works in his front in gallant style, and the entire garrison was driven into the star fort.

General Corse maintained the star fort with an exhibition of gallantry and heroism, that should, and doubtless will, live in the pages of history, and when wounded and disabled, the command devolved upon Colonel Tourtelotte, of the Fourth Minnesota, whose courage, coolness, and capacity to command upon that occasion were, in all particulars, equal to those of General Corse; and the conduct of both officers, and also that of the officers and men under them, was illustrative of the character and quality of the material that made the armies under Sherman invincible.

The assaulting brigades sustained heavy losses, both in officers and men. Cockrell, with his famous Missouri brigade, led the charge on the west side of the mountain, passing over a large distance of abattis, made of felled timber, under a withering fire of musketry and artillery, ascended the mountain slope, and, with a grand rush, carried the outer line and one redoubt. Young, in command of Ector's brigade of heroic Texans, formed a part of this charging column, and gallantly, side by side with Cockrell's men, planted their regimental colors in the outer works of the enemy. For a moment the assaulting lines rested in the captured works, surveyed the work that was before them, and again this column in solid and compact lines, rushed on the second line and redoubt held by the enemy; and here the struggle, in a hand to hand conflict, raged with a fierceness and individual desperation that defies description. Sharp, quick, and fatal was this ghastly combat, and Sherman's soldiers perished in the ditches on this second line, with brave and resolute tenacity.

The second line and redoubt were carried, and the third and main redoubt was filled, and this contained all of the garrison. Sears' brigade on the north and east side of the mountain, carried the works in its front, and with a rush, drove the enemy from that direction into the third and last redoubt. The success of General Sears, in the vigorous charges made by his brigade, corresponded to the movements, in point of time and regularity of advance, to those made on the west by Cockrell's and Ector's brigades. The fire of the enemy in this last redoubt was, in a measure, silenced. It was completely commanded by the musketry of French's infantry, and its capture

appeared inevitable ; and it was subjected to a constant and incessant fire from the assaulting troops, who were in possession of all of the fortified lines and works, outside of this last redoubt. The ordnance train had been left at the base of the mountain, distant more than a mile, for the reason that it was impossible to move it over the rough country, traversed by the infantry ; and, before the final assault could be made, it was necessary to send details to bring a sufficient quantity to supply the men in line. The ammunition in the cartridge boxes of the men was about exhausted, and it was necessary to have a fresh supply before making the final assault on this last redoubt.

During this engagement, General French received a note from General F. C. Armstrong, dated 7 A. M., asking what time he would move toward New Hope and pass Ackworth, and also informing him that the enemy had encamped the night before east of the railroad, and north of the Kennesaw Mountain, and, at 12:10 P. M., he received another note from General Armstrong, written at 9 A. M., saying: "My scouts report the enemy's infantry advancing up the railroad. They are now entering Big Shanty. They have a cavalry force east of the railroad." Immediately on the receipt of this second note, General French took his guide aside, and asked him if, after the capture of the fort, he could move to New Hope Church by another route than the one by the block-house, at Allatoona creek, and thence by the Sandtown road to the Ackworth and Dallas road, and the guide said he could not.\* This information entirely changed the condition of affairs. It would require at least two hours for the details to go and return with the ammunition, and no final assault could be made without it. The advancing column, reported to be at Ackworth at 9 A. M., could reach Ackworth as soon as he, and that would place that column within two miles of the road over which he was compelled to march to reach New Hope. He knew that General Stewart had been ordered to the neighborhood of Lost Mountain, and that his troops had been marching, working, and fighting since the morning of the 3d, and could they pass the third day and night without rest or sleep, if he remained to assault this last redoubt? It was not doubted that General Sherman would make the effort to intercept this division on its return. He was repeatedly signaled during the battle—a distance of about eighteen miles to Kennesaw. It was, therefore, under the circumstances, determined on to withdraw and rejoin the army at New Hope. The wounded were

\* French's Report, "Annals of the Army of Tennessee," page 320.



collected together at the springs, on the ridge west of the fort. All that could be moved without litters were carried to the ambulances, and all others were left, at this improvised field hospital, in charge of surgeons detailed to remain with them. General Sears was ordered to withdraw his command and return by the route he went in, and, thereafter, General Cockrell was ordered to withdraw. The troops reformed on the original ground, west of the fortifications, and marched to the south side to the position occupied by the artillery, and commenced the march to New Hope. Colonel Andrews was instructed to remain in position until 5 P. M., then withdraw and cover the rear.

Colonel Adair burned the bridge of Allatoona creek and its duplicate, and also captured the block-house and its garrison.

The division captured two hundred and five prisoners, one United States flag, the colors of the Ninety-third Regiment of Illinois, many horses, arms, equipments, etc.

In Sears' brigade Colonel Clarke, of the Forty-sixth Mississippi, was killed at the head of his regiment, with his colors in his hands, and also fell many company officers and men.

General Young was wounded (but not captured, as stated by General Cox in his recent work, "*Atlanta*," 231), and also Colonel Camp of the Fourteenth Texas. This brigade suffered heavily in the loss of company officers—Captains Summerville, Thirty-second Texas; Gibson, Tenth Texas; Bates, Ninth Texas; Couley, and Adjutant Griffin, Twenty-ninth North Carolina.

In Cockrell's brigade among the killed were Majors Carter and Waddell, Captains Byrne, Patton, and Holland.

General Cox, in his history of this campaign ("*Atlanta*," page 231), says: "Looking to the numbers engaged, this was, no doubt, one of the most desperately contested actions of the war." And he mentions the fact, that the Thirty-ninth Iowa, in this battle, sustained one hundred and seventy casualties out of two hundred and eighty men, who went into the action, and its commander, "Colonel Redfield, fell shot in four places."

General French marched his division by the Ackworth and Dallas road, and, on the morning of the 6th of October, joined the army at New Hope. General Young, who was wounded while leading Ector's brigade in the charge at Allatoona, returned with his brigade to New Hope, and from this point undertook to go to Newnan, and was captured in his ambulance the day of his departure by the Federal troops near Lost Mountain.

On the 7th of October, General Hood moved his army, by the way of Van Wert, to Cedar Town, where he arrived on the afternoon of the 8th of October.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

### CHAPTER V.



WO miles riding brought us to the little village of R—. There we were welcomed by friends from Tennessee. This did not tend to improve the amiability of the commanding officer, and his behaviour was not according to any civilized code. From eight o'clock in the morning until the sun had climbed to mid-heaven, he kept us exposed in an open buggy, or on horseback, this, too, when we had cordial invitations to the home of our friends.

Finally, he told us, that as we could not travel that day, we might accept the courtesy, but he should station guards in the yard, whom we must feed—and also send his dinner!

And so the afternoon of the second day found us. Meantime, the cause of our delay was divulged. "General——'s army is passing!"

The somber shadows of another night fell upon us, and through its dreary watches could be heard the tramp of passing soldiers! And *still the wagon had not come up*. I was growing not only uneasy but provoked at this continued delay, and the paltry excuses therefor.

I so told the captain, reminding him that I was not his prisoner, and should certainly report him to his superior officers, if he continued in his course—report him if I had to walk all the way back to —— to do so. He replied, "Don't be uneasy, it shall come up." So it did about twelve o'clock that day!

The road was now so blocked with men and wagons that going forward was not to be thought of before the next morning. We were instructed to start at six o'clock. Our progress was slow and painful, and at ten o'clock we were obliged to stop for the wagon trains to pass. An inviting farm-house with a long, cool veranda was hailed with delight. A large orchard whose fruity fragrance floated on the breeze, telling of apples more to be desired than those which Juno presented to the earth on her wedding-day, was just in the line of march.

The old farmer bade us welcome, and gave us a good dinner. Presently a rough regiment passed, and just in front of the gate they broke ranks, and commenced a free investigation of things. The old gentleman was fat and flurried and chiefly concerned that his gates should be shut, and his apple trees unshaken. He would call out to the hurrying squads, in earnest entreaty, "Please shut the gate, —please don't shake the trees—please don't do that"—and after them he would go to shut the gate. For two hours he was in a state of constant locomotion, when, to save further trouble, some stout soldiers knocked the inconvenient barrier away, and in they swarmed, until every green thing was stripped. The proprietor was out-generaled. In desperation he wiped the streaming sweat from his burning brows and sat down to watch the fun. This was his first experience, and his look of wonder, of hopelessness, and helplessness was ludicrous and pitiful. When the Dutch regiment came into view, his only exclamation was "My God!" He was a ruined man that year, unless he realized a big profit on his peach pies.

Toward three in the afternoon the chief of our escort said we must start. I told him we were not ready, that for one I did not intend to start again without the wagon, which had again disappeared; that I was in the mood of the traveler when attacked by highwaymen, and his money or life demanded: "Blow away," replied he, "I might as well go to London without brains as without money."

"I shall not go South without food and clothing."

"What shall you do then?" inquired he. "It is impossible for me to waste time here, and equally impossible to have the wagon travel as fast as we do."

"In such emergency then you might do for *us* what you are doing for yourselves, *press a team*."

"You *ask* what *I* will do! I shall appeal to Cæsar. General ——— is a gentleman; he is not far off, I shall put myself under his protection and go back—while I appeal to his brave officers already here in behalf of your prisoners." One of the officers then remarked, "Madam, you look troubled, what is the matter?" I stated the case briefly, and asked permission to read the order under which they were sent from home. This was promptly granted. After hearing it, he said, "Captain, the lady is right, your orders are explicit, and this document is as binding upon you as upon your prisoners. They are to be 'safely delivered' within Confederate lines, and you subject *yourself* to arrest should you fail in any part of your duty."

There was no further trouble, and for the rest of the journey the



wagon was kept ahead. The road was thronged with vehicles and soldiers, so that our advance was necessarily slow. We were not molested in any way, much, I thought, to the chagrin of the captain, whose design I suspected was, to abandon his charge to the mercies of "the lewd fellows of the baser sort" who follow in the track of every army.

A laughable incident occurred just before we reached our destination. We had our first view of colored citizens in soldiers' clothes. The sight was not cheering.

A big, burly fellow, with the blackest sort of skin, rode up to the fence where we were waiting the passing of the ammunition stores. Affecting an air and lisp in ill accord with his native manner and thick tongue, he inquired, "Can you thell a gentleman a foo egths?"

"What!" said the irate farmer.

"Can *you* thell a *gentleman* a foo egths?"

"You black rascal," said he, with a motion toward the top rail, "if you don't move from here, I'll show you——:" *he moved.*

A silver strand shining in the distance was joyfully described. We were nearing the placid Tennessee. The captain so far relaxed as to make some lemonade and offer us a drink, which was decidedly declined.

The river was crossed just below the Muscle Shoals, a point afterward made memorable by the crossing of Hood on his retreat from Tennessee.

The red light shone out from the deepening gray of the sky, and we were in Dixie!

MRS. SUE F. MOONEY.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF A CONFEDERATE.

NUMBER ONE.



THE fall of 1862, I was sent with two companies of cavalry, Co. "F" of the Seventh, and Co. "D" of the Eleventh Virginia, on a scout, from Winchester, Va., in the direction of Keyser, W. Va., to ascertain the number and purpose of a body of Federal troops collected there under command of Gen. Milroy. Moorfield, a charming old town in the valley of the south branch of the Potomac, was chosen as a basis from which to send out small parties to gather information; situated in a land "flowing with milk and honey" and with a popu-

lation ardently Southern, our appearance there was welcomed in the most substantial manner by supplies of everything that soldiers enjoyed, sent in profusion by those kind-hearted people. After spending several days in this "lap of luxury," which perhaps had made us less vigilant than we should have been in the enemy's country, we started to return to our command. Many of the men of both companies belonged to this valley, and when it became known that we were to leave, their friends and relatives flocked to the town to say good-bye to them. We halted, and in a few minutes the command was dismounted and scattered through the town, regardless of two strangers who appeared to be farmers from the neighboring mountains, but who were in reality "Jessie Scouts." All went as "merry as a marriage bell," until a shot from the pistol of one of the supposed mountaineers, informed us that we had been surprised—a regiment of Federal cavalry, led by these very men, had come in a back road, in rear of our pickets, who had not the slightest suspicion of a blue coat within fifteen miles—and when first discovered were charging upon us, not two squares off. Our men took in the situation at once; the few who were mounted formed across the street and opened fire upon the advancing column, which checked them for a few minutes, long enough for the dismounted men to regain their horses, when a general retreat began, with a running fire kept up between our rear and their front. Turning in my saddle to fire, I unconsciously bore the bit of the young horse I was riding too hard to the left, which caused him to leave the main street and run into a lot open towards the street, but enclosed on all the other sides. Once in, I could not get out, and was obliged to surrender to a number of Federals who followed and surrounded me. Most of the command made their escape, while several were wounded, one killed, and three captured besides myself—quite a disappointment to the enemy, who had been informed of our movements, and had ridden all night to surprise us. They did not tarry long, being evidently uneasy, but started back to Keyser from whence they had come. Passing through a gap in the mountain, the adjutant rode back and said to our guard, "If we are bushwhacked here, shoot these prisoners;" a command which surprised us very much and set us to thinking how best to sell our lives. After passing the Gap, I asked the sergeant in charge of us, if he intended to obey that order—when he replied at once "No! that fellow is a fool—we have no right to shoot a prisoner." He was a member of the Ringgold cavalry of Pennsylvania, and his conduct to us all was kind. We rode almost all night only stopping for supper—and I

could have made my escape several times, but I did not wish to get our kind-hearted guard into trouble. On reaching Keyser, I was put in the basement of a large house that had belonged to my father, which had been turned into a guard-house, while the upper stories, with the furniture, had been taken by a former employe, and converted into a boarding-house for Federal officers and camp followers. We had plenty of company in our part of the house—about fifty confined for offences against military orders—some in chains, for disrespect to a superior officer, while in our army, men in those days were seldom punished; to have been in the guard-house only a few hours was a disgrace. We were confined here several days, and our companions were constantly changing. Those who were in for a long term had organized a court, and tried every new-comer for some imaginary offence, which always ended in their conviction, and they were obliged to pay a fine of tobacco or pipes for the prisoners—failure to do so subjected them to being tossed in a blanket, and woe to the fellow who resisted! We were brought up before this court the morning after our arrival, and an attorney was about to state the charges against us, when a large, muscular man, apparently a leader, said, “May it please your honor, judge, these are our guests, and I move no charges be brought against them, but they be allowed the freedom of our house,” which was unanimously carried, thus proving that the American volunteer will not oppress the defeated.

From Keyser, we were taken by railroad, under care of Lieutenant Meyers of the Ringgold Cavalry, whose gallantry and kindness I will never forget, to Wheeling and thence to the military prison at Columbus, Ohio. Here we underwent a rigid search, and everything of value on our persons taken from us. Inside we met a number of friends and congenial companions—many of whom had never been in the army, only suspected “Southern Sympathizers,” and now only wanting the opportunity to get into our army. Our fare was good enough and the social attractions first-class; every one had some trade or profession to follow; some tailors, some shoemakers, some manufacturers of ornaments cut with the pen-knife, others took in washing and mending. The more intellectual had moot courts, where men were tried by a regular, empaneled jury for imaginary offences, and prosecuted and defended, in the most ludicrous manner possible—one fellow was tried for burning up a stone turnpike—and debating societies, where every conceivable question was discussed. Our prison quarters were low wooden shanties, badly lighted and ventilated, with bunks at the sides, like shelves in a book-case, for sleeping—no bed



but the hard board, and one thin blanket for covering. The whole was enclosed by a high board fence, or wall, on the top of which were sentries, with orders to fire on any one who should approach within ten feet, or keep a light burning after taps. Such was Camp Chase—one of the best prisons of the North. We formed numerous plans to escape, but before any could be put into execution, I was sent with several hundred others to Cairo, for exchange. We arrived there in the night, the rain pouring, and were marched and halted for hours before reaching our quarters which were *mule pens*, wooden stables in the center of muddy yards, under the levees of the river. I asked the officer in charge of the guard, if it were possible that he was going to put us in such a place, without fire? "Yes," he answered, and ordered his men to load their guns, and if those prisoners came within five feet of them, or gave them a word of impudence, to *shoot them down*. I asked him very politely to what distinguished officer we were indebted for these favors—as it was possible I might have an opportunity to return them in the course of events, but he rode off without giving the information. The guards, fresh troops from Michigan who were kindly disposed towards us, said he belonged to the local staff of the commandant of the post, had never smelt gunpowder, and probably never would; but they made us fires, and contributed all they could to our comfort. The next day all the officers of our party were paroled, and allowed the freedom of the town, except myself, as a punishment for my impudence to the "local staff." During our stay here small-pox broke out in our camp, and many fell victims to the disease. Our rations consisted principally of "slippery" bacon and mouldy crackers, the former we used as fuel mostly. After several weeks, we were put on board the steamboat "Minnehaha" with other prisoners from Louisville and St. Louis, in all about 1,200, and started down to Vicksburg for exchange. The "Rebel yell" that went up from those happy men, as we backed out from the wharf at Cairo, must have struck terror to the heart of the "local staff." Our trip down the river was sadly monotonous—sickness increasing, till small-pox and erysipelas were epidemic, and every day the boat landed at some lonely sand-bar, or island, to bury the dead—poor fellows, wrapped in their blankets, uncoffined, they were left where the river soon swept away all traces of a grave. Those who had faced Death at the cannon's mouth shuddered at their sad fate. One case I can never forget. An old man, from the mountains of West Virginia, who had been suspected of giving the "secesh" information, was torn from his wife and large family of children the

summer before. Being very thinly clad, he became an easy prey to disease; every day we could see him gradually sinking. He loved to talk of his family, and his mountain home, and would murmur: "If I could only feel the leaves of the trees under my feet, and breathe the mountain air again, I would get well." E. H. M.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

GEORGIA GIRLS.

I often wonder what has become of the pretty girls of Georgia. I don't mean that there are none now, but those who were in existence during the war. Bless them, I suppose they are happy mothers and stately matrons now. I was through a portion of the State in 1881, and heard from several of them. How often and again I think of the rousing times we had when on furlough or sick leave. Yes, I had fun always when on sick leave, for a man may not be able to go through the rough labor of the camp and march, yet have enough life left to spend sleepless nights going to parties and dances.

For hospitality, patriotism, virtue, and jollity, I would exchange the Georgia girls for none. We would leave the hospital and walk five miles in the country to a party and dance all night, and the girls would visit us in the sick room next day, bringing good things, and apologize for not having better.

I remember Miss Georgia P——, living a few miles from Palmetto; ah! I will never forget her. I wonder if she is still living and remembers the time when we were stationed at Dalton, and we corresponded by such melting, tender missives. I wrote love letters for two others in our company, and really thought I was an adept in the business. I usually closed with a bit of poetry. One I remember I added a stanza running thus:

"Divinest eyes so full of love

How in my dreams they haunt me," etc.

She would answer in somewhat the same strain. I almost got sick to see her, and as I had no excuse for a furlough my case was almost hopeless. The orders were to grant no leaves of absence, only to soldiers who were going away to get married, and probably one or two, to me, impossible conditions. She wrote me that there was to be a grand excursion to Stone Mountain, where an immense "picnic" was to take place, and urged me to come. I answered in a long letter stating the conditions only on which I could come, and that much to my sorrow I was compelled to know that on that day and in

that happy throng, some one else would probably enjoy her society and listen to the music of her enchanting voice. Promptly a reply came on two separate sheets of paper, one of which explained the meaning of the other. True to her woman's wit she had fixed the plan. The second letter was couched in the tenderest language and spoke of our union on the date of the excursion without mentioning the picnic at all, and without really committing us to matrimony, though to all except us it read just that way. I pinned the letter on to my application for a furlough, and it just went booming right towards headquarters, thus: Approved and forwarded, Thos. W. Thompson, Col. 4th Ky. I. V.; approved and forwarded, Jos. H. Lewis, Brig. Gen. commanding First Ky. Brigade, by Fayette Hewitt, A. A. G., and on to Gen. Bate's headquarters, and on to corps headquarters. But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee." Before it reached its final destination the long roll beat, and we were hurried to battle. No pen can describe the suffering I endured for three months, when one day found us lying in some earth works in her father's yard. The house was deserted, and no one nigh to tell me whither my Georgia had flown. The letter I received at Dalton was the last I ever heard of her.

FRED JOYCE.

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[ For the BIVOUC. ]

**JOHN MORGAN.**

An officer of the Federal army contributes the following :

In the early part of the war, near Bowling Green, Kentucky, a company of cavalry, uniformed in the blue of the United States army, was seen to halt a few hundred yards in advance of General McCook's division. The cavalrymen had dismounted, and were lounging about as if waiting orders, while one who seemed the captain, rode around and within the infantry lines for several minutes, and then returned to his company. The men were mounted, and the company rode leisurely down the road and out of sight. Nothing was thought of the affair until a non-combatant, a brother of one of the Federal lieutenants, came, under a flag of truce, to General McCook's headquarters with a copy of the *Louisville Courier*, then published on wheels, and bore a note informing the general that the writer had just made a *thorough reconnoissance* of his camp, and asked a *Louisville Journal* in exchange for the paper sent. The note, in respectful terms, was signed, "JOHN MORGAN."



[For the BIVOUAC.]

## FROM INFANTRY TO CAVALRY.



DOWN in Georgia, at Lovejoy Station, we were lying in the trenches, wondering what would be the next movement of our people, when the command was given to move out of the works. So our gallant brigadier marched us to the rear, and we were much mystified concerning our destination. Perhaps we were to make a flank movement, or be taken farther South to catch raiding Federal cavalry, as we had tried before. It was some time before we were halted and informed that at last the Confederate Government had concluded to put us on horseback. There was great rejoicing when this fact became known. The trench-stained veterans were wild with delight. Polk Stone clinched the whole matter, and gave at once a fit expression to our feelings by the following words: "Boys, I'll bet the war don't last three weeks; it is certain to stop, now the Orphan Brigade has got a good thing."

Many were fearful it was not true, but that we were only to go off to harder fields, if, indeed, such could be found. The lapse of years has not obliterated the scene on the old sand road leading to Barnsville. Our little band, which once presented nearly five thousand, well dressed, youthful men on parade, now fronted into line only about six hundred ragged, grizzled warriors. But though their clothing was badly torn, and colored by the clay and dirt of Georgia, they were skilled in the use of the Enfield, and knew how to fight as well as any of their officers, and were really as effective as four times their number of new soldiers. Hopes of seeing home again once more abided on the bronzed features, and the few hearts swelled with unspeakable joy. I remember some, though, who were not in favor of the movement. It was sad to think that our name would disappear from the glorious achievements of the Army of Tennessee. It was sad to think of heroes we were leaving in the trenches to face the storm of twice their number, and to know that Cleburne's and Cheatham's boys would miss us when they started for the enemy. But life became suddenly very sweet, and it was not long before we were rioting in all the pleasures incident to "mounted life."

It was a sight worth seeing, when we first received our horses. The uniforms were old, and faded, and torn, with pants too short, or burnt off at the bottom, and jackets with sleeves too short, and worn out in front. Such attire was comical enough when one was on foot,

and became more so when seated high and dry on a horse. And such horses! They had evidently been discarded first by our cavalry, and then by the Federal, and after being worked by the planters, were turned over to us on "vouchers." There was quite a sprinkling of mules in the crowd, and they were in demand, as they were generally in good shape. We had very few saddles, but a detail was made from the carpenters of the brigade, and put under the charge of Sergeant John Guill, of Company "D", Fourth Kentucky, and in an incredibly short time they were turning out superior "trees." They also made some very handsome saddles for the officers. After awhile we were enabled to form a very efficient body of mounted infantry, but at no time could we get a full supply of horses. Consequently, our dismounted camp was nearly as large as the force in the field. We had in the five regiments about six hundred men and horses, when we rode back in the direction of Atlanta, where Sherman had settled down after the summer campaign. It was almost like commencing the war over to start at it on "critter back." As for myself, I felt very uncertain and uncomfortable, perched on a horse. It afforded a splendid opportunity for an ambuscade, when, in addition to being a fair target for a bullet, I might be thrown to the ground and have my neck or limbs broken. Then, too, in a fight, our minds would be continually reverting to our animals. The first skirmish we had, we fought until nearly surrounded, and came very near losing our horses, and that by Federal infantry. We soon learned caution, and could rally on our horses "the same as cavalry."

We were in front of Sherman on his "march to the sea," and the amusing incidents of that campaign would fill a volume.

FRED JOYCE.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

#### A PARLOR KNIGHT.

Colonel Augur might have been a gallant soldier, but as Lieut. Evans said, "He couldn't be as brave as he looked, for then he would be the bravest man in the world." No one could tell to which army of the Confederacy he belonged; that is, to how many of them, for, according to his own account, at all the turning points of great events, he had invariably played a conspicuous part.

Just after the close of the war, his martial form was the center of all eyes at a famous Northern watering place. He was pointed out as the man who was the recognized leader of forlorn hopes in the "rebellion" and the silent projector of brilliant campaigns.

To the copperhead aristocracy, he was a real hero, and even the loyal belles, who in the presence of their mamas spoke of him as a "horrid rebel," felt for him an admiration they tried to conceal.

"Ah, colonel!" said Miss Boil, the daughter of a noble contractor for furnishing horse blankets, "I had a cousin with your Southern Havelock, Stonewall you call him. Did you ever see that notorious rebel?"

"I carried him from the field, madam, the night he was wounded," replied the colonel with deep feeling.

"Is it possible?" said she. "Of course you knew Gen. Johnston?"

"Intimately," was the brief reply.

"Were you ever with him in any of his stampedes?"

"Only once," said he hastily, "my horse had been killed and he stopped and took me up behind him."

This was too much for Lieut. Evans, of the Ohio infantry, who had been in Sherman's army. "Do you know, colonel, you remind me of Major Alley Jones, of revolutionary fame? Heard of him, haven't you?"

"Can't say that I have," replied the colonel, "you see I didn't take part in that rebellion."

"Anyhow it is real funny how you always make me think of his gallant behavior at Bunker's Hill."

"Is that so?" said the colonel.

"Yes, Alley was a terrible fighter you know, and one day upon being pressed by my grandfather, he told the following:

"Soon after the scrimmage began, I filled all my pockets with cartridges and went out to fight on my own hook. Well, after peeping away for about two hours, I was loading for another whack, when I heard a step behind me. Looking 'round who should I see but Gen. Washington himself. 'Well,' ses he, 'Alley you are giving it to 'em.' 'Yes,' said I, 'and if the powder and balls holds out, there won't be nary one left to tell the tale.' He put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Don't, Alley, don't, you are doin' 'em too bad.' 'I am tryin' to do my duty, general,' said I. With that he slapped me on the back and said, 'Don't call me General, call me George.'"

Lieut. Evans now paused for a reply.

"A very good story, indeed," said the colonel, "if it were only true."

"Why so," said the lieutenant.



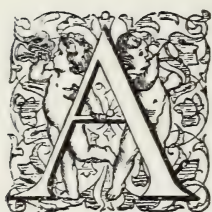
"Simply because Gen. Washington was not at the battle of Bunker's Hill."

"As to the matter of that," said the lieutenant, "neither was Alley Jones."

VETERAN.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

### HOW BRANDY SAVED TWO LIVES.



CONFEDERATE medicine-chest was about as large as a Confederate "rasher of bacon," and when the poor dog of a soldier went there, he either found it bare or with but a few scattering grains of nauseous quinine, or its disagreeable dilute known as "Dover's Powders;" these he always swallowed under protest or for the soldierly purpose of getting exemption from camp or fatigue duty. From the day of his first answer to "Surgeon's Call" Johnnie Reb became a student of "Materia Medica," and soon learned to prescribe for himself; the following being somewhat like the daily diagnosis:

Monday—Feel Bad, too much salt meat, threatened with scurvy. Remedy, Spiritus Vini Gallici 63.

Tuesday—Lassitude, resulting from broken rest. Remedy, Liquid Corn 63.

Wednesday—Stomach disordered from incessant smoking to kill appetite for food. Remedy, Spiritus Frumenti 63.

Thursday—Sick from eating green corn, colic threatened. Remedy, Distilled Apple-juice 63.

Friday—Frost bite, necessary to reduce inflammation. Remedy, Georgia Pine Top Liniment taken internally.

Saturday—Bad cold from sleep in rain. Treatment, open pores with Copious Alcoholic Stimulant.

Sunday—Buck ague caused by midnight alarm. Nerves to be braced; no Valerian in chest—Substitute, Apple Brandy.

Now, fire-water may kill men in civil life, and doubtless does so, but the soldier in the excitement of out-door life was seldom known to succumb to its baneful influence except occasionally when, on furlough in cities, he indulged in a feeble exhibition of "Jim-jams"; or possibly in camp he whiled away his durance in athletic exercises with the officer of the guard at the guard-house; but these were exceptions, and it were a difficult task to convince one who has gone

through the war mill that the fermented spirit of grain and fruit is not an anodine, a stimulant, and the best possible corrective of the acidity of buttermilk. A soldier always regarded health as of primal importance, and would sit patiently in the fog of an autumn morning, waiting for the medicine to worm its way through the copper tubes; and so great an interest has he been known to take in the hygiene of the camp that he has applied the torch to the still-house when the owner refused to make a run.

To this explanation of the praiseworthy motives of the soldier to get medicine for his many ills, hangs an "o'er true tale" of how apple brandy saved the lives of two Federal soldiers during the late confusion. The truth of the story is vouched for by one of the two, though the quantity given has not yet found its way into the United States Pharmacopœia. The grateful man has not yet sent in his certificate, and besides, being a follower of the temperance St. John, he refuses to fill out the label legend "use as directed", but admits that it took fourteen quart canteens to restore them to their comrades.

This is how the story goes:

In the year of Bragg's invasion of Kentucky the rainy season had set in and, as a consequence of getting very wet, the soldiers became peculiarly dry, and cast about for samples of the "educated variety of corn" or apple. Capt. H., of the Ninth Kentucky, detached two of his company with canteens and orders to fill and bring them to camp at all hazards. Accordingly, the two set out to capture the enemy said to be on a run in the hills, and soon found it difficult to ford the creeks and swollen streams; but on they went until, guided by the white smoke that spiraled above the dark woods, they came, at the same minute, at the still house and into the presence of a company of Confederate Cavalry and were taken in out of the wet. A few drinks were gurgled out of the same canteen and a few questions relative to their business in these parts asked and answered satisfactorily, that is, that the bearers of the canteens were not on war business but simply to get the water of life, and then blue and gray lay quietly down together to the sound sleep of the soldier. In the morning the canteens were filled, and a parting occurred which added a chapter to the horrors of war because it sounded wonderfully like—"Good-bye, Johnnies," "Good-bye, Yanks," and the mingled refrain, "Take care of yourselves, old fellows."

Still it rained and thundered, and the vivid lightning lit up the dark groves from which the canteen bearers expected to see the face of a foe, but none appeared, and the successful foragers, wearied under

the weight of the full canteens, reached the camp from which they started only to learn that their command was fully twenty miles away. They struggled on, whither they supposed their regiment had gone, through the gloomy darkness, wading creeks and plunging through the hollows until they came right into a camp of guerrillas and were captured to await what they supposed to be certain death at daylight.

The prisoners were searched, and, to the delight of the freebooters, the medicine was found. What were two Yankee soldiers compared to the possession of fourteen canteens brimming full of brandy. The prisoners were driven from camp, the brandy was retained, but it saved the lives of two Federal soldiers.

W. M. MARRINER.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

#### COULDN'T SURRENDER TO A STRETCHER-BEARER.

On the occasion of the Federal advance to Stone River, or Murfreesboro, the Confederates drew back to a line of battle. On the retreat, a young Confederate soldier fell, and a heavy rail struck him across the thighs, but he managed to crawl up to two stacks of straw and drag himself between them for concealment. While here, he was found by Jack Norris, a stalwart six-footer of the Fifth Kentucky (Federal) Infantry, who had been detailed as a stretcher-bearer.

Norris repeatedly ordered the young rebel to surrender, and was as often answered by the snapping of a gun, which would not go off. Colonel Treanor, hearing the cursing of Norris, hurried to the scene, and the young soldier at once said he would surrender to a *soldier*, but not to an infernal *stretcher-bearer*.

The prisoner was a handsome boy of sixteen years, and a nephew of the Confederate general, Wood. The large-hearted Yankee colonel took the boy under his protection, conceived a great liking for him, shared his sweet-potato supper with him, spooned under the same blanket, and bade him "good-bye," at last, with real regret.

This incident illustrates soldierly pride, and brings to recollection the many amenities between soldiers on different sides, which had a tendency to soften the asperities of war into questions of patriotic duty.



## Youths' Department.

### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

*August 18.* I have been out several times lately with my carbine, but have seen no Yankee. I am determined to get one next time. Miss Sallie asked me yesterday if I was going to capture her that Yankee according to promise, and I told her I would or die. And I will do it. I love her *so much*. She talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright! I think she might marry me, however, without my getting that Yankee. She wants him though, and she shall have him. What in the thunder she is going to do with him I can't tell!

*August 20.* I went out again yesterday with my carbine. I took my stand near the road from Milton to Hartwick. This time I found some Yankees. A regiment of cavalry came along about one o'clock in the day. I let the regiment pass. There was a good deal of straggling in the rear. I let them all pass, until, at last, a single man came along. I aimed my carbine at him with one hand, and held the bridle with the other—ready to rush upon him after I shot. Just as he got opposite to me, I pulled the trigger. The confounded gun (give *me* a pistol! That's *my* weapon!) kicked me so hard that I felt as if I had been struck by a shell. It raised such a smoke, too, that I couldn't see the road. I felt sure, however, that I had missed the fellow (I'm not a good shot with the carbine), and as I expected all the Yankees to be after me, I turned Rebel's head and went back through the woods as fast as he could put foot to ground, throwing away the carbine, as I intended to depend upon my pistol if it came to a close fight. I kept on in this way for two or three miles and then rode slowly home.

On thinking over the matter since, I believe I *did* strike that Yankee; I had such dead aim on him, that I must have killed him. I haven't captured a Yankee for Miss Sallie but that is one less to fight against the Confederacy.

*September 25.* During the last month I have been out several times on a private raid, but failed to capture a Yankee till yesterday. I got one at last. I made up my mind to have one or die. Perseverance always will win. Nothing has ever turned me away from my purpose ever since Miss Sallie told me I must capture a Yankee and bring him to her before she would engage herself to me. I didn't know what she wanted to do with him, but what she told me to do I was determined to

do. I have risked my life many and many a time in order to get her a Yankee, and I got her one at last.

Yesterday I started out and took my stand near the road leading from Milton to Hazleton. I haven't been carrying a carbine since Jim's kicked me so badly and I dropped it in the woods. But I thought I would try one again, so I borrowed one from Bob Johnson and carried it with me yesterday.

I hadn't been long at my post before a regiment of Yankee cavalry came in sight from Milton. I laid low and let them pass. Behind the regiment there was a good deal of straggling. I suppose the rascals felt safe as there was a camp at Milton, and one at Hazleton. They little knew that I was watching them, and would pick up any one of them if a chance was shown me. However, they came along so nearly in sight of each other that I let them pass for some time.

At last, no one came in sight for such a long time that I thought the last one had passed. Just as I was about to turn around and go home, I saw a Yankee coming over the hill; as he came nearer, I could make him out quite plainly. He seemed to be a short fellow, and he had something bright slung over his shoulder. I couldn't make out what it was, but I thought it wasn't long enough for a carbine. I determined to get this fellow at all risks and in order to do it most surely I made up my mind to drop his horse with a shot from my carbine and then rush in on him, before he could recover himself. So I rode through the bushes till I got within about ten yards of the road, in order to make a sure shot of it. He looked very short, but still he was a Yankee soldier, and that was what I wanted. He came along with his horse at a dog-trot, and looked just as safe as if he were in New York City. My heart beat right quick for an instant; I aimed my carbine at his horse and kept it aimed at him as he came along. Just as he got opposite to me, I pulled the trigger. I had dead aim and down went the horse.

I sat still for a minute to see what the fellow would do. I thought I would wait a moment before rushing on him. The fellow rolled off his dead horse, and the first thing the cowardly rascal did was to holler out, "I surrender." I dashed out on the road then, and rode right at him with my carbine cocked and aimed. The fellow screamed out, "Don't shoot! I'll surrender!" I found then that he was a boy about fifteen years old. On horseback, he looked like a man. I told him to give me his pistol. He said he had none. I told him he was a liar. He swore he was telling the truth. I asked him what that was he had swung over his shoulder. He said it was a bugle. I had never seen one before, but I found out afterward that he was telling the truth.

As I was afraid the Yankees would be on me in force if I staid longer on the road, I made the fellow get up before me on my horse, and off I went through the woods as fast as I could. I didn't like to take the fellow up *behind* me, as the scoundrel might stick me with a knife, and I hadn't time to search him. Besides, the rascal would have the advantage of me behind, and might throw me off the horse and ride away. My object was to get him off safe, and it was a soldier's duty to take every precaution. So off I went through the woods, and when I got to the open field, I put Rebel out to a gallop, and kept it up for some miles. When I felt safe from pursuit, I made the Yankee get down and walk in the road before me.

Upon questioning him, I found he was the bugler of the regiment that passed me, and that he had stopped to get a canteen of water for his colonel. I drove him on before me till I got home. The sun was just setting as I rode through the outer gate. The shadows of evening were all around, a light breeze was moving the blades of corn, and the blue mountains in the distance looked beautiful. My heart was filled with gladness, because I had at last fulfilled the wish of darling Miss Sallie, and was bringing her a Yankee.

Mrs. Morrison, Miss Sallie, and Jim were sitting on the front porch as I rode up. They rose and looked at me, evidently in surprise. Jim called out, "What in the thunder have you got there, Sam?" Jim always had a rough way of talking. I told him it was a Yankee I had captured. He said I had better turn the boy loose, and let him go home to his mammy. I got mad at this, and told him I had captured the Yankee at a good deal of risk, and that he was my prisoner, and I intended to do with him as I pleased. I got down then, hitched my horse, and went into the house with the Yankee. I carried him up into my room, examined his pockets, took away his bugle, and then left him locked up in the room.

At supper, very little was said to me by the others, which I thought was a very cool way to treat a man who had risked his life to capture a Yankee, and had got him at last. After supper, I took something upstairs for the Yankee to eat.

I had risked a good deal to get this fellow, and I determined that he shouldn't get away. So I sat up all night, with my pistol near me, ready to put a bullet into him if he tried to make his escape. The fellow gave no trouble, however, but seemed to sleep as soundly as if he were at home.



## UNCLE GEORGE.

"After the battle of Sharpsburg, the Yankees ran you pretty close," said I to Uncle George, the other day, in the field, where he was husking corn.

"I dunno what you call close," said he, laying down his husking peg and taking a fresh chew of tobacco. "It 'peared to me we wuz kinder playin' succus, for it war differkilt to say which war after tuther. Mr. Blakely allus 'lowed we war still a chasin' 'em, till we got back on our side ob de ribber."

"Did you come back on pontoons?"

"What you want wid pontoons when you could most wade it? I noed dat well, an' one thing pertickler confidents me in my rickkellection ob de ribber bein' low."

"What was that?"

"It tuk place as we went ober. Lemme see. Yes, my train war halten ter feed on de Verginny side, and I war a settin' on a log a watchin' de infanfers march into de stream jes' same as it war a field ob grass. De orders, understan', war for no man ter stop ter take off his close. Dey war a heap ob gruntin', but de colyum moved rite along. By'm-by, I seen a citerzen-lookin' man stop at der bank, put his musket on de groun', and 'gin ter untie his shoes. Jes' den a big hossifer rid up, tole him ter let his shoes be, and ter go rite down into de water. But de citerzen didnen pay no 'tenshun ter him. 'Do you know, sir,' ses de hossifer, 'raisin' his sord, 'dat I am de ginerall com-mandin' dis dewision.' With dat, Mr. Citerzen, now barfoot, riz up, wid shoes in one han', an' muskit in de odder, an' shakin' de shoes at de hossifer, ses, 'An' do yer know, sir, dat I am a member ob de Verginny Legishlature. Be mo' keerful ob your languidge, sir;' an' den he rolled up his pantsés an' went into de water, all de infanfers givin' him a cheer."

"Maybe he was a State Senator?"

"From de way he kerried hisself, in spite ob his rags, he mite hab been de guvner! Enny way, I hearn Smith Johnson say dat old Stone'all's foremos' flag war never much ahead of him in a fite."

"When you came back that time, the Yankees were close behind you, wer'nt they?"

"In course, as soon as de ribber war atween us. But nex' day a mity onusual thing expired."

"What was that?"

"Well we war all agoin' alon' stedy, frou a piece ob woods on one

ob dem nasty kentry roads. De sun war shinin' good an' warm ; everything war calkerlated ter make a pussen happy, 'cept de stumps an' gullies ob de road. All ter onc' I begin a hearn a funny kind ob noise ahine me. Thinks I, 'Yankees about sur'. On castin' my eyes aroun', I seen Mr. Blakely a ridin' like mad, an' yellin' at de drivers. As he passed me, he waved his hat an' hollered, 'Git out'n hyeah.' Rite away dar war a rattlin' in de rar, an' takin' one more look, I seen a big dust, waggins bouncin' along, an' a lot ob hoss cavery along de roadside. Well, hunny, afore I concluded what ter do, Dobbin 'gin ter rar an' pitch, an' de whole train, as fur as I could make out ter see, war a tryin' ter pass one anudder in de stumpy road."

"Were the Yankees coming?"

"Wot you ax sich a foolish question fur? De waggins behin' war a comin', an' I war'nt gwine ter be runned ober, an' 'sides, Dobbin war doin' his levil best ter bust things' ter pieces ginerally. We soon got mixed up orful. Rite ahead ob me war a one-hoss hitch-up, belongin' ter a suttler-man."

"What's a suttler-man?"

"Well, he's a military pussen what keeps a corner grocery on wheels. He don' show nuffin but cakes an' terbacker an' matches, but he mostly sells whisky an' other kinds ob pizen. Well, dis one didn' had his waggin more'n half full ob goodses, an' as de ole gray galloped along de boxes an' kegs had a reg'lar dance. They'd forwurd four an' cross ober, an' all hands aroun' same as people."

"Didn't they bounce out?"

"Dey tried ter, 'specially at de stumps, but dey war a man in thar ketchin' at 'em, an' tryin' ter hold 'em in, an' at de same time cussin the boy which war drivin', whenever they gave him a restin' spell. Ef I had'en bin so skeered ob upsettin', I would a laffed myself onter de groun' at dat suttler-man. Jes' as I war pooty nigh tickled ter deff, I hyearn a man say rite fornenst me, 'Halt, you black scoundrel.' My har riz rite up, an' I war on de pint ob makin' a remark, when I seed it war one ob our own men. He soon passed me, follered by a hull company, hollerin' 'Halt, halt,' as dey pushed by. I knowed den it war a stampede, an' it war'nt long 'fore de whole train cum down ter a walk."

"What became of Mr. Blakely?"

"He done scanlous. Dey neber cotched him till dey got way pas' de train, an' I hyearn Smith Johnson say dey handled him pooty rough, for he war de 'cashun ob de whole bizness."

CHIP.

## BARRING OUT THE SCHOOLMASTER.



IN good old times, we used to have to fight for our holidays," said old man Robbins the other day, when his two grandsons kept begging him to sign a petition to the Board for a holiday. "Fight for it!" exclaimed Robert. "Yes; fist and skull, and none of your handin' round begging papers like that. Why, when *I* was a boy, we'd a scorned sich a business."

"Oh, pshaw, pappy!" said the boys' mother, "children weren't a bit pluckier then than now."

"They weren't, hey? How can you expect anything but Miss Nancys, with your buy-sickles and your roly-coasters. Why, when *I* was a boy, we'd play bandy and bark our shins, and when we wanted a holiday, we'd just bar the master out."

"Tell 'em," said the mother, "about the time you barred out Mr. Colston."

At this the old man looked for a moment mad, and then burst out laughing at something he saw in his "mind's eye."

"Yes, granddaddy," chorused the boys, "tell us about it, do."

"The fact is," said he, pausing to light his pipe, "that ain't much to brag about, but, all the same, I'll tell you how it was."

"It happened at the Battletown school, in North Calinny. I was but a mite of a chap then, and didn't have much of a hand in the business."

"The old master, a raw-boned Irishman, had broke down tryin' to mend the manners of us boys, and quit to git back his health."

"The Battletown boys were sich a bad lot that it was hard to git anybody to take the Irishman's place."

"Well, by and by, a young theology student in the village, by the name of Colston, undertook the job. He was a small, wiry man, with red hair and dandy-like ways."

"Folks said he had a powerful sight of college learnin', but was of toolight weight to run the Battletown school. But nobody else offered, so the trustees 'lowed to give him a trial."

"Well, for the fust week, everything went on as easy as an old shoe. He was so polite, and knowed so much that the boys couldn't have no pretense to raise a row. The bullies of the school were Tom Shanks and Josh Entler. They soon got tired of the way things was going on. They had put pins in his cheer, and spit tobacco



juice on the stove, and done a lot of other small deviltries, but the master took no notice of 'em.

"One Monday morning, it began rainin' and kept on till Thursday. The river got orful high, and there was talk of having a holiday to go and see the freshet. But the master wouldn't hear of it, and so Tom and Josh begin to look like they meant business. Thursday evening the big boys held a council of war, like.

"He's nothin' but a city pup, anyhow,' says Tom, 'without a bit of sand in him, and he ain't the kind of a man to wipe out our institushuns.'

"Yes,' ses Josh, 'if somethin' ain't done, people will soon take the academy for a Sunday-school.'

"Tell you what, fellers,' says Tom, 'let's show him a thing or two. Let's bar him out.'

"It's a go!' all cried, and soon the plot was laid, Tom and Josh promising to take the lead.

"Well, next morning, bright and early, most of the boys come early to the school-room and set to work to hold the fort. They locked and barred the door, and nailed down the windows, all except one, which Tom and Josh said they could hold against a regiment of red-headed Colstons.

"Pretty soon, we saw the master a-comin', and we little fellows begin to wish it was all over. Mr. Colston tried the door, but couldn't git in. Seeing Thomas at the window, he asked him to stop with his jokes, and to go and unlock the door.

"Would like to accommerdate you,' said Tom, 'but we is barrin' you out.'

"Pray, what does that mean?' said Mr. Colston, stepping up to the window in a playful kind of way.

"Tom and Josh were both settin' in the window, with their legs hanging outside.

"What does it mean, hey?' said Tom. 'Why, it means if you don't knock under, we are goin' to give you a duckin'.'

"At the word, the master caught a leg of each of the leaders and dragged them down. I never saw a man make as many of hisself as Mr. Colston did. He rolled Tom and Josh over and over, till he got 'em to the woodpile, and then he took a stick and banged 'em till I thought he would have murdered them. Both boys soon fell to beggin', but the master went on bangin', stopping between the licks to preach. At last he quit for want of breath, and told Thomas to climb in the window and unlock the door. But the door was already

opened by those on the inside, and the master came in a-leadin' the bullies by their ears. By the time he was seated the scholars were all in their places, expecting the woodpile to fall on them."

"Did he wallop you all?" said Sam.

"He never tetched a hair of our heads. Just when we were a-wonderin' where he would begin, he got up and spoke a little speech, asking us to excuse him for havin' let his temper git the better of him, saying that it should never happen agin."

"Then you didn't bar him out after all," said Bob.

"Bar him out! Why, Tom and Josh never threw spit-balls after that. They were so skeered of lettin' the master's temper git the better of him."

BOURBON.

#### SKIRMISH LINE.

THE BOY SOLDIER.—Buring the battle of Chancellorville a Confederate major met a lad returning from the front. His arm, held by shreds of flesh, was dangling from the elbow.

"Mister," said the boy to the officer, "can't you cut this thing off? It keeps knocking against the trees, and it's mightily in my way."

The major dismounted, cut off the useless limb, and tied a strap of his blouse around the stump to stop the bleeding. "What regiment do you belong to?" he asked his thankful patient. "I belong to that North Carolina regiment in there," answered the lad, pointing to where the battle was raging. "I'm just sixteen, and this is my first fight. Don't you think it was hard that I should get hit the first time I was ever in a battle? We drove them out of one line of breastworks, and I was on top of the second when I got hit. But oh, how we did make them git."—*Northern Exchange*.

A STORY OF GENERAL LOGAN.—It is well known that John A. Logan, who was a Member of Congress at the time the war began, left Washington when he saw there was going to be a fight, and seizing a musket, walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to take part in the battle. He had on a swallowtail coat, but he stood up to the rack as long as anybody did. He was back in Washington the next morning a good deal out of breath, and was telling some of his fellow-congressmen all about it.

"Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from the north woods of New York.

"Why, I was there myself," said Logan. The New Yorker evidently had not heard the news, for he seemed a little mystified and asked, as if wishing to solve the mystery of Logan's speedy reappearance: "Are the cars running?"

"No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running, but every other d—d thing in the State of Virginia is, as near as I could make out."—*Chicago Herald*.

**A REMARKABLE SOLDIER.**—One of the most remarkable private soldiers on either side in the late war, was a young man named Tom Kelly, a private in the Second Michigan infantry. The remarkable began with his build. He had arms a full hand longer than any man who could be found. He had no more backbone than a snake, and could almost tie himself in a knot. He could tell the date on a silver quarter held up twenty feet away, and he could hear every word of a conversation in a common tone of voice across an ordinary street. He could run half a mile as fast as any officer's horse could gallop, and there was a standing offer of \$10 to any man who could hold him down. On a bet of a box of sardines he once passed six sentinels within an hour. On another occasion he entered the Colonel's tent and brought away that officer's boots.

When Tom's remarkable qualifications were discovered he was detailed as a scout and a spy, and was changed from one department to another. In the capacity of a spy he entered Richmond three times. He entered Vicksburg and preached a sermon to the soldiers a week before the surrender. He was in New Orleans five days before that city was taken. He was a man who firmly believed that he could not be killed by an enemy, and he governed his movements accordingly. During his three and a half years in the service Kelly captured fifty-two Confederates and turned them over as prisoners. He himself was captured and escaped five times. As a spy he entered more than thirty Confederate camps and forts. He was fired upon at least one thousand times, and yet was never wounded. He said that he would never die by the hand of an enemy, and his prophecy came true. In the last year of the war, while bringing a captured Confederate scout into camp, both were killed within forty rods of the Union lines by a bolt of lightning.—*Reveille.*

**A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE.**—A veteran of the war, who was not particularly remarkable for his bravery in the ranks, but who, nevertheless, is in receipt of a comfortable pension, was relating his experience as a soldier.

"Were you ever taken prisoner?" he was asked.

"I guess I was," he replied, emphatically, "I was a prisoner of war for eight months, and slept on the ground in the open air, all the time. Some days I would get something to eat and some days I wouldn't. I nearly starved to death."

"It must have been a terrible experience," remarked one of his listeners.

"It was, indeed, a frightful experience, but I tell you, gentlemen," and here he lowered his voice and spoke very earnestly, "it wasn't near as bad as fighting."

IN old times the negroes of the plantation household were almost as proud of the social position of their master as any of the children, and as anxious for the preservation of the good name of the family. An old Florida mammy once showed her pride in this quaint style:

Her young masters, both lads, were conscripted and ordered to Pensacola. They were taking a tearful leave of friends, when the old "mammy," thrusting herself forward, exclaimed:

"Now, young masters, stop dis hyer cryin; go and fight for your country like men, and mind, don't disgrace the family, nor *me* nuther."



DIDN'T I CAPTURE YOU?—After the battle of Kernstown, when Jackson, with his broken columns, was slowly retreating up the Shenandoah valley, there was a great deal of miscellaneous fighting between small detachments of the opposing armies. Robert Smith, a Confederate, was quite active on the advanced lines of reconnoissance. Robert, we regret to say, was unduly fond of fire-water, and many were the bold efforts he made to get it, on doubtful ground. Upon one occasion, he captured a Yankee straggler, and led him triumphantly off towards the Confederate lines. Passing a spring, the two stopped to take a cooling draught, and sat down to rest. The prisoner pulled out a concealed flask, and hospitably offered Smith a drink. The courtesy was highly appreciated, and very soon, while swapping yarns, the bottom of the flask was reached.

"Come," said Smith, "it is time we were going. I must take you to headquarters." "That's cool," said the Yankee, "from a prisoner, too." Both were fuddled, but Smith particularly. "Didn't I capture you?" said the Confederate. "Not by a — sight!" said Mr. Yankee. "I captured you." "How is that?" said Smith, and down they sat, and argued the question. Just as Smith was about to yield to the overpowering logic of his prisoner, another Confederate arrived and settled the question.

THE following story is told of a young, blue-eyed Englishman, whose handsome face was always full of sunshine and merriment. He belonged to a Company stationed at Charleston, S. C. :

"He used to mimic the many pompous officers, stalking majestically around with their gold-mounted field-glasses, after a fashion irresistibly comic; for he wore slung over his shoulder three joints of cane, which were being constantly, and most ostentatiously, leveled at the enemy.

"On one occasion, Eustace F—— mounted the observatory, and adjusted this mock glass to his eye.

"After gazing awhile, he suddenly dropped his cane, leaped from the structure, and alighted among the men below, consternation depicted on every feature of his expressive countenance.

"'What's the matter, Eustace?' was eagerly asked.

"'The matter! Why, I brought those Yanks so close up with my glass, that I became frightened, and ran off.'"

This reminds me of an incident that occurred just before the battle of Slaughter Mountain. I was one of the party of four that was sent by Stonewall Jackson to reconnoiter the enemy's position. We ascended the mountain, and were going down on the *other* side. Thinking it best to stop and take a look, the captain in command halted, and ordered Isaac B—— to climb up and reconnoiter. After getting up about thirty feet, he burst out with unintelligible expressions of astonishment. It was only after repeated inquiries that he exclaimed: "We are all in among 'em!"

The writer met him as he was coming down, and was soon equally amazed. There, apparently almost in a stone's throw, was Bank's army. We had come, without knowing it, almost to the edge of a cliff, at the foot of which lay the Yankee columns, "like grasshoppers on the plain." Our captain now climbed up and made a map of the scene, and we then went rapidly to Jackson's headquarters. Two hours afterwards the battle of Slaughter Mountain began.

M.

## NELLY.



THE plantation owned by Nelly's papa, was some three miles distant from the family residence, therefore, only the few servants necessary for household service lived upon the "home place." Their cabins, somewhat removed from the house, had escaped the flames. "Maum Winnie's" was larger and better furnished than any, and far more attractive in appearance. A rustic fence built by her old husband, "Uncle Abe" (long since dead), enclosed a small yard where grew all kinds of bright, gaudy "posies," with here and there a bunch of mint, or parsley, or sage, and an occasional stalk or two of cabbage. Over the little porch were trained morning glories, and a flourishing gourd vine. Beneath, on each side, ran a wide seat, where, in the shade, "Maum Winnie" used to sit with her knitting, or nodding over the big Bible which, on Sunday evening, she always pretended to read.

The neat fence was now broken down, the bright flowers all trampled and crushed by the feet of men and horses. Inside also, the once spotless floor was muddy and stained with tobacco, all the old woman's treasures being broken and scattered.

Amid all this confusion, in the little front room, once the pride of Winnie's heart, was carefully placed almost the only thing saved from the burning, an easy chair, cushioned upon the back and sides, and covered with old fashioned chintz. How the faithful soul had managed to get it there no one could have told, but there it stood, and Winnie said: "Dat ar wos ole mistis' cheer, an' she sot in it plum t'will she die. Ole Winnie couldn't stan' an' see *dat* burn *nohow*."

Upon the little porch sat Nelly and her mama on the morning after the fire, worn out with excitement and feeling utterly forlorn. Soon Winnie appeared, bearing upon a gay red tray, two steaming cups of coffee. Mrs. Gray took only a sip or two, then setting the cup upon the bench at her side, she grasped the arm of her old servant, and leaning her head upon the faithful breast, began to sob and moan piteously. Nelly, at this, also cried bitterly. Tears streamed down Winnie's fat, black cheeks. But the faithful negro tried to soothe and comfort her mistress, patting her shoulders as if she had been a baby, saying: "Dah! dah! honey, don't take it so haad. Try to trus' in de Lawd. He dun promus, an' he aint gwine back on nobody. I'se dun *sperience* dat."

At last won by Nelly's caresses and Maum Winnie's coaxing, the weary lady consented to take some repose in "old Missis' cheer," where, leaning her aching head upon the cushioned side, she fell asleep.

Nelly greatly enjoyed the strong coffee (which she never before had been allowed to drink). It made her feel very wide awake, and presently she strolled off toward the adjoining cabins. These were quite empty. The men servants having disappeared with the Federal soldiers the night before, the women had followed to their camp, not far distant. Not a living thing was to be seen; even the chickens had disappeared. The whole scene was very desolate—the smoking ruins, the deserted cabins, a cloudy sky.

Soon the child remembered her play-fellow "Ponto," and began to call him. A doleful whine answered her, seeming to proceed from under one of the negro cabins. Nelly stooped to look, but could only see two glowing eyes, and hear the knocking of the dog's tail upon the ground. Ponto had been so badly frightened that no coaxing or ordering would induce him to come out. So his little mistress walked angrily away, and passing through the broken gate, stood looking up and down the road. Presently there came riding along a Federal officer on horseback, who, discovering the forlorn child, stopped to speak to her.

Nelly's first impulse was to run away, but instead, she stood clinging to the gate post, kicking the ground with one foot, and flashing angry glances at the "Yankee." The officer sighed deeply as his glance fell upon the ruined home, and then upon the little tear-stained face before him. Dismounting, he approached more closely and strove to take the unwilling hand. But the child now broke into a storm of sobs, crying out, "Go away—you're a naughty Yankee, and I hate you—you *alls* have burnt up my mama's pretty house and all our things—and my mama just cries and cries—but my papa is gone to fight the 'Yankees,' and I hope he will shoot them all."

The soldier slowly paced back and forth, "Ah," said he softly, "if this were my little Ida—*God bless her!* Little girl, where is your mama? Perhaps I can help her. Will you lead me to her?"

The child had hidden her face upon her arm, but now looked up in affright. "You wont *hurt* my mama? You ar'nt going to burn up *Maum Winnie's* house?" said she.

Gradually his kindly face and gentle manner reassured her, and she was at last persuaded to convey to her mother a few lines which he penciled on a card.



To Nelly's surprise Mrs. Gray consented to receive the "Yankee," and the little girl was sent to conduct him to the cabin.

The lady was standing at the door as the officer and his little escort drew near. Nelly thought she had never seen her mama look so pretty. Her eyes were shining, a lovely red spot glowed upon each cheek, but she did not smile, as she *used* to do, when receiving a guest, and while offering the stranger a seat, she remained standing, looking very tall and grand.

During the conversation which followed, Mrs. Gray learned that, as a battle was imminent at the front, it was impossible to pass her through the lines (which had been her hope when she consented to see the officer). It was equally impossible to remain where she was. Her only place of refuge was her mother's home in Maryland, where she had been raised, and had lived previous to her marriage.

Promising to arrange for her transportation to the nearest railroad station, the kind-hearted officer took his leave.

When "Maum Winnie" was told of the proposed journey she was greatly troubled. But when Mrs. Gray further informed her that she was *free* and not expected to make one of the party, her distress knew no bounds. Rushing out of the cabin, she seated herself on a log at some distance and throwing her apron over her head, rocked her body to and fro, wailing out, "Oh my Hebbenly marster, 'pears like I ain fitten to bar all dis trubble—An' how dem dar gwine to do 'doubt ole Winny."

After awhile, drawing her pipe and tobacco from her pocket, she sought the comfort of a smoke. Just then Ruthy, the cook, made her appearance with a large bucket on her head. Flaunting past the old woman she entered the kitchen without a word, and set about preparing a supper for the hungry inmates of the cabin. Where the material came from she declared was "her bizness," and her saucy manner and independent talk so confounded "Maum Winnie" that she asked no more questions, concluding that "Mars Yankee sont 'em and made dat gal fotch 'em."

Mrs. Gray and Nelly had few preparations to make for the morrow. The child, soon after sunset, threw herself across the foot of the high feather bed which stood in a corner of the cabin, and slept soundly. "Maum Winnie," taking off her shoes, bustled about in her stocking feet, apparently, very busy. Her movements were for some time unobserved by her mistress, who was lost in thought. At last, kneeling before the fire-place, she reached up the chimney and brought out from its hiding place, an old black tea-pot, with a broken

spout. From this she took several papers of dried "yarbs," some watermelon seed, an old thimble, a broken tea-spoon, a lock of "de old man's har," and lastly the foot of an old stocking firmly tied up.

This last it took some time to undo, but finally, approaching Mrs. Gray, she turned out into the astonished lady's lap what proved to be a collection of gold and silver coins, the hoarded savings of years, and the gift of many whom she had served.

VIOLETTA.

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Capt. John McGrath, an officer of the Thirteenth Louisiana Regiment, Adam's (afterwards Gilson's) brigade, Breckinridge division, tells the following story of the Kentuckians of the same division.

While in front of Chattanooga, the Kentuckians were sent down to Chickamauga station to guard the depot. It was a common thing for soldiers, while on such duty, to appropriate the contents of boxes sent to other soldiers and stored in the depot awaiting transportation to the front, which was just then difficult to obtain.

On one occasion, two members of the Second Kentucky, entered the depot at night for the purpose of supplying themselves with some of the dainties which they felt sure of finding. Opening the first box they came to, they were delighted to discover two new suits of clothes—one uniform and a fatigue suit. Having divided their booty, each smuggled his own portion into camp, where sharing the same tent, they somewhat scornfully threw off their ragged jackets and "turned in."

The next morning each tried on his new suit. One who had secured the uniform, paraded gleefully up and down the narrow confines of the tent, saying as he passed his hands repeatedly over the neatly fitting suit, "did you ever see a better fit? My own tailor might have made it." Suddenly while smiting his breast, the rustle of paper was heard, and it was discovered that a letter had been sewn in the pocket. Quickly ripping the stitches, he drew it forth and read with astonishment the superscription. *It was addressed to himself. He had stolen his own box!*

At once he claimed the other suit, but failed to obtain it. His companion in iniquity insisted that the agreement had been to divide equally, and he proposed to keep his share of the plunder, and from this there was no appeal.

Capt. McGrath served throughout the war in the Thirteenth Louisiana. In 1861 the regiment mustered eight hundred strong. In 1865 the same regiment surrendered *nineteen muskets*. Comment is unnecessary.

V.

## Editorial.

THE rejoicings in the South at Cleveland's election are purposely misunderstood by designing men. The glad cry of joy that rises from the Ohio to the Gulf, is not the "Rebel yell." It is but the burst of thanksgiving of a proud and gallant race, who, after suffering for years robbery and insult, slander and misconstruction, at length realize that they are trusted and their manhood recognized by the American masses. Indeed, it is not so much the election of Cleveland as the small majorities in the North obtained by the party which rested its hopes upon sectional hate, that gladdens the heart of the Southland. Despair has yielded to patriotic expectation and the hitherto alien Confederate feels that he is clothed with the panoply of full citizenship. The offices are not thought of, except so far as there is some assurance that they will not be filled in the South by the avowed enemies of its creeds and traditions. The Confederates expect and ask for no recognition in the distribution of the spoils of political victory. They only ask to be let alone and allowed to work out their own salvation, as full-fledged citizens of a common republic.

### PARTY SHACKLES DO NOT BIND THE COLORED MAN.

AT present, Mr. Lincoln shines in American history as the great liberator of the African race—not so much because he is believed to have been the first President to exert the powers of his office to free the blacks as that, animated by a love of humanity, he dared to set at naught the constitution of his country to help the cause of universal liberty.

It is not proposed to discuss the question whether a man is *ever* justified, by exigencies of state, in violating his oath of office, or in putting the demands of humanity above the obligations of plain duty, though the conduct of Mr. Lincoln is supposed, by his admirers, to have settled it in the affirmative.

Our only purpose is to suggest that blind zeal may have gone a little too far, and, perhaps, done the object of its adoration serious injustice.



The truth is, Mr. Lincoln was neither the first to think of such an abuse of trust, nor consented to engage in it, till warranted by an act of the Rump Congress, and, in some degree, justified by necessities imposed by civil war.

The honor of having first conceived the sublime deed of wiping out slavery by the stroke of an official pen, and, indeed, of partly putting it into execution, belongs to John C. Fremont, the unhonored founder of Freesoilism. This is proved by the Rebellion Record, made up at Washington, and published by act of Congress. The following extracts are sufficient:

#### PROCLAMATION.

“HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,  
SAINT LOUIS, August 30, 1861.

“Circumstances, in my judgment, of sufficient urgency render it necessary that the commanding general of this department should assume the administrative powers of the State. \* \* \* \* \*

“The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken an active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men. \* \* \* \* \*

“J. C. FREMONT,

“*Major-general Commanding.*”

“WASHINGTON, D. C., September 2, 1861.

“*Major-general Fremont:*

“MY DEAR SIR—Two points in your proclamation of August 30th, give me some anxiety. \* \* \* \* \*

“Second. I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph, in relation to the confiscation of property, and the liberating slaves of traitorous owners, will alarm our Southern friends and turn them against us—perhaps ruin our fair prospect in Kentucky.

“Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress entitled, *An act to Confiscate Property used for Insurrectionary Purposes.* \* \* \* \* \*

“Yours, very truly,

“A. LINCOLN.”

“HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,  
SAINT LOUIS, September 8, 1861.

“*The President:*

“MY DEAR SIR— \* \* \* \* \*

And so in regard to my proclamation of the 30th. \* \* \* \* \*

“This is as much a movement in the war as a battle, and, in going into these,

I shall have to act according to my judgment of the ground before me, as I did on this occasion. If, upon reflection, your better judgment still decides that I am wrong in the article respecting the liberation of slaves, I have to ask that you will openly direct me to make the correction. \* \* \* \*

“Yours,

“J. C. FREMONT.”

“WASHINGTON, D. C., September 11, 1861.

“Major-general Jno. C. Fremont :

“SIR— \* \* \* \*

“Assuming that you, upon the ground, could better judge of the necessities of your position than I could at this distance, on seeing your proclamation of August 30, I perceived no general objection to it. The particular clause, however, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves, appeared to me to be objectionable in its non-conformity to the act of Congress, passed the 6th of last August, upon the same subject. \* \* \*

\* \* \* It is, therefore, ordered that the said clause of said proclamation be so modified, held, and construed as to conform to, and not to transcend, the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress entitled, “An act to Confiscate Property used for Insurrectionary Purposes.”

“A. LINCOLN.”

The famous emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln was not published till more than a year after this correspondence, and it was only resorted to as a war expedient against an armed and threatening foe. Upon any other ground, public opinion would not have sustained the measure, for the great body of the men who fought and won the victory were contending for the integrity of the Union, and not for the freedom of the slaves. It was no more a blow struck for humanity than the proclamation of the Athenian Assembly to the Spartan Helots, or those of the British generals in the Revolution to the slaves of the American colonists.

The credit of having abolished African slavery belongs to neither section. It was the natural and inevitable result of the civil war.

Neither is the South to be blamed alone for its existence, if blame there be. And if there was any crime in continuing it after the Declaration of Independence, those most guilty of it were the Northern representatives, who forced Mr. Jefferson to erase from his first draft of that instrument the clause abolishing the African slave trade.

The freedmen are, therefore, at liberty to choose their own road. They are as free from obligations to party as from any claim of personal ownership. On the other hand, the white men of the South owe them a debt of gratitude, which, as men known to be not

ungrateful, they will surely pay, now that the day of strife-breeders is over. They have not forgotten how, when they were away in the army, the blacks not only fed but cherished their unprotected families with a fidelity without a parallel in history; and not a few remember how, when turned, half-starved, from the front door of the "big house," they got food from the cabins. By a strange turning of events, the ex-Confederates are impelled by the strongest motives of interest to defend and protect their elective franchise. And since they are neither fools nor ingrates, there is a bright promise of the two races working together for the common weal of the land of their nativity.

AT the request of the writer, the following is published. If any reader of the BIVOUAC can give a clew that may lead to the desired information, will he please take a little trouble to do so? Humanity, as well as a common brotherhood, constrains us. We have Northern exchanges which will gladly do as much for any of the ex-Confederates:

532 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 17, 1884.

*Editor Southern Bivouac:*

DEAR SIR:—My brother, Major Adolph G. Rosengarten, was killed on December 29, 1862, on the eve of the battle of Murfreesboro', on Stone river. He was in command of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania (Anderson) Cavalry, under Gen. Stanley, Chief of Cavalry. He fell in leading an attack, by his command, on the right or south side of the Wilkinson pike, where he encountered an infantry force behind temporary defences. That force comprised part, if not the whole, of J. P. Anderson's Fourth Brigade of Wither's Second Division of Gen. Polk's First Corps. It consisted of the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-eighth, and Thirty-fourth Alabama, and the Tenth and Nineteenth South Carolina, and was temporarily under command of Col. A. M. Manigault. That officer wrote to me long ago, that he had, at my request, inquired of the men of his command, and could get no trace of any of my brother's sword, sash, watch, etc. I was once told that they were in possession of some one in Alabama, and I should be very glad to recover them from any one who now has them. My brother's body remained in the Confederate lines during the night after his death, and in the morning was brought over, under a flag of truce, but without any sword, or other articles of value. My friend, Col. Nicholson, tells me that you have effected the return of several swords, etc., and I need not say how grateful I should be for my brother's, if, after this long interval, it could be recovered. I know of no inscription or marks by which it can be identified.

Yours truly,

J. G. ROSENGARTEN.



**MRS. MARY BLACKBURN MORRIS.**

ON the 18th of October last, at the "Blackburn Sanitarium," near Louisville, died one of the noblest daughters of the South—**MRS. MARY BLACKBURN MORRIS.** She was the wife of the late Judge Buckner Morris, of Chicago, and the sister of ex-Governor Luke P. Blackburn, of Kentucky.

Among the heroic women who wrought by angelic deeds to soften the fate of Confederate prisoners in the North, she shone conspicuous. A life adorned throughout with beautiful works, was, during the four years of the war, particularly distinguished by intrepid acts of kindness to the Confederate prisoners who were brought to Chicago. She not only "visited the sick in prison, and clothed the naked," but, at the risk of severe treatment, secreted in her elegant home escaped prisoners. At her house the noted Captain Thomas Hines, the present Chief Justice of Kentucky, was hid an entire day between two bed mattresses, with detectives searching every nook and corner of the place for him. For her bold and unceasing efforts in the Confederate cause, she and her husband, Mr. Morris, were arrested and imprisoned for four months. Their health suffered by the confinement, and their release cost them the bulk of a princely property. Her death carries grief into the families of ex-Confederates all over the South, by whom her memory is honored as that of a benefactress.

The following extract, from the proceedings of a soldiers' meeting, at Gallatin, Tennessee, shows the place she holds in the esteem and affection of ex-Confederates:

"On motion of ex-United States Senator James E. Bailey, Colonel Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., General William A. Quarles was called to the chair. After taking the chair, General Quarles paid a high tribute to the many virtues of the noble woman whose memory they had met to commemorate.

"The Chair appointed Lieutenant Polk G. Johnson, Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, Secretary, and W. O. Brandon, Clarksville *Tobacco Leaf*, B. M. Degraffenried, Clarksville *Democrat*, and R. H. Yancey, Clarksville *Chronicle*, Assistant Secretaries.

"The meeting, being organized, was opened with prayer by J. W. Lupton, of the Presbyterian Church.

"On motion of Captain Thomas H. Smith, of the Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, the following Committee on Resolutions was appointed:

“Captain Thomas H. Smith, Forty-ninth Tennessee Infantry, Chairman; Captain Louis R. Clark, Tenth Tennessee Infantry; Private J. R. Rogers, Eleventh Tennessee Infantry; Major D. F. Wright, Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry; Private T. A. Turner, Forty-second Tennessee Infantry; Colonel James E. Bailey, Forty-ninth Tennessee Infantry; Lieutenant Chas. W. Tyler, Fiftieth Tennessee Infantry; Austin Peay, Woodard’s Cavalry; Major John Minor, Tenth Tennessee Cavalry; Lieutenant H. C. Merritt, Morgan’s Cavalry; Captain P. F. Gracey, Cobb’s Battery; T. J. Munford, One Hundred and Fifty fourth Tennessee Infantry; Captain W. D. Taylor, Price’s Army, Missouri, Lieutenant A. M. Trawick, Sixteenth Arkansas Infantry; Private T. D. Luckett Morgan’s Cavalry; Captain J. W. Scales, Longstreet’s Staff.

“The committee retired, and, upon their return, reported, through their Chairman, a set of resolutions from which the following is taken :

“On February 22, 1862, the first of the Confederate prisoners of war arrived at Camp Douglas, in the suburbs of the city of Chicago, Ill. These happened to be mainly of the Forty-ninth, Forty-second, and Fiftieth Tennessee Infantry regiments, all of Montgomery county, with Thomas H. Smith, Sergeant, as the ranking officer (for all the commissioned officers, upon what was then thought to be a line of good policy by the Federals, were separated from the non-commissioned and privates and sent to Johnson Island or Fort Warren), as thus leaving the regiments without their commissioned officers, it was thought they could the more readily be induced to take the oath of allegiance, or desert their flag and its cause.

“Little did they know the material of which these regiments were composed, and but little time was necessary to show that the private was, in all respects, the equal, and often the superior, of his company or regimental officer.

“On this day, cold, hungry, weary, wet with the falling snow and rain, without adequate protection in clothing or shelter, they stood in little groups of shivering, hungry men, with nothing to sustain them but their indomitable spirit of manhood and patriotism. It happened they were placed in the barracks from which a Federal regiment had that day been sent to the front. Fortunately for our poor fellows they had, out of their abundance, left here and there crumbs and crusts of bread, and these they eagerly gathered up and greedily devoured. Strangers, as they supposed, in a strange and distant land, they neither hoped for nor expected relief from the gentle hand of friend, and still less from that of the foe; but after many hundreds had come and gazed upon them as upon as many wild animals captured from the forest or jungle, the matronly form of a woman, who, their experienced eyes told them, was of our Southland, came in their midst with look and word and deed of sympathy and love.

“The form referred to was that of her whom we are met here to-day to honor, whose name, already engraven on our hearts, we would give our humble efforts to place where it of right belongs—on the living annals of the history of the times as one of its great and heroic workers, illustrating and exemplifying human nature in its highest and grandest type. From the date of the birth of the Saviour of mankind to this hour, no higher evidence of His divine origin

has ever been vouched than this; He came as a sacrifice for the good of mankind, as an exemplar for every Christian life. He draws nearest Christ who can reverently and humbly give himself or herself as a sacrifice for the good of others, and surely if ever a human being did put away the things of this world and follow after her Master, she did."

**DR. S. M. BEMISS,**

On the 16th inst., at his residence in New Orleans, occurred the death of one of the South's most distinguished sons, DR. SAMUEL MEMFIELD BEMISS. Though past sixty, he apparently enjoyed perfect health, and his sudden decease from apoplexy was a painful surprise to a wide circle of loving friends.

The following brief sketch is taken from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*:

"He was one of those to whom the sentiment of fear was a stranger, and in every sphere of life he did his duty nobly and well. A devoted Southerner, he promptly and ardently espoused the cause of the South, and leaving a lucrative practice in Louisville he entered the Confederate army, in which his recognized professional ability and his untiring zeal soon won for him distinction and high rank. Those who served with him and who witnessed his cheerful acquiescence in all the hardships of army life, his indomitable courage and patriotic devotion to the cause, loved, admired, and honored him, and will to-day lament the loss of a true soldier and a warm friend.

"Dr. Bemiss was born October 15, 1821, in Nelson county, Kentucky. His parents were Dr. John and Elizabeth Bemiss, his father being a native of Massachusetts and his mother of New York. After receiving his preliminary education from his father and private tutors, he entered the medical department of the University of New York. He afterward located and practiced his profession in Bloomfield, Kentucky. In 1853 he removed to Louisville, where he continued his practice until 1862, when he joined his fortunes with the South and entered the Confederate army. In 1863 he was appointed a full surgeon and ordered to Virginia.

"In 1864 he received the appointment of medical director in charge of the hospitals in the rear of the Army of Tennessee, which position he held until the close of the war. He then returned to Louisville, but in 1866, having accepted the chair of the theory and practice of medicine and clinical medicine in the medical department of the University of Louisiana, he removed to New Orleans. In 1879 he was appointed a member of the Board of Experts appointed



by Congress to investigate the yellow fever epidemic of 1875. He was also appointed a member of the National Board of Health, which position he held at the time of his death.

"Dr. Bemiss was also for a number years a member of the New Orleans Board of Health, and at the time of his death was a member of the American Medical Association and professor of the theory and practice of medicine and clinical medicine in the medical department of the University of Louisiana, and visiting surgeon of the Charity Hospital.

"Yesterday morning he delivered his clinical lecture at the hospital on the subject of apoplexy, telling the students that men of his build were liable to its attacks. Shortly after, he complained of feeling unwell and went home.

"His family did not feel alarmed until late in the evening, when about 5.30 his breathing became very short, and Drs. Richardson and Logan, who live in the neighborhood, were hurriedly sent for, but he died of apoplexy before they could arrive.

"He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss."

---

MR. DAVIS, it seems, is the skeleton in the political closet of some of our "leading journals." The ex-President of a dead Confederacy refuses to die. He not only lives, but shows a vitality both of mind and body that surprises and disappoints some people.

Recently, General Sherman went out of his way to heap insult on his defenseless head. He said that Mr. Davis was not "a secessionist, but a conspirator." The charge was denounced as false by Mr. Davis, and, thereupon, the victim of the calumny was politely requested, by some of his former constituents, to "maintain a dignified silence." These would-be suppressors of Mr. Davis are foes to all candor of speech from Southern men. They vainly imagine that the true policy of the South is to play the sneak. Therein they show not only a treacherous mind, but a profound ignorance of the manliness of the Northern masses.

---

#### THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

The New Orleans Exposition is opportune. It comes, with all its glory to signalize the beginning of a brilliant national epoch. Already the country has felt the influence of its meaning, and the North has given appreciative response. It is more than the herald of the approaching day—it is the beginning of it.

When icy winter has bound fast the frozen North, there, under the bright Southern sun, will gather men from all parts of the Union. Not only will they be warmed by the soft breezes of the South, but their hearts will be melted by the kindness of her genial sons. Not stranger or more pleasing in mid-winter will seem the beauteous flowers of the clime than the radiance of its fair daughters. The gilded magnate, the frigid capitalist, and the petrified dude, whether they hail from the grief-stricken capital of Maine or the heart-broken City of the Lakes, will hasten to put on the livery of the queens of the South; and, if ever they go home again, return only as missionaries to a benighted land. And then, what a world of wonders awaits the inventive Yankee, who, like John Gilpin, "'though on pleasure bent, is of a frugal mind." The treasures of the South, there spread out in fair array, will speak to eager listeners, and suggest new fields of ungathered gold.

But the Exposition and the people is not all. There is the journey overland to the Crescent City. Though borne with the speed of the iron horse, the empire of hill and plain must, perforce, be seen and admired. Then is discovered what mountains of lies have been piled up about the Southland. Instead of neglected fields, tumble-down houses, and a people besotted with drink and crime, there will appear well-tilled fields, cosy homes, and laborers at work early and late, and everywhere the busy hum of thrift and industry.

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At the outset, the price of subscription was fixed so as just to cover the cost of publication and postage. Other expenses were not considered, such as compensation of agents, advertising, etc. In the meantime, composition and material have advanced, and we, therefore, feel justified in raising the price, hereafter, to \$2.00 per annum.

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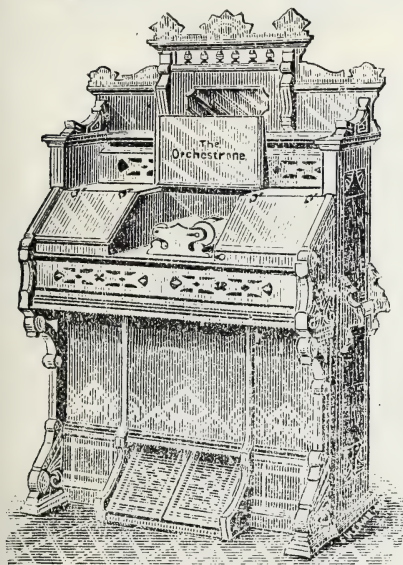
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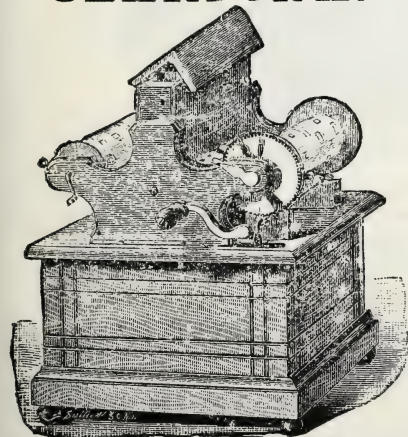
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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. III.

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[For the BIVOUAC.]

## HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

### CHAPTER II.



HOOD'S movement north of the Chattahoochee, and his demonstrations made on the enemy's line of communications, together with the capture of block houses, with their small garrisons, and the destruction of ten miles of railroad between Kennesaw Mountain and Ackworth, compelled Sherman to move his army, with the exception of the Twentieth Corps, commanded by General Slocum, which was left at Atlanta to hold that city and also to protect the railroad bridge across the Chattahoochee river, northwardly, and take position on the lines about Marietta and Lost Mountain. This column consisted of five corps. When General Hood marched his army to Palmetto, General Sherman, on the 26th of September, ordered Newton's division of the Fourth Corps to Tennessee, and on the day that Hood crossed the Chattahoochee, General George H. Thomas was ordered, with Morgan's division of the Fourteenth Corps, to Tennessee, to command the troops in that State, to maintain the line of communications between Chattanooga and Nashville, then threatened by General Forrest, and also to hold the line on the Tennessee river. Thomas had scarcely arrived at Chattanooga when telegraphic communication with Sherman was broken.\* And "when it was known at the North that Hood was in Sherman's rear, and had captured garrisons at Ackworth, Big Shanty, Dalton, and Tilton, there was universal alarm."†

When General Thomas reached Tennessee, with Newton's and Morgan's divisions, all of the available troops within the State, west of Knoxville, were in the field under Generals Rosseau, Granger,

\*Van Horn's Life of General Thomas, p. 252.

†Van Horn's Life of General Thomas, p. 252.

and Steedman, in the anxious effort to prevent the capture of the many and various garrisons throughout Middle and West Tennessee by General Forrest.

In September, 1864, Major-General Richard Taylor, of the "Trans-Mississippi Department," was promoted to Lieutenant-General, and ordered east of the Mississippi to the command of a department, which embraced Alabama, Mississippi, and so much of Louisiana as might be within the Confederate lines, and known as the Department of Mississippi. General Taylor arrived at Meridian, the headquarters of his department, and assumed command. He found that the cavalry under Forrest was then being moved to Mobile, to assist in the defense of that city, which, in the opinion of Major-General Maury, was to be attacked by the enemy.\* General Taylor at once arrested this movement of Forrest's command, and promptly notified General Maury. In a conference between Generals Taylor and Forrest, at Meridian, it was determined to direct all of their "energies to the relief of Hood's army, then west of Atlanta,"† and to that end General Forrest was directed to move his cavalry, with as little delay as possible, into Tennessee, and operate against Sherman's line of communications.

On the 20th of September, General Forrest's cavalry was at Cherokee station, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and on the following day crossed the Tennessee river at Colbert's shoals, and moved rapidly to Athens, an important post on the Nashville & Decatur railroad. Forrest suddenly appeared in the suburbs of Athens, late in the afternoon of the 23d, and drove the garrison into the fort in the southern part of the town. The following morning General Forrest opened on the fort, with his artillery from two directions, and shelled the garrison vigorously. The garrison was then summoned to surrender, and to this Colonel Campbell refused; and then General Forrest requested a personal interview, which was accepted. "At this interview Colonel Campbell allowed himself to be convinced by the rebel commander that it was useless to contend against the largely superior force of the enemy confronting him, and was induced to surrender his command."‡ Within thirty minutes after the surrender of this garrison re-enforcements arrived,§ and these Forrest at once engaged and captured. General Cox says that the

\*Destruction and Reconstruction by General Taylor, p. 198.

†Destruction and Reconstruction by General Taylor, p. 199.

‡General Thomas' Official Report.

§General Thomas' Report.

commandant at Athens was frightened into an unnecessary surrender of the two block houses\* on the railroad near Athens; one surrendered, and the other refused, but capitulated immediately after Morton opened on it with his artillery. Forrest captured one thousand nine hundred prisoners,† supplies, stores, and improved arms, horses to remount his dismounted men, and wagons, etc.; and burned the block houses, trestle work on the railroad, and, after furnishing his command, destroyed all surplus supplies, stores, and equipments. On the morning of the 25th, Forrest was in front of Sulphur trestle, on the railroad in the direction of Pulaski, and about eleven miles north of Athens. This trestle was a costly structure, of great length and considerable height, and was important to the line of communication from Nashville to the various commands in North Alabama, and it was protected by two formidable block houses at either end, and, at this time, garrisoned by one thousand troops. Morton's artillery at once opened, with great vigor, on the block houses, and the cavalry dismounted, and with great spirit drove the enemy within their works. General Forrest sent a flag of truce, and demanded the surrender of the garrison. Colonel Lathrop refused positively. In the meantime, Major Morton, from a reconnoissance made by himself, ascertained that he could post his guns in four different positions, within eight hundred yards of and commanding the works, and subject the troops within to a destructive fire. He was ordered to establish his batteries and open fire on the enemy. The garrison held out under the destructive fire of artillery, when a cessation was ordered, and again a surrender was demanded, which was promptly complied with. The commander, Colonel Lathrop, was among the dead. "Eight hundred and twenty officers and men, two pieces of artillery, wagons, teams, cavalry horses, with their equipments complete, and a large quantity of ordnance and commissary stores,"‡ were captured. The trestle was destroyed, and the prisoners, with the captured artillery and wagon trains, were sent to Florence. Burford, with Lyon's brigade, was moved rapidly to Elk river to capture the block houses and garrisons, and to destroy the railroad. Forrest now concentrated his command, and rapidly moved on to Richland creek, near Pulaski, captured the block house and its garrison, and destroyed the truss railroad bridge.

On the 27th, Forrest moved on Pulaski, encountered Rosseau's

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\*Atlanta, p. 222.

†Campaigns of Lieutenant-General Forrest, p. 565.

‡Campaigns of Lieutenant-General Forrest, p. —.



command of about six thousand troops, and skirmished with them while he moved a part of his command to the east, with the intention of attacking in the rear. The effect of this was to compel Rosseau to fall back within his works at Pulaski. Forrest made strong demonstrations on the south and east of the enemy's works, and advanced his skirmishers within four hundred yards of the enemy's line, when darkness ended further operations. The picket lines were moved up close to the enemy, and during the night Forrest moved his command in the direction of Fayetteville, intending to strike the railroad from Nashville to Chattanooga about Tullahoma. This railroad was the sole line over which all supplies for Sherman's army were hauled, and the main object of this movement was to put Forrest on this line of communication, and destroy as much of it as possible. Rain set in during this night's march and made the rugged country roads almost impassable to the ordnance trains, and the morning of the 28th found this command only about seven miles from Pulaski. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, General Forrest marched his command about forty miles, and at dark camped northward from Fayetteville, and, on the next day, when within fifteen miles of Tullahoma, his scouts reported that the enemy was advancing in heavy force from Chattanooga to meet him.

The troops of Rosseau were transported by rail from Pulaski, through Nashville to Tullahoma, and "prepared for his reception," and on the "same day, General Steedman, with five thousand troops from the district of the Etowah," crossed to the north side of the Tennessee river, to check the operations of Forrest, and to protect and keep open the communications by rail with Chattanooga.\* In consequence of this concentration of troops along the line of the Chattanooga railroad, and the high water in all of the streams, with the prospect of high water in the Tennessee river, and the jaded condition of the animals in his command, Forrest at once resolved to divide his command. He directed General Burford, with a column of about one thousand five hundred men, together with his artillery and wagon trains, to move south upon Huntsville, capture it if practicable, and to destroy as much as possible of the railroad westward towards Decatur, and to cross the river at that point, if it could be done safely. With the balance of his command Forrest moved in the direction of Columbia, and reached Spring Hill at noon of October 1st, and found the telegraph line working to Pulaski. Forrest ascertained from messages sent over the wires that General

\*General Thomas' Report.

Steedman, with a strong force, was in pursuit of Burford's column, with the intention to intercept him and prevent his crossing the Tennessee river.

From Spring Hill misleading telegrams were sent Rosseau, at Pulaski, as to the movements of Forrest. Forrest moved rapidly in the direction of Columbia, destroying the railroad, burning wood along the line, and capturing block houses with their small garrisons. General Burford marched on Huntsville, demanded the surrender of the garrison which was refused, moved westwardly by Athens, which, in the meantime, had been re-garrisoned, engaged this force, and moved rapidly to Florence. Forrest, in the meantime, was south of Duck river, and his scouts giving him information that the Tennessee river was rapidly rising, he moved his command in the direction of Florence, formed a junction with Burford, and safely crossed the Tennessee river, closely followed by Steedman, with a strong infantry force. Rosseau with about four thousand cavalry was in pursuit from Pulaski, and General Washburn was also marching from Memphis with a cavalry command to assist in closing on Forrest, and prevent his crossing the Tennessee river.

This movement of General Forrest occupied about twenty days, in which he killed, wounded, and captured about three thousand five hundred of the enemy; and he also destroyed many miles of railroad, burned depots, bridges, rolling stock; captured eight pieces of artillery, with their caissons and ammunition; wagons, horses, supplies, army stores, and received about eight hundred recruits, with a loss of about three hundred officers and men. General Sherman held his column of five corps well in hand, and moved northwardly and to the west of the railroad, in close observation of Hood's movements. The operations of Forrest with cavalry had not interfered with his line of communications north of the Tennessee river, and had withdrawn only two divisions of infantry from his army in the field, and the troops of Steedman in the district of the Etowah. At this time the three armies under General Sherman that constituted the "Military Division of the Mississippi," were commanded as follows: Army of the Cumberland, Major-General Stanley; Army of the Tennessee, Major-General Howard; and Army of the Ohio, Brigadier-General Cox. General Thomas was sent to the command of all the troops in Tennessee; General Schofield was absent at Knoxville, looking after affairs in his department, and Generals Blair and Logan had gone north to take an active part in the presidential canvass.

General Hood says, that the effect of his operations south of the Etowah river on the enemy's line of communications so far exceeded his expectations, that he was induced to somewhat change his original plan to draw Sherman to the Alabama line, and give him battle;\* and that he determined to move further north, and again strike the railroad "between Resaca and Tunnel Hill, thoroughly destroy it, and then move in the direction of Tennessee, via Lafayette and Gadsden, *with no intent, however, to cross the river.*"†

General Beauregard arrived at Hood's headquarters, at Cave Springs, on the 9th of October, and, on the same day, General Wheeler, on his return from Tennessee, with a portion of his cavalry command, joined the army. At this point Hood and Beauregard discussed fully and in detail the object and purposes of this movement of the army of Tennessee, and that "General Hood confirmed what President Davis had already said of his plan of operations."‡

From this conference Beauregard was impressed with the belief, that the plan of operations had not been sufficiently considered in its details, and that much had been "left to future determination, and even to luck;" and that it was easily discovered, in the preparations of details, that neither President Davis nor General Hood was accustomed to command armies in the field.§

General Hood relieved his army of all incumbrance, and sent to the rear at Jacksonville, in Alabama, the reserve artillery, surplus wagons, and the disabled men in the several corps, and again put his columns in motion, and crossed the Coosa river on the 11th, at Quinn's Ferry, and marched northwardly in the direction of Resaca. Lee's corps marched rapidly on Resaca, and on the 12th Hood demanded the surrender of the garrison at that post, and stated: "If the place is carried by assault, no prisoners will be taken." Colonel Weaver, who commanded the post, declined to surrender his troops. General Lee says that he partially invested Resaca by 4 P. M., October the 12th, and that "the surrender of the place was demanded in a written communication, which was in my possession, signed by General Hood."|| General Lee, in this report, says: "The commanding officer refused to surrender, as he could have easily escaped from the fort with his forces, and crossed the Oostenaula river. I did not deem it prudent to assault the works, which were strong and well

\* Advance and Retreat, p. 258.

† Advance and Retreat, p. 258.

‡ Beauregard, Vol. II, p. 281.

§ Beauregard, Vol. II, p. 281.

|| Official report of Lieutenant-General Lee, in Appendix to Advance and Retreat, p. 342.



manned, believing that our loss would have been severe. The main object of appearing before Resaca being accomplished, and finding that Sherman's army was moving from the direction of Rome and Adairsville, towards Resaca, I withdrew from before the place to Snake Creek Gap about mid-day on the 13th."

General Cox, in "Atlanta," p. 235, says: "Hood reached Resaca on the 12th, approaching the place by the north bank of the Oostenaula, and summoned it to surrender, saying he would take no prisoners if he carried by assault." Colonel Weaver, commanding the garrison, returned a defiant answer. Hood took position about the fortifications, his flanks resting on the Oostenaula and the Connesauga, but he did not assault. A re-enforcement of three hundred and fifty infantry under General Raum reached the garrison from Calhoun, and General McCook with his cavalry covered the movement of railway trains and stores to Kingston, and then himself marched to Resaca."

General Sherman in his "Memoirs," Volume II, p. 155, says: "This brigade was very small, and as Hood's investment extended only from the Oostenaula, below the town, to the Connesauga above, he left open the approach from the south, which enabled General Raum and the cavalry of General Edward McCook to re-enforce from Kingston."

Colonel Weaver not only refused to surrender, but declined to escape from the fort with his forces, and held his post until re-enforced by Raum and McCook. In this connection, it is proper to observe that no officer of Sherman's army entrusted with the command of a garrison to protect his line of communications, with the exception of Colonel Campbell, who surrendered Athens to Forrest, and Colonel Johnson, who surrendered the garrison of negro troops at Dalton, would surrender his command when summoned, without making a brave and resolute resistance. The history of the various garrisons occupying posts and block houses in the rear of Sherman in this campaign, illustrated the courage and fidelity of his subordinate officers in the defense of their positions when attacked.

Stewart's corps was moved rapidly and struck the railroad near Tilton, and during the night destroyed the road-bed for many miles. On the morning of the 13th, the garrison that occupied the block house in the bend of the Oostenaula river, and covered the approaches to the railroad bridge across the river, near Tilton, consisting of the Seventeenth Iowa Infantry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Archer, was surrounded by Stewart's corps, and the commander was summoned by General Stewart to surrender. Colonel

Archer met the officer bearing the summons, and when told that he was surrounded by three divisions of infantry and three battalions of artillery, under General Stewart, he replied in a haughty manner, and said: "Present my compliments to General Stewart, and tell him to come and take me." The line of skirmishers and sharp-shooters were advanced, and in a few minutes commanded the loop-holes in the block house, and Major Storrs massed twelve pieces of artillery on a slight elevation on the west, and about four hundred yards from the block house, and opened on it with a rapid and terrific concentrated fire; and within five minutes Archer ran up the white flag and surrendered. Storrs was an educated artillery officer—young, dashing, full of energy, and a rigid disciplinarian, and always ready to carry his guns into action, and when he was ordered to mass his superb battalion of artillery and open on that formidable block house he speedily demonstrated that no troops under the fire of his guns could live within it. Many of the garrison were killed and fearfully wounded, and surgeons were detailed to take care of the wounded and provide for them. There was not a single casualty in Stewart's corps. This regiment was sent to the rear, and its equipments and stores turned over to the proper officers.

General Cheatham, the same day without resistance, captured Colonel Johnson with 1,000 troops at Dalton. At Mill Creek Gap the commander of the block house made a determined resistance, but was compelled to surrender. In this affair, Major Kinloch Falconer, the best known Adjutant-General at army headquarters, was severely wounded.\*

Hood's army destroyed the railroad from Resaca to Tunnel Hill, and marched westwardly through the gaps in the mountains, by the way of Villanow, into the Chatooga valley, south of Lafayette. The roads traveled by the army were obstructed by felled timber to retard the pursuit of Sherman. When Hood appeared on the railroad from Resaca to Dalton, Sherman at once moved his corps from Rome, McGuire's, and Kingston, and reached Resaca on the night of the 12th and the morning of the 13th, and on the following day he marched his corps westwardly for Snake Creek Gap and Ships Gap. When he reached these gaps in the mountains, Hood was camped in the neighborhood of Lafayette, and Wheeler's cavalry was engaged in the effort to retard his march as much as possible.

At this point, General Hood says, he "determined to advance no

\* Major Falconer, known to many thousands who at different times served in the Army of Tennessee, died at Holly Springs of yellow fever, 1878.

farther in the direction of the Tennessee river, but to select a position and deliver battle, since Sherman had, at an earlier day than he anticipated, moved as far north as he had hoped to allure him;”\* and that he “thought he discovered that improvement in the *morale* of the troops which would justify him in delivering battle.” And with this view he consulted with Lieutenant-General Lee, who agreed with all the officers consulted. The opinion was unanimous that, although the army had much improved in spirit, it was in no condition to risk battle against the numbers reported by General Wheeler, and General Hood says: “The renouncement of the object for which I had so earnestly striven, brought with it genuine disappointment. I had expected that a forward movement of one hundred miles would reinspire the officers and men in a degree to impart to them confidence and hope of victory, if not strong faith in its achievement.”

\* \* \* \* \* “In this dilemma I conceived the plan of marching into Tennessee with a hope to establish our line eventually in Kentucky, and determined to make the campaign which followed, unless withheld by General Beauregard or the authorities at Richmond; General Beauregard at this time was journeying in my direction. I proposed, therefore, when he joined me, to lay fully before him my plan of operations.”†

General Hood, in his official report, says: “It had been my hope that my movements would have caused the enemy to *divide his forces*, and that I might gain an opportunity to strike him in detail. This, however, he did not do. He held his entire force together in his pursuit with the exception of the corps which he had left to garrison Atlanta. The *morale* of the army had already improved, but on consultation with my corps commanders, it was not thought to be yet in condition to hazard a general engagement while the enemy remained intact.”

Generals Beauregard and Hood, as before stated, had a conference at Cave Spring, and discussed this movement which Hood then contemplated making. When Hood marched his army to Resaca, Beauregard went to Jacksonville. On the 12th of October, General Beauregard addressed a letter to General Cooper, at Richmond, in which he gave an account of his visit to General Hood, the proposed movement of Hood's army, and says: “It was also determined that, as a success was necessary to keep up the present buoyant spirit of the army of Tennessee, a *battle should not be fought*, unless with

\* Advance and Retreat, p. 263.

† Advance and Retreat, p. 264.



positive advantage, on our side, of numbers and position, or unless the safety of the army required it."\* And on the 15th of October, nine miles south of Lafayette, General Hood reported to General Beauregard as to the result of the operations of his army in destroying the railroad, capturing block-houses, etc., and concluded by saying that "the main body of Sherman's army seems to be moving towards Dalton."†

It is a matter of regret, that General Hood, in writing the history of this campaign, undertakes to stigmatize the courage and efficiency of the troops under his command. His official report, made about four months after the events which he narrates in his history, establishes the fact that this march was made for the purpose of destroying Sherman's railway communications with Chattanooga, and to draw the enemy from Atlanta into Northern Georgia, and, if at any time he should divide his forces and the opportunity was favorable, this advantage might be availed and battle delivered. And General Beauregard in his letter of the 12th of October, to General Cooper, says that it was distinctly understood that no battle was to be fought "unless with positive advantage, on our side, of numbers and position, or unless the safety of the army required it." Hood says in his report, that Sherman did not divide his forces, and that no opportunity was afforded to strike him in detail. When Sherman marched his corps to Resaca and Dalton, Hood moved his army westwardly through the gaps in the mountains to Lafayette and Gordon Springs, in the direction of Ringgold. He was astride of the railway from the 12th to the 14th of October, and on the approach of Sherman, he withdrew his troops and marched rapidly from the railroad, and obstructed the roads over which he passed through the gaps. There was no maneuvering for position, no tactical operations, and no strategy, but simply a rapid march west of the line of communications, and beyond the mountain range. When Hood captured Dalton, General Schofield was about to arrive there on his return to Sherman, and at once he went to Chattanooga, and reported to General Thomas, who ordered him to take command of the troops, and directed Wagoner's and Morgan's divisions to report to him, which, with Steedman's command of five thousand soldiers, gave him a column of reliable, veteran troops, which could be marched by the way of Ringgold to operate against Hood, while Sherman could engage and overwhelm him with superior numbers. Sherman's army,

\*General Beauregard, Vol. II., appendix p. 599.

†General Beauregard, Vol. II., p. 282.

not including the three divisions at Chattanooga under Schofield, was stronger than Hood's by at least twenty thousand muskets.

General Hood, on the 17th, marched his army southwardly and west of the Chattanooga river to Gadsden, in Alabama, and General Sherman marched his army to Gaylesville. D. W. SANDERS.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

APPOMATTOX, APRIL 9, 1865.



N mem'ry's harp I hear again

The echoes of that parting day,  
When valor owned the struggle vain,  
And threw the trusty sword away.

Our chieftain's eagle eye was dim;  
His heart was sad, his words were brief,  
And tearful orbs were turned to him,  
That seldom wept o'er private grief.

Upon the field the soldier laid  
The arms he knew how well to bear;  
But o'er his brow a shadow strayed;  
For long-tried friends were severed there.

He turned to go—then paused in shame,  
That this the end must be at last,  
And fearing much lest o'er his name  
The coward's stigma should be cast.

But, hark! the cannon's sullen roar  
Again disturbs the morning air,  
The old defiance telling o'er,  
That warns the foe brave men are there.

Now back unto their guns they spring,  
The fire of hope has blazed anew—  
Quick to the breeze their flags they fling,  
While armed battalions rise to view.

Alas, 'tis vain!—across the field  
A horseman speeds with message dire;  
The war-scarred men the cause must yield,  
And see their fond-nursed hopes expire.

Ah, woeful day! a nation died  
When Lee, at Appomattox, laid  
His chieftain's armor all aside,  
No more to wield the warrior's blade.

Ah, direful end! but future years  
 Will bring the gift we sought to gain,  
 And all this blood and all these tears  
 Will not have then been shed in vain.

Till then, in patience 'bide—our cause  
 Has not been lost; it only waits  
 The coming years and juster laws,  
 And rule of love through all these States.

Now, o'er the dead the cypress lay;  
 Keep green the sod above their graves;  
 What time shall dawn our freedom's day,  
 We'll reckon them our conq'ring braves. B. W. J.

#### MCNEILL, THE PARTISAN.



THE tier of border counties of North-eastern Virginia, reaching from the vicinity of Alexandria to the upper waters of the Potomac, contains many a spot made memorable by the shock of battle. It has often been devastated by the torch and sword, has witnessed bloody engagements between detached divisions, and been made familiar with the carnage of the pitched field, yet, to no war memories do its inhabitants cling so closely as to those of the guerrilla chiefs. Cut off, as they were so often, from the Confederacy, and exposed to the depredations of robber bands of Federals, the guerrillas were a kind of mounted police, who took upon themselves all the duties of a civil government to protect the life and property of the citizens. Their hiding places were unknown, and their movements wrapped in mystery. They dropped, as it were, from the clouds, but often, like an avenging Nemesis, were at hand to punish red-handed violence. Their achievements, though trifling in magnitude, were sudden and brilliant, and were clothed by rumor with a glamor of romance.

Among the guerrilla chiefs of the Virginia border, none is remembered with more affection, or spoken of in higher terms of admiration than Captain John Hanson McNeill. Wise to plan, and bold to execute, he was not only a terror to evil-doers, but often performed valuable service in harassing the rear of invading columns of the enemy. The following short sketch of the action which caused his death is taken from the *Clarke Courier*, Virginia:



"When I first saw Captain McNeill, it was in the early part of 1864. He was then in the zenith of fame as a partisan leader, and well deserved his renown, for in nearly fifty skirmishes and raids he had never been defeated, the little fight in which he received his death-wound being a most signal victory. He was about fifty-two years of age, six feet in height, straight as an arrow, very heavily built—in fact, inclined to be fleshy. His beard was gray and flowed over his broad breast almost to his waist. His eyes were blue, keen as a falchion, and would have been fierce in expression had not the kindly lines around them, showing of many a mirthful hour, relieved their intensity of expression. He had on a high, black, broad-brimmed hat, turned up on one side, and ornamented with a heavy, black plume. Over his shoulder was swung his formidable shot-gun, loaded always heavily with slugs and buckshot. This was his favorite weapon, and on many occasions he had used it with fatal effect. By his side hung a large-size revolver. Taking him all in all, he was, certainly, a most striking and war-like figure. Of his many daring achievements, I may speak again, but as I had a riddle solved a day or two ago, in reference to the closing of his life which had hitherto been perfectly inexplicable, I may as well now relate it.

"When Sheridan, in 1864, after the brilliant victories of Opequon and Fisher's Hill, had penetrated up the valley as far as Staunton, the main body being encamped near Harrisonburg, it became the duty of Mosby and McNeill to so cut off his supplies and harass his rear as to cause his retreat. Mosby crossed the Blue Ridge, and McNeill coming on from the West, the two partisan chiefs most effectually did this work. McNeill, after crossing the mountains at Orkney Springs, found that his forced marches had so broken down many of the horses that he picked out fifty-seven men with good horses and ordered the rest back, telling them that those who chose to do so could make up small squads and harass small bodies of the enemy between the main body and their base of supplies at Winchester.

"Among the fifty-seven he took with him was one George Valentine. This Valentine had lately joined the company. From his own story he had led a most irregular life. He had, however, proved himself a good soldier, and had become somewhat popular in a short time, for he could tell a good joke with much humor, and sung, in charming style, songs of the sea and of love and of war. A few nights before the fifty-seven were chosen out in what was called the cave, near Orkney mountain, some chickens were stolen. I don't know who stole them, but they came into the possession of the mess to which the writer belonged. Complaint was made to the captain, and, upon investigation, he concluded George Valentine, who belonged to our mess, was the guilty party. He put V. under arrest, and used most abusive language to him. Valentine swore he would have revenge for this. Yet so magnanimous was McNeill (who never harbored revengeful feelings), that he forgot and took Valentine with him on the desperate attempt to destroy the bridge over the Shenandoah, at Mount Jackson.

"The bridge was guarded by over one hundred men, of a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment. After sending three men, just before dawn, to make a reconnaissance, McNeill formed his company in a single line. Just at daybreak the order to charge was made, and in less than five minutes the whole of the bridge-

guard were either killed, wounded, or captured, and not a man escaped. When the men formed in line to charge, Valentine was in the center. As soon as the charge began, after hanging back a minute, he rode in rear of the line toward the right, where Captain McNeill was. Just as the order to cease firing was given, Captain McNeill was mortally wounded by a shot fired from his right rear. No man of McNeill's command has even seen Valentine since that day.

"The captain was carried, suffering mortal anguish, to a secluded house, and there hidden. There he lay for many days until the Federal forces evacuated the neighborhood. Thence he was taken to Harrisonburg, where, after several weeks' suffering, he died. While lying hid in the manner we have described, a scene of dramatic interest occurred. It came to the ear of General Custer that McNeill, mortally wounded, was within the Federal lines.

"He determined, if possible, to get hold of him. There was but one deserter from McNeill's Partisan Rangers during the whole war; his name was Simon Miller. He had seemed devoted to the Southern cause and was distinguished for his bravery. Just before he deserted he recovered from a desperate wound. While suffering from this wound he was the object of devoted attention of Southern ladies right here in Moorefield, where he lay. The most amusing part of their attention was the large amount of literature, fiction, poetry, and religion which were brought into the sick man's room. Simon always seemed grateful for every pamphlet, tract, paper, or book sent him. He would peruse the contents earnestly for hours, and it was not until he was nearly well that he confided to one of his gentle nurses that he could not read a word and could not spell a-b-ab.

"Upon his desertion he joined the Jesse Scouts. General Custer heard of him and his antecedents. He sent for him. With his body guard and Simon Miller he arrived at the house where Captain McNeill, attended by his devoted daughter, was lying.

"'This is the house,' said a negro, 'where an old man is staying, badly wounded, and they say it is Captain McNeill.'

"'We shall soon see,' replied General Custer. 'Simon, you know him, don't you?'

"'I would know him among a thousand,' answered Miller.

"'Come with me, then.' They entered the room where the captain, sorely wounded, lay. Simon Miller bent over the face of his old commander; their eyes met in earnest, never-to-be-forgotten look. Then Miller said: 'General, I know this man; it is Captain Hanson.' Hanson, it will be remembered, was McNeill's middle name.

"'All right, then,' said Custer, 'I am glad of it, for this is an old man, and if it had turned out to be McNeill I would have had him hung in less than no time.'

"'I knew,' said Captain McNeill just before his death, 'that Simon would not betray me the minute I caught his eye.' Simon's relatives still live in Virginia. He visited them once after the war, and then disappeared, no one knows where."

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## BRAVERY HONORED BY A FOE.



THE following story is contributed to "The Nook" by Eddie Souby, of New Orleans.

It was related to him by his father, E. J. Souby, Esq., formerly a gallant soldier of the Fifth Regiment, Hay's Brigade, and now an honored member of the Associated Army of North Virginia, Louisiana Division.

It is a *true* story in every particular, and the name of the youthful hero is here given, that it may live in our hearts and be honored as it deserves, though he who so nobly bore it is now dead.

I wish that I could also give the name of his generous foe—no doubt as brave as generous—the Federal officer who interposed his authority to preserve the life of this gallant boy. They should be recorded, side by side, on the same page of history, and be remembered with pride by the youth of our land, no matter whether their fathers wore the blue or the gray during the late civil war.

*Nathan Cunningham* was the name of this young hero.

He was a member of the Second Company, Orleans Cadet, afterwards Company "E," Fifth Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers, Hay's Brigade, Army North Virginia, and color-bearer of the regiment at the time the incident narrated below occurred.

The story is as follows:

It was a dark and starless night. Tattoo beat had long been heard, and Hay's Brigade, weary after a long day's march, rested beneath the dewy boughs of gigantic oaks in a dense forest near the placid Rappahannock. No sound broke the stillness of the night. The troops were lying on nature's rude couch, sweetly sleeping, and, perhaps, little dreaming of the awful dawn which was soon to break upon them. The camp-fires had burned low. The morrow's rations had been hastily cooked, hunger appeased, and the balance laid carefully away, but that which was most essential to life had, unfortunately, been neglected. No provision for water had been made. The springs being somewhat distant from the camp, but few had spirit, after the day's weary march, to go further. The canteens were, for the most part, empty. Though thirsting, the tired soldiers slept, oblivious to their physical sufferings. But ere the morning broke, the distant sound of musketry echoed through the woods,



rudely dispelling the solemn silence of the night, and awakening from their broken dreams of home and kindred the whole mass of *living valor*.

The roll of the drum and the stentorian voice of the gallant chief calling to arms mingled together. Aroused to duty and groping their way through the darkness, the troops sallied forth in battle array.

In a rifle-pit, on the brow of a hill overlooking the river, near Fredericksburg, were men who had exhausted their ammunition in the vain attempt to check the advancing column of Hooker's finely-equipped and disciplined army, which was crossing the river. But, owing to the heavy mist which prevailed as the morning broke, little or no execution had been done. To the relief of these few came the brigade in double-quick time. But no sooner were they entrenched than the firing on the opposite side of the river became terrific, and the constant roaring of musketry and artillery became appalling. Undismayed, however, stood the little band of veterans, pouring volley after volley into the crossing column. Soon many soldiers fell. Their agonizing cries, as they lay helpless in the trenches, calling most piteously for water, caused many a tear to steal down the cheeks of their comrades in arms, and stout hearts shook in the performance of their duty.

"Water!" "Water!" But, alas! there is none to give.

Roused, as they had been, from peaceful dreams, to meet an assault so early and so unexpected, no time was left them to do aught but buckle on their armor.

"Boys!" exclaimed a lad of eighteen, the color-bearer of one of the regiments, "I can't stand this any longer. My nature can't bear it. They want water, and water they must have. So let me have a few canteens, and I'll go for some."

Carefully laying the colors, which he had conspicuously born on many a field, in the trench, he leaped out in search of water, and was soon, owing to the heavy mist, out of sight.

Shortly afterward the firing ceased for awhile and there came a courier with orders to fall back to the main line, a distance of over 1,200 yards to the rear. It had doubtless become evident to General Lee that Hooker had crossed the river in sufficient force to advance.

The retreating column had not proceeded far when it met the noble youth, his canteens all filled with water, returning to the sufferers who were still lying in the distant trenches. The eyes of the soldier boy who had often times tenderly and lovingly gazed upon the

war-worn and faded flag floating over the ranks, now saw it not. The troops, in their hurry to obey orders, and owing probably to the heavy mist that surrounded them, *had overlooked or forgotten the colors.*

On sped the color-bearer back to the trenches to relieve the thirst of his wounded companions, as well as to save the honor of his regiment by rescuing its colors.

His mission of mercy was soon accomplished. The wounded men drank freely, thanked, and blessed him. And now, to seize the flag and double-quick back to his regiment was the thought and act of a moment. But hardly had he gone ten paces from the ditch when a company of Federal soldiers appeared ascending the hill. The voice of an officer sternly commanded him to "*Halt! and surrender.*"

The morning sun piercing with a lurid glare the dense mist, reveals a hundred rifles leveled at his breast. One moment more, and his soul is to pass into eternity, for his answer is: "*Never! while I hold the colors!*"

But why is he not fired upon? Why do we still see him with the colors flying above his head, now beyond the reach of rifle balls, when, but a moment before, he could have been riddled with bullets? And, now, see! He enters proudly, but breathlessly, the ranks, and receives the congratulations of his friends in loud acclaim.

The answer comes, because of the generous act of the Federal officer in command of that company. When this noble officer saw that the love of honor was far dearer to the youth than life, in the impulse of a magnanimous heart he freely gave him both in the word of command: "*Bring back your pieces men, don't shoot that brave boy.*"

Such nobility of character and such a generous nature as that displayed by this officer, must ever remain a living monument to true greatness, and should these lines perchance meet his eyes, let him know and feel the proud satisfaction that the remembrance of his noble deed is gratefully cherished, and forever engraved, in the heart of the soldier boy in gray.

E. J. SOUBY.



[ For the BIVOUAC. ]

## CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF A CONFEDERATE.

## NUMBER TWO.



T was evident, as we neared Vicksburg, that something unusual was in progress; the river was full of gunboats and transports loaded with troops. We learned that General Grant had commenced his march to the rear of Vicksburg, the front proving impregnable, and in his attack at Black river was repulsed with heavy loss. While we were anchored in front of Vicksburg, transports came alongside loaded with wounded. Any disposition on our part to exult, would be checked by a gunboat near us throwing open her port holes and showing those immense guns, as if to say: "One word, and down you go."

We had hoped to be exchanged every hour, but after keeping us in suspense for two or three days, they started back up the river with us, and in answer to our anxious inquiries as to our destination, said they wanted to get to a safe distance from the fleet in case of a fight; but presently it began to be whispered that General Grant had declined to exchange, fearing that we would be put at once in the breast-works, and had ordered us back to our prison again. The prospect of this filled us with terrible forebodings, and plans for escape were immediately set on foot.

We knew that we could easily overpower the guard of one hundred and twenty-five men, and seize the boat, if we could get even a part of the prisoners to make a simultaneous attack. Sometimes during the day, frequently at night, prisoners would drop overboard and swim for the shore, the guards firing upon them as long as they could see them—we saw one poor fellow killed in the water. The attention of the keepers would be drawn to one side of the boat, and parties of six or eight would dive off on the other side and strike out for liberty; and none were ever brought back. Those of us who were not expert swimmers were busy concocting a scheme for the capture of the boat and crew.

The prisoners were divided up into companies of one hundred each for convenience in issuing rations and making details for work—with a captain over each. My company was composed chiefly of Missourians, of General Price's army, some of whom had served with Quantrell, and were as bold and daring as their leaders. We were quartered on



the hurricane deck, with only the pilot to watch us. Our plan was to have two or three men to stand near each guard, and to have a company of twenty-five picked men, who, on a given signal, would capture the reserve. There were usually about twenty-five Federals on guard, while the others were scattered over the boat, except a few in the gentlemen's cabin, who guarded the arms. The prisoners were urging us all the time just to give the word, and the boat should be ours, but our plan was communicated to only a few of them, for fear of detection. We thought proper, however, to consult some of the older officers, before putting it into execution, and to our surprise, they opposed it, on the ground that many of us were sick and wounded, and would have to be left to the mercy of the gunboats—that it would be mutiny, and that a few of us had no right to involve the lives of all on board. This was a damper on our enterprise, but we still adhered to it; our determination being to postpone the attack until we reached the mouth of the Arkansas river, when we could run the boat out of reach of the gunboats.

We found among the prisoners a man who was acquainted with the locality, who agreed to pilot us. The signal was to be one tap upon the steamboat bell, when every guard was to be overpowered, the reserve captured, and the command of the boat turned over to those who had organized the movement. The night before we were to reach the Arkansas, however, the Federals became alarmed; our guards were doubled, and the prisoners were not allowed to stand near them; the reserve was moved back into the ladies' cabin and the entrance barricaded; the soldiers were all required to stay with the reserve, and the crew and deck hands armed. We knew at once that we had been betrayed, and imagined that upon meeting the first gunboat the leaders in the plot would be put in chains, or shot without trial. While walking the deck, deliberating what to do next, the captain of the boat, who had always been kind and polite to us, asked me "Why we were dissatisfied?" I told him that our lot was not calculated to satisfy many men, and that it was aggravated by having the cases of small-pox and erysipelas kept on board with us. He said that it was not right, and he would have the matter remedied. A few hours later, we were much surprised to find that we were landing at Greenville, Mississippi, to put ashore all who were sick with contagious diseases. As we touched shore, I felt that now or never I must make the effort to escape. I went down stairs, but found the detail of nurses made out, and no others were allowed to pass the guards. I was returning to my quarters in deep dejection,

when I heard the most piteous wails and moans from a sick soldier, who had been left on board, his disease not being contagious. Here was my chance! I told him if he would agree to keep up his cries and groans, we would take him off, and beckoning to my comrade, George Cunningham, who had been captured with me, we tenderly lifted the poor fellow, who feigned the agonies of death so successfully that we passed two lines of sentinels without being halted or questioned, although we had not the slightest authority for what we were doing. We carried him to a deserted hotel near the landing, and put him down in a room with the other sick, and then began to look around for a means of escape. A close line of Federal sentinels extended from the river to the hotel, enclosing it completely, cutting off all hope of escape through them. So we busied ourselves in the hotel among the sick, and finally lay down by the side of the small pox patients, and covered with their blanket, thinking the soldiers would not disturb us here. Presently the surgeon came in with a list of the patients to see if there were any other prisoners among them, and, knowing we would be detected, we got up and left the room unnoticed. We passed into the dining-room, in which was a press built into the wall, the doors extending open, and just as we approached it, the Federals (some five or six were in the room) discovered the spoons, knives, and forks in a table-drawer, and began a scramble for the plunder. We slipped into the press and closed the doors. It was unfinished at the top, and, by climbing up the shelving, we were soon between the rafters and top course of joists. There was no flooring, but we stepped from joist to joist until we got to a secure place, where we lay down on the plastering lathes between the beams, which were high enough to conceal us from view, unless we were followed by the guards, the great danger being that the lathes would give way under our weight, and let us down in the room below among the soldiers. My heart beat so loud that I thought they would certainly hear it, or that it would knock down the plastering, and I tried with both hands to hold it still. While lying in this state of suspense, another Confederate, whom we at first mistook for a Federal, came up to our hiding-place, and concealed himself behind the chimney.

Finally, we heard the guard preparing to go on board, ordering all except the sick and detail back to the boat, searching everywhere to see that none remained. They came to our closet, and we heard one ask the other "if it were possible that any of the prisoners could have climbed up there."

"You had better go up and see," was the reply.

And up he came, but only pushed his head through the opening, and, not seeing us, reported, "all right up here." A second party repeated the inspection, but without seeing us, and then we heard the boat bell for all to come on board, and, finally, the wheels of the steamer as she backed out from the shore. We left our hiding-place, and climbed down our ladder to ascertain what kind of guard had been left with the sick, and, peeping through the crack of the door, discovered that only one of their surgeons was left, the nurses being all Confederates. We realized that we were indeed free, and ran down to the bank of the river to let our friends on board know that we had made our escape. The boat was about a third of a mile from shore, so that we felt perfectly secure, and waved our handkerchiefs exultingly, to which they responded with a parting cheer. It was a long farewell to the poor fellows, many of whom died from the severe confinement in the penitentiary at Alton, Illinois, and Fort Delaware. Some of the sick were still lying on the bank of the river, and the Federal surgeon ordered us to assist in removing them to the hotel, to which we replied that we did not belong to his detail, but would help him if he asked more politely—freedom of speech was such a charming novelty.

We were advised by the citizens to go into the interior, as gunboats were constantly landing, and were taken in charge by a kind-hearted man, an overseer on Dr. Blanton's plantation. We were joined by a drummer-boy belonging to a Tennessee regiment, who had made his escape by crawling into a hollow log at the woodpile of the hotel, and also by the hero of the chimney, who proved to be a lieutenant from Nashville, Tennessee. The next day we spent on the plantation, dressed in the clothes of our benefactor, while his kind hearted wife washed the only suits we had. The day following, we started, on mules, for the nearest railroad station, but, on reaching Deer creek, sent the mules back, and proceeded on foot, by a road little used, through a dense forest, to reach a settlement beyond. Night soon overtook us, and likewise a heavy rain. We could only follow the road by feeling for tracks left by wagons, and occasionally came to places where the trees had been cut and piled across the road to check Federal raids.

One would feel his way around the blockade to the road beyond, and call to the others to come on. The lieutenant was so weak from sickness that he was unable to walk without being supported, and at last declared that he could go no further, and that we must



make our way out, and leave him there to die. This, of course, we declined to do, and proposed instead to make a fire to scare off the the wolves, which were howling around, and leave the drummer-boy to take care of him, while C—— and I would try to find help, but it was at least two hours' work to get that fire kindled, without matches or flint. We tried exploding pistol caps surrounded by raw cotton, but failed; then rubbing sticks together until we were worn out; finally, the drummer found away down in the lining of his coat a musket cap, which we exploded by putting a nail inside, and hammering with our knives. When the cotton ignited, we fed the flame with parts of our clothing torn wherever it was dry. Finally the fire was made, and we left the sick man to try to get some assistance. Within a mile or so, we came to a clearing and a clump of cabins, but before we could reach them we were attacked by all the dogs of the settlement, probably twenty-five or thirty. To escape them, we had to climb up the logs of one of the cabins to the top of the roof, and when the negroes were aroused by the noise and the furious barking, they brought out their guns to shoot at the "varmints." This we prevented, with some trouble, and persuaded them to go for the overseer, to whom we explained the situation.

He kindly took us to his house, and made us comfortable by the fire, while he went, with some negroes and mules to look up the rest of our party. In the morning we awoke to find them sleeping by our side. After resting a day here, C—— and I started across the country to the railroad at Winona, the others being unable to travel, and reached our destination in four or five days, meeting with the utmost kindness all along the route. Thence we went to Jackson, and then to Vicksburg, where we had relatives in the army, and obtained transportation by railroad to Richmond, Virginia, where we arrived after traveling night and day for a week—a worn-out but thoroughly happy pair of adventurers.

E. H. M.

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SWIFT JUSTICE.—The left wing of the Fourth Kentucky was on picket duty eight miles north of Stockbridge, Ga. Captain —— was visiting his videttes early one morning, and found a family in great distress at their humble home. An aged man and woman and two daughters composed the household. All were crying bitterly, and wringing their hands in terrible anguish. It was found that a squad of the enemy had just left, after a most brutal attempt made upon the daughters, which happily failed, owing to the sudden approach of Captain —— and a few of his men. Quick as lightning, our boys started in pursuit, and soon captured two of the scoundrels. Our scouts that evening reported two men hanging under the trees, cold and silent in death, and they probably hung there until taken down by the advancing army to the sea.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## A TROUBLESOME WAR RELIC.



AFTER the first battle of Manassas, the impression prevailed that the war was over. The field of victory was soon visited by crowds of sight-seers, all of whom were eager to carry away some relic. Among these was a stout farmer by the name of Branson. About ten days after the battle, he drove into our camp one morning, bringing a four-horse load of boxes for "the boys." It was a great occasion, the unloading and delivery of the precious freight. Branson was the lion of the hour, and he bore the honors with quiet grace. He had hauled the boxes sixty miles, just for love of the soldier boys, and he got his reward in seeing the happiness he had caused. The debt of gratitude was painfully heavy to some, and they studied how to pay it. One day it leaked out that Branson would be delighted to have some relics of the battle-field. In a short time there were ceaseless relays of men bringing relics into camp for Branson. They lugged in everything that belongs to the debris of a beaten army—guns, accouterments, canteens, bayonets, bullets, and what not. But the article which most captivated Branson's fancy was a conical-shaped percussion shell, with red stripes painted upon it.

He never tired of looking at it and talking about it, and the sensation it would stir up among the folks at home.

In a short time his back-load of historical treasures was made up, and he started for home. The journey was necessarily slow on account of the gullies made by forage wagons, but more serious impediments were his frequent interviews with small parties of country people coming to look at a brand-new battle-field. He was always ready to stop and answer questions, and never failed to invite an inspection of his store of relics, secretly enjoying the astonishment of the greenhorns. When about half way home, he met a party of fellow-countymen. Of course he stopped and had an exhibition.

After the usual going over the list and dwelling upon what was of interest in each, he came to the beautiful percussion shell. "This," said he, "fellers, is the curiosest in the whole shebang." Just then an old soldier riding by, halted to see what was going on. "Take a look at the butt eend," said Branson, continuing after a moment's pause. "Ain't it purty?"

"How far have you hauled that thing?" said the soldier, interrupting him.

"Nigh onto thirty miles, I calculate."

"What! loose in there among the others?"

"Naw; I kep' her wrapped up in a bag. What's the matter?" said he, observing the soldier was backing away.

"I wouldn't haul one of them things on a feather bed in a spring wagon."

"Why not?" said Branson, raising it up to pitch it into the wagon.

"Don't do that, for gracious sake," said the soldier, moving off, while the crowd was evidently getting restless.

"What are you afeerd of?" said Branson. "It won't bite you."

"I seen a man drop one just like that, on the ground, and it busted and killed two soldiers."

"The dickens, you say," said Branson, making a motion to throw it down.

"Look out there," said the soldier, backing around the rear of the wagon, closely followed by the farmers. "Don't lay that thing on the ground."

"Dad blast the luck," said Branson, as he quickly rejoined them, "What must I do with it, fellers?"

The only answer was a quick movement to the other side of the wagon, one farmer going clear away. This was repeated several times, until Branson was left with but one companion, who was an old friend, and would not desert him.

With the perspiration streaming down their faces, the two held a council of war. At last, upon agreement, it was determined to bury the infernal machine. The farmer taking a spade, made a deep hole in a neighboring thicket, and Branson let it down easy in a bag. Then both took to their heels and ran as hard as they could go, back to the wagon.

BOURBON.





[For the BIVOUAC.]

## CHARGE OF CLARKE CAVALRY AT TREVELYAN STATION.



NEAR Trevelyan Station, Virginia, on June 12, 1864, occurred one of the most notable cavalry actions of the war. Nearly the whole of Grant's cavalry, under Sheridan, was pitted against those of Lee, under Hampton. It lasted two days, and ended in the defeat of Sheridan. The contest was animated from the beginning. Being

brought on unexpectedly, it abounded in surprises, thrilling episodes, and even humorous incidents. Of varying fortune, each side was alternately transported with joy or overwhelmed with the sight of disaster. Many were the gallant deeds performed on both sides, but none eclipsed the gallant charge of the Clarke Cavalry. Before they turned their backs more than half the company were either killed or wounded, suffering a loss really greater than that which occurred in the immortal charge of the Six Hundred.

The following account is furnished by a participant who was left for dead on the field:

The narrator of the following facts was a private in Company "D," Sixth Virginia Cavalry, and without any pretense to historical accuracy as to dates, the position of our forces, etc., he relies entirely upon his memory, made somewhat indistinct by the lapse of more than twenty years. Early in June, 1864, the Army of Northern Virginia, including its cavalry corps, was encamped around Richmond. General Wade Hampton had just been assigned to the command of the cavalry, the peerless Stewart having died a few days previously from a mortal wound received in an engagement at Yellow Tavern. On the morning of the 10th of June the bugle of our regiment blew "Saddle up," and the report was soon circulated that we were off to the Valley of Virginia, a spot dear to every cavalryman's heart. Of course we were all hilarious. Soon we were on the road, formed in fours, and moving at a lively pace. Early the following morning we were to the north of Hanover Junction, on the Virginia Central Railroad, and, pressing forward rapidly, we were soon at Louisa Court-House, at which point we first heard firing to our right, on the east of the railroad, and, as old soldiers, we recognized the fact at once that we were *not* off to the valley, but had a foe to face right then and there. It consisted of the whole Yankee cavalry under the command of Sheridan, who, as subsequently disclosed, had been ordered to effect a junction with

General Hunter, at that time carrying everything before him up the valley, and moving rapidly on Lynchburg. At once we were in a trot, moving rapidly toward the firing. My regiment, however, was not destined to participate in the fight at that point, and while we were halted in view of the enemy, and looking at the gallant Rosser encouraging our skirmishers, an order was brought to our regiment to move to the west of the railroad. We were soon on the road again at a gallop toward Trevelyan Station, which is some seven or eight miles to the north of Louisa Court-House. This station gave name to the great cavalry engagement which took place the following day, in which Sheridan got so soundly beaten, and was forced to flee precipitately behind Grant's infantry for protection.

The writer then remembers being halted on the edge of a dense wood, through which the road from Louisa Court-House to Trevelyan Station ran, and which was being shelled at a lively rate by artillery posted on a hill some five or six hundred yards distant, in an old broom-sedge field, dotted here and there with little scrubby pine bushes and flanked on either side by dense woods, and which, as it proved, was a choice place for a trap laid by General Custer. An order was issued—but, as a private, from whom it emanated I know not—to Major D. A. Grimsley to take another company, together with Company "D," forming the first squadron, and charge and take the battery, posted as before stated. The writer forgets the name of the other company composing the squadron, but all told we did not number over eighty men. Ours, however, "not to reason why," and at the word of command, and with the gallant Grimsley at its head, our squadron moved rapidly out of the woods into the open broom-sedge field, and charged with unbroken line, and with great intrepidity, for the guns, which were firing grape and cannister.

The gunners fled and left us apparently for the moment victors of the field, and the guns in our possession. But down over the crest of the hill we still pursued the flying artillerymen, when suddenly there arose from the thick broom-sedge and scrubby pines a regiment or more of dismounted men, with long range guns, formed in solid line, ready to receive us. We hesitated not a moment, but with drawn sabre and pistol we dashed gallantly at them, and though at their fire many of our saddles were emptied, the enemy were beginning to yield before our resistless charge, when lo! and behold! a regiment of mounted men came dashing from the woods on our flanks, and we saw at once that "some one had blundered." What could our handful of men accomplish so outnumbered and flanked? A rem-

nant of them fled and escaped. The writer of this, shot through the bridle hand and through the lungs, fell from his horse and was left a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. His horse escaped, and the following day, when the main fight took place, was ridden by our gallant color-bearer, Mann. R. Castleman. The guns which we thought we had captured were immediately turned on the flying remnant, and the writer of this, as he lay stretched upon the field, remembers very distinctly seeing General Custer and hearing him order the artillerymen to fire into this retreating remnant.

Much has been written about the inhumanity of soldiers upon the battle-field, and before I close this rough sketch I must record some facts to the honor and glory of Custer's command.

In the first place, one of them kindly and tenderly helped the writer to drag himself from the open field to the shade of the woods, where he lay all day, just in rear of the enemy's line of battle, and water was brought and given to him repeatedly during that long, hot day of the 11th of June, 1864; and coffee was also given to him. At nightfall he was tenderly carried in a blanket by four of Custer's soldiers and laid alongside other wounded comrades, and blankets were given us to keep us warm. At night it began to rain slightly, and from the great loss of blood I was very cold and nervous. And well does the writer remember, at about midnight, two officers were riding from their front (for they kept up their line of battle during the whole night in front of us) and hearing us groaning in the woods, they dismounted and asked us if they could render any assistance, and offered us some apple-brandy from their canteens, which we took, and which I believed saved my life, quieting my nerves and putting me to sleep. They also volunteered to send an ambulance for us at once and remove us to the hospital at Trevelyan Station, and though they were prevented from doing this, for the very good reason that we had that day captured the whole of their ambulance train in another part of the field, yet next morning by sunrise they sent four men with stretchers to remove us, which they did, and deposited us in a private house, where we were tenderly cared for, and where the next day we were re-captured by our victorious cavalry. I say, from the bottom of my heart, God bless Custer's men for their great kindness and humanity to me!

L. E. W.

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At a Sunday-school a teacher asked a new scholar—a little girl—what her name was. She replied, "Helen French." An urchin in an adjoining seat sang out: "What is it in English?"



### DISABLED EX-CONFEDERATES.

Below we give the proceedings of a meeting of ex-Confederates, held at Austin, Texas, for the purpose of establishing there a Soldiers' Home. From Captain Chas. H. Powell, the adjutant of the camp, we learn that its benefits will not be limited to Texas soldiers only, but that they may be enjoyed by any deserving Confederate in good standing. Similar movements are on foot elsewhere, and private benevolence has done much to relieve the maimed and helpless old soldiers. Some of our State Legislatures, too, have done a little to rescue them from beggary and want. But all the pittances thus far bestowed have been given more for charity's sake, than from any recognition of the right of the helpless old soldiers to be supported at the public expense. They can, of course, expect nothing from the Federal Government. No government was ever yet known to pension its conquered foes. But these men were not freebooters, serving for pay. They virtually enlisted at the call of the seceding States, and it was in dutifully doing their behests that they were maimed. Shall they now expect nothing from them?

"Last night the ex-Confederates met at the Court-house and adopted the report of the Committee on Charter, Constitution, and By-laws, and elected the officers of the camp to put the entire machinery in motion for establishing the Soldier's Home, at Austin. The following is the Board of Trustees elected: Fred Carleton, A. M. Jackson, B. Melasky, Theo. F. Pinckney, W. M. Brown, Richard Coke, Bart. C. Giles, Joe H. Stewart, Jos. D. Sayers, R. Lindsay Walker, Chas. H. Powell, James M. Goggin, and Val. C. Giles.

"The following gentlemen were elected as Officers of the Camp: N. G. Shelley, Commander; R. Lindsay Walker, First Lieutenant Commander; Fred Carleton, Second Lieutenant Commander; A. D. Sadler, Third Lieutenant Commander; Chas. H. Powell, Adjutant; D. N. Robinson, Quartermaster; F. R. Lubbock, Treasurer; W. M. Hunter, Officer of the Day; R. L. Dabney, Chaplain, and Val. C. Giles, Vidette. Colonel Fred Carleton, Captain A. D. Sadler, and L. C. Lock were appointed a committee to secure a hall for meeting, and Major Joe. H. Stewart, General R. L. Walker, and W. M. Hunter were appointed a committee on printing.

"The meeting then adjourned to meet at the Court-house on next Tuesday evening, 9th inst., when all the officers above named will be present, and the meeting will then be held as an organization.

"The organization is named and known as the 'John B. Hood Camp.' The name alone will inspire thousands of men and women in the State of Texas, and will bring many 'ducats' to its treasury.

"The charter has been signed, and will be filed to-day or to-morrow with the Secretary of State."

[For the BIVOUC.]

## FROM INFANTRY TO CAVALRY.

NUMBER TWO.



OUR first outpost duty was near East Point, Georgia, a few miles below Atlanta. General Sherman was occupying that city, and we were stationed south of the place to watch his movements, and prevent, if possible, his "bummers" from booting the country. But, dear knows, there was little to be obtained, for man or beast, in all that region of the great empire Southern State. I was placed in the center of the line of picket, and had headquarters on the Atlanta and Jonesboro road, from whence, in the daytime, we threw videttes forward to the great public road leading to Savannah. There had been a skirmish of considerable magnitude here a few weeks previous, and, though we were near a church and graveyard, the enemy had buried their dead a few inches under the ground, in the fields and woods adjacent. Along the vidette line, on the main road, lived the Dodds and their married daughters, and the Kimberlys. These good people had sent all their men to the war, and were alone and helpless, except a few negroes who had not "contrabanded," and old Mr. Dodd, who, I think, was a minister of the Gospel. Near us, on the Jonesboro road, lived Mr. Burke, an old gentleman, with a young wife and two or three small children. He was nearly dead with consumption, and a detail of volunteers was kept up to attend to his wants, while alive, and bury him when he died—a few days after. The surroundings had, to me, a most dismal appearance. Unaccustomed to soldiering in a peaceful neighborhood, and riding over a large area of country, visiting the outpost alone, my command scattered to the four winds, except a handful at picket-base, the graves of the enemy's dead, and the old churchyard, and the scarred trees, the poor old man near by dying in want, and his family in distress and destitute, besides the lone, helpless women on our front line, all conspired to keep me in a constant state of *ennui* which the cheerfulness of the boys could not dispel. The idea with me, heretofore, of being cut off from the command was terrible. I felt our weakness in case of a sudden attack either by night or day, and had not the slightest conception of what was the proper behavior of cavalry in case of surprise by overwhelming numbers. I think, if we had been attacked at headquarters, our first thought would have been of our lonesome videttes,

and it is probable that we would have tried to cut our way through to them to draw them off in good order.

This first duty as cavalry left a lasting impression on me, and about the only thing in it, that gave me any sense of being in the performance of duty, was the grateful hearts of the poor women, who looked on us as their protectors. Bless them, they cheerfully offered us all the eatables they had, on all occasions, and were unconsciously adding, day by day, imperishable luster to the record of Georgia women's devotion to our cause.

One of the brightest spirits I have ever met lived about two miles from us. She was very old, but not feeble, and was extremely tall and angular. She came by our camp one night driving a little bull, which certainly did not weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, hitched to a two-wheeled *truck*, not larger than a large toy cart, and long before she came in sight we could hear her singing, "When I can read my title clear," etc. Arriving in sight of our fire, and the horses eating *fodder*, the bull made a straight line for the provender my horse was eating, and horse and bull would eat together, while the good old lady sat down and entertained us. She had two sons in "Virginny," and she and her "darters" worked on the farm, and had made a good living till the Yankees took all she had. She was returning from Jonesboro, where she had gone to "draw" meal from our Government. But she was happy and trustful, and more than glad to see us, and smoked her pipe at our fire. Just before she started, she wanted to know if we had any real "store terbacker." We contributed a plug very quickly, and she fairly shouted with delight when she saw it, saying it was the first seen in many a day. Taking a chew, she bade us good night, in order to hurry home and divide the tobacco with her girls.

Such was life in cavalry as we first saw it, and, while the brigade considered it a grand picnic, I was sighing for the good old days of infantry, where we had plenty of soldiers with us all the time, and plenty of cannon and the like to defend ourselves with.

Wild Bill and Devil Dick were the happiest of all, and made the whole party merry with their songs and jokes. Bill declared that he would live longer in cavalry than if he were at home. Dick was a scout from the beginning of our mounted service, and, being very fruitful, his raids were highly rewarded. He was soon splendidly mounted and equipped, and not infrequently came in with one or more prisoners, captured while foraging too far from Atlanta. We were finally called back to the brigade and moved to Stockbridge.

FRED JOYCE.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

## AN ACT OF HEROISM.

In response to a written request made recently of a subscriber, to name the bravest deed he witnessed during the war, he replies as narrated below, awarding the palm to a Union officer. As it comes from one unsurpassed in either army for knightly courage, it is a high tribute to Federal gallantry. We are forced to add, however, at the risk of offending our modest correspondent, that the squadron which made the charge he mentions performed an act of valor above all praise. The sight of it raised the beholders to the highest pitch of admiration. Gallant charges were not unfrequent during the war, but rarely was there ever seen a single squadron dashing like a thunderbolt full at the head of an army, and shaking it to the center by the vigor of its blow. The squadron which made the charge was the Bath squadron of the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, and it was led by Captain F. A. Daingerfield, the writer of the following:

“On the 12th of November, 1864, when a portion of the Confederate cavalry force was engaged with Sheridan’s cavalry, near Cedar creek, in Frederick county, in the Valley of Virginia, the officer commanding the advance regiment of Confederate cavalry, on what is known as ‘The Back Road,’ found himself confronted by an overwhelming force of Federal cavalry, the road being filled for more than three miles in solid column. He deployed his regiment, or formed them by squadrons, in eschalon. As the Federal column charged in columns of overwhelming weight, it was met by the charge of a single squadron of Confederate cavalry charging in line. When near ‘Brent’s House,’ about one mile north of Cedar creek, one of these Confederate squadrons struck the head of the Federal column with such impetuosity as to throw it into confusion and double it back upon itself, so interlacing the retiring with the advancing forces as to produce a dead lock, absolutely blockading the road just at Brent’s House. The few Confederates were pouring in pistol-shots at the distance of a few yards, when a slender young officer (said to be the lieutenant-colonel of the Third Connecticut) rode coolly back and forth between the columns, urging his men to charge. Failing to produce any impression upon them, he turned, and waving his pistol over his head, advanced *at a walk*, deliberately firing at intervals until, when within a few feet of the Confederates, he fell from his horse, pierced by a bullet from the pistol of Lieutenant Henry McClintock, Company ‘F,’ Eleventh Virginia Cavalry. His fall had the effect his heroism had failed to inspire, and his men, at last, charged the foe they outnumbered twenty to one.”

F. A. D.

[For the BIVOUC.]

## COOL COURAGE.

On the evening of the 6th of May, 1864 (the second day of the fighting in the wilderness of Spottsylvania), General J. E. B. Stuart, finding it necessary near nightfall to ascertain whether or not the line of Federal earthworks in his front had been abandoned, sent an orderly to the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, in line near by, with the request that the officer in command of that regiment would send him a good man for the performance of a hazardous duty. Private Jim O'Meara, of Company "F," was selected, and reported to the general. General Stuart, replying to his salutation, simply said :

"You see that line of earthworks? I want to know if it is manned. Ride down in seventy-five or a hundred yards of it, and then turn to the left and gallop parallel with it. If the Yanks are there, you go fast, and they'll shoot behind you."

"All right, General. I know it," said Jim, with an appreciative wink.

He rode within seventy five yards of the line, started in the twilight on his run parallel with the line, which, being well-manned, was immediately illumined. The fusillade did not cause Jim to swerve. When he had gone nearly half the length of the line, his horse received a bullet through his nose, midway between the nostril and eye. Jim deliberately stopped, unslung his carbine, took as deliberate aim as he would have done at a squirrel, fired, and resuming his parallel course, completed his run the entire length of the line, and slowly riding to where the general stood at the head of his command, touched his hat and reported, "They're thar yit, General."

F A D

DR. A. S. GATES, of Franklin, Louisiana, tells the following story of Major Fountleroy, once widely known as a brave and daring Confederate officer; now beloved and respected as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church. The major (then lieutenant of Simm's Confederate States battery) had a confirmed habit of stammering. One day, during the retreat from Camp Bislard, Louisiana, while riding along the road, he came up with a straggler from "the St. Mary cannoners," who, it seems, was similarly affected in his speech. Him the lieutenant accosted in his peculiar vernacular. "H-h-h-o-o-o-o-w f-f-f-a-r is the a-r-r-r-t-t-t-illery ahead?" "D-d-d-damned 'f-f-fi k-n-n-now," stammered the boy. In a rage, the lieutenant out with his sword and was about to go for the offender, when the soldier held up both hands, crying, "H-h-o-o-o-old on, Lieutenant, I-I-I s-s-swear I c-c-c-can't t-talk a d-d-d-damned bit b-b-b-better than you can!"

THE following letter is from an ex-Confederate, at present the editor of the Princeton *Banner*, Kentucky. We ask our Northern exchanges to give it room. It explains itself:

PRINCETON, KY., December 11, 1884.

*Editors Bivouac, Louisville, Ky.:*

The battle of Rich Mountain was fought on July 11, 1861, on the summit of Rich Mountain, within a few miles of Beverley, the county seat of \_\_\_\_\_ county, West Virginia. General McClellan commanded the Federals and Lieutenant-Colonel John Pegrow commanded the Confederates. The Confederates were defeated and their camp taken. At my company's quarters—Company "C," Twentieth Virginia Regiment—was left a very fine sword, presented to Captain Taylor, of the United States Navy, by the State of Virginia, many years before the war, for meritorious conduct at some naval engagement in the war of 1812. This sword was of the finest kind, gold-mounted, and had on it an inscription commemorative of the officer, Captain Taylor, his gallantry, etc. I have forgotten the words of the inscription, dates, etc. It was, of course, taken by some of the Federals on that day, and I would be glad to know of its whereabouts, and, if possible, to recover it. My impression is that the troops who fought us that day were from Indiana. General Rosecranz was also with McClellan and led the attack in our rear, guided by a mountaineer named David L. Hart, if I am not mistaken.

If any of your Northern readers can give me any information about this sword, and aid me in getting it, I will be very grateful. It was a borrowed blade, and it would be gratifying to the descendants of Captain Taylor to have it as an heirloom of their family.

Please insert this in your next BIVOUAC, if you have the space.

Yours respectfully,

C. T. ALLEN,

*Late Captain C. S. A.*

#### GENERAL SHERMAN'S SWORD.

In a letter answering an application from the "Soldiers' Bazar," in Boston, last December, General Sherman wrote:

"You ask me for the loan of the 'sword or saber' I wore 'during the famous march to the sea.' The truth is, I did not wear a sword or saber during that march. The only honest relic I possess of that memorable time is *my saddle*, which I value for its real goodness. I use it now when I have occasion to mount a horse. Still, for the purpose you have—to please 'several thousand old soldiers'—I have sent it to you, and hereby certify that I actually used that saddle during the war, from about July, 1862, to the end. I rode that identical saddle from Corinth, Mississippi, to Chattanooga to Atlanta, and to Washington."

VOL. III., No. 5—15.



## Youths' Department.



### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

HIS morning after breakfast, Miss Sallie said she wished to have a talk with me, so we went into the parlor and took our seats. My heart jumped with joy, for I felt sure she was going to reward me for the risks I had run in carrying out her wish, and was going to engage herself to me. She disappointed me, however. She ain't the girl I took her for! She told me that she thought I ought to let this poor boy (as she called him) go home. She said that she had asked me to capture her a *man*, and not a *boy*; that it wouldn't help the Confederacy to keep this boy in prison.

She surprised me; I couldn't say anything for a moment or two. Finally, I said that she had deceived me. She had promised to engage herself to me if I captured a Yankee and brought him to her. I had run all sorts of risks to carry out her wish. Day after day, I had lain in the woods, watching the Yankees, and waiting for a chance to make a capture. I had exposed myself to their fire many and many a time; I had followed them often at the risk of my life; I had shot at them often, and I was sure I had killed some of them. At last I had got a Yankee at the risk of my life, and had brought him to her, and she wanted to go back on her promise.

As to his being a *boy*, I said that was all nonsense. He wasn't more than fifteen years old, to be sure, but he was just as able to shoot as a man. When I rushed out on him from the bushes, couldn't he have shot me just as well as a man could, if he had had a pistol; and how was I to know he hadn't one. Besides, even if he was a boy, I had helped the Confederacy by capturing him, as his colonel would have to detail a man as bugler in his place. I told her up and down that she wasn't behaving right, and that she had deceived me.

She got mad then, and said, "Mr. Buster, you have insulted me, and I will tell Captain Jumper of it." I said I didn't intend to insult her, but was only putting my case as I thought it ought to be put. As she seemed still to be very angry, I told her, at last, that she could do what she pleased with the Yankee, and that I turned him over to her entirely; she then left the room, and, in less than half an hour, had let the Yankee go. She has treated me badly, and I don't intend

to have anything more to do with her. Women are very uncertain creatures. The very thing I thought would please her, has made her mad. I'm done with her!

*October 2.* I had a pretty rough time last night, I made just about the narrowest escape that ever a man did. I believe that infernal Yankee I captured and Miss Sallie let loose, was at the bottom of it.

Jim was away and no one was in the house but me and the ladies. About the middle of the night I was waked up by a thundering noise down stairs. It seemed to me as if a regiment of men were in the house. I knew at once that it was the Yankees, and that they had come for me. Jim has been telling me that if the Yankees catch me, they will shoot me off-hand for capturing a bugler. He says we are not allowed to capture buglers. I thought he was lying at first, but he stuck to it, and I have been thinking about the thing a good deal for the last two or three days. When I heard the Yankees down stairs, I felt sure they came expressly for me, and that Jim was right.

I knew they would find my room in less than two minutes and I hadn't a second to spare. I felt sure if I stopped to dress, I was gone up. So I raised the window softly and looked out. There was no moon, but the stars were shining bright enough to see pretty well. I saw no Yankees in the yard on this side of the house. It was too long a jump to make to the ground, however. So I pulled a sheet from the bed, tied it in a second to the bed-post, threw the other end out of the window, and, just as I heard the Yankees at my door, I slipped down to the ground, holding the sheet with both hands.

As soon as I touched the ground, off I went for the yard fence. The Yankees had broken open my door, and, before I got ten yards from the house, one of them let fly a shot at me from the window. The bullet whistled dreadfully close (I found afterwards it went through my shirt), but I didn't stop, as I thought I had better run the risk of getting shot than stop and get hung certainly.

The Yankees in front of the house, on hearing the shot, galloped around, and started after me, firing at every step. The bullets fairly hailed around me, but I had gotten within five yards of the plank-fence and I went at it and over it like a deer, my shirt-tail flying out behind. I never made such a jump in all my life! I always was a good jumper, but *that* jump took everything down I ever did before.

Every horse balked at the fence, and, while they were going around to the gate, I had gotten a fair start across the field to a pine woods near. I knew that my life depended on my reaching the woods before they overtook me, and I did my very best running. I was in

good trim for running as I had nothing on but my shirt. My naked feet got cut by the gravel, but I didn't find it out till next day.

I made such good use of my time that I got within twenty yards of the woods before the Yankees got through the gate, and were on my track. We had a tight race then. I could hear their horses thundering along behind me, but the devil himself couldn't have caught me. I always was a fast runner, and, with no clothes on, I could beat the world' running. So I broke through the bushes before they got within twenty-five yards of the woods. The pine bushes scratched me like the mischief, and, as I knew they would catch me if I kept on running through the woods and making a noise among the bushes, I stopped soon and crawled under a thick pine bush.

I lay there blowing like a steam engine. I held my breath, however, when they came into the woods and passed near me. It was so dark in the woods that they couldn't see ten feet in front of them, and, as they heard no noise they soon stopped. After halting a few minutes and listening, they fired half a dozen shots into the bushes around, and then went back, cursing me and swearing they would get me yet. I didn't mind their cursing me, but felt very glad to have escaped them, for I believe they would have hung me on the spot.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF A CAFFRE CHIEF.

The wild life and daring deed of cowboys and Indian-scalpers, are still the favorite subjects of those who cater to the morbid appetite of American youth. The steady nerve and dauntless courage of these long-haired desperadoes do not often fail to start the tears of generous admiration. But we question if ever there was a hero of a gulch or prairie scene, who exhibited more pluck and fortitude, or more inventive genius than the hero of the following "o'er true tale." It is but a part of the story of the escape of a Caffre chief from the Zulus. It occurred on an island near South Africa, among the rocks and caves of which he was trying to hide away from his pursuers:

"In the present day, when a box of lucifer matches enables every person to instantly procure a fire, it is not easy to realize the difficulty that is experienced by those unprovided by any such artificial aids. To procure a fire I was obliged to adopt the usual Caffre method of using two dry sticks. One of soft wood was placed on the ground, the other of hard wood was held in the hands and worked round, whilst it was pressed into a hole in the soft wood. After several minutes of this work a few sparks would be produced, which were placed in a wisp of dry grass, and swung round at arm's length. By this means a small



flame was produced, and a fire kindled. It was then my particular care to preserve this fire, and never let it die out. To do so was no easy matter, for I was obliged to have a large stock of dry wood collected, and to so heap this up, and protect it from the wind, that it would smolder for hours. If there came rain, it was even more difficult to keep the fire permanently burning; and, after rain, to reproduce fire was extremely laborious. This then was one great source of anxiety to me, for I dare not let any smoke rise in the air, for this would let any enemy know that man was on the bluff; for, clever and cunning as all animals in a wild state become, even the monkey or baboon does not know how to create a fire, or how to keep this fire blazing when they do find one which man has lighted.

"I have now to relate one of the greatest escapes I ever experienced, though many which I have already described may appear to have been marvelous.

"A week had passed since I had procured the gun and some assagies from the place where the Zulus had ambushed the white men, and I had seen no signs of a human being; but I knew too well the enemy by whom I had been captured, not to be aware, that if he intended to recapture me, he would lie concealed for many days, watching for a chance of surprising me. My intention was to support life until a ship came to Natal, for I concluded that when the schooner which had escaped, reached Table Bay, and informed the authorities there that the Zulus had overrun Natal, some steps would be taken to obtain at least information as to what had since occurred. Thus I lived in daily hopes of seeing a sail, and once more joining white men.

"One night I had retired to my hut and had slept till the dawn began to show, when I awoke with a strange feeling of oppression and weight on my chest. My gun was close beside me, and my knife within reach of my hand. For a moment I was not aware what was the cause of the singular feeling I experienced, and I opened my eyes without otherwise moving. In the dim light I saw that which, for an instant, caused my heart to cease beating. Over my chest was the coil of the body of a rock-snake, this coil being bigger round than my thigh. I could see that the tail of the snake was outside my small hut, and in consequence of my lying on the ground the huge reptile had not been able to coil completely around me. I knew I was in imminent danger, and I also at once decided on the safest and most probable means of escape. Moving my arm slowly, I grasped my knife, and then raising my head, saw the snake's eyes within two feet of mine. His head was on the ground, and so close that I could lift my hand above it. I carried out this movement very slowly, the snake remaining motionless. Then, with a sudden stab, I drove my long knife through the snake, just where his head joined his neck, and pinned him to the ground. With a struggle I slipped from under his body, and now the fight began. So tenacious of life are these reptiles that, although I had separated his head from his body as regards the vertebræ, yet he twisted and rolled the great coils of his body, so rapidly and powerfully, that several times he had surrounded my legs with a loop, and it was only by a quick movement on my part that I escaped the danger of being enclosed in a vice-like embrace. I succeeded, however, in avoiding its coils, and suddenly scrambled out of the hut, leaving the snake in possession."

[For the BIVOUC.]

## UNCLE GEORGE IN A CAVALRY FIGHT.



THE other day I overtook Uncle George going to mill. He was astraddle of a bag of corn on one mule, and leading another loaded with two bags more. As we were both going the same way, I slowed up and rode alongside. After a little chat about the crops, I said, "You always belonged to the infantry during the war, didn't you?"

"Why, in course. Whar else could I seen sich resky sarvice, which I done? Ketch me in the cavery. I seen one hoss fite, dat was enough. I made up my mind den dat ef I iver jined the cavery nuffin short of a team of ostrichers or ranedear would suit me."

"How came you to see the fight?"

"Well, hunny, it wus allegedder owin' to that boy Smith Johnson. He cum up to me one day and sed he wuz pinting to go and see his mudder, which she lived a long ways off, ober de ridge, and ses he: 'I want you to go long, Uncle George, Mr. Blakely ses you may, and ride Dobbin, too.' Well, I couldn't to said no ef I'd aried to, fur I'd went fru fire fur him, and he knowed it. Well, we got thar safe and soun', and de ole lady made a heap of fuss over me. When we cum away, ses she: 'Now, Uncle George, don't let my boy get hurt; he's all I got.' Ses I, 'you won't fault me, Missus, ef he does', and so we bid good bye and left de ole lady stanin' in the back potch and waving her han'kercher, till we couldn't see de house any mo'. I broke my wud fust day, fur jest about sundown we were obleeged to cross a bridge, which peared mighty rickety, and I let him go across fust. De planks was loose, and de hoss stumbled and fell on him. His arm was orfully bruised, and we had to go to a house close by, and get it bandaged and tucked in a sling. Next day we got along middlin,' and jest about dark we struck a camp of hoss cavery."

"What were they doing there?"

"Is you allus gwine to be so dumb consarnin' military subjects? Doan you know dat cavery have bezzeness mos' every whar, a sper-rin' around. Well, Smith wuz acquainted with some of de sodyers and we staid all night. I recollect hearn some of em say dat dey had made ole Sherdan's fur fly, and dat rite smart of de barnburners had been kitched and killed. Nex' mawnin', brite and urlly, we made

a start to get ready to eat a bite and be off. I hadn't mo' and tuk a mouthfull of vittles afore I hyearn guns go off. 'What's dat,' sed I to the culled pussen which he was cook. 'Pickets,' sed he, a-stirrin' de fiah widout lookin' 'roun'. 'Yankees about,' ses I, jest to be per-lite. 'A few,' ses he, as if he wished dar wus mo'. Den shootin' agin, and a horn blowed a tune, and all at wunzt ebery man wus a running' to his hoss, and puttin' on de saddle."

"And so you got into a fight before you knew it?"

"Who, me? To tell de truff, hunny, when I seed 'em all a getherin', and hyearn the liftin' moosic of de horn, I felt like cuttin' and slashin' wid de rest of them. But, ses I to myself, while I was a bucklin' Dobbin's bellie-band, 'George, whar's your promise to Mr. Blakely, to take good keer of Dobbin, which you borried, and what kind of a chance is dis here muel going to stand among all dem war hosses.' So I jest throwed the saddle off and sot down on a stump, for to study. Jest then Smith Johnson cum a-runnin' up yellin' fur his hoss. 'What in the the thunder,' ses he, 'are you doin. Are you gone daft.' 'No,' ses I, 'but others is. Didn't I promise your ole mother to look after you, and here you are crazy to make her an orphan, the first chance you git.' 'Stop your enfernal preachin', sed he. But I wouldn't a bit till he passed his word, that all he wanted to do was to ride upon the hill and see de scrimmidge. Den I saddled the critters, and he galloped off, with me a-follerin'. Pooty soon we got on de eend of de rige, and a leetle down the slope afore us I seen a lot of big guns, wid sodyers stan'in' aroun'. 'Look at 'em,' ses he, afore I had tuk my eyes off de shinin' canyon, a-pintin' wid his well arm to de leff. Sakes alive! hunny, de yearth was kivered with blue coats a-cummin' in long and double rows. Ses I, 'pears to me dis ain't no place fur a wounded sodyer and a borried muel.' He never sed nuffin, but sot straiter and leveler on de little bay, his head rared back, and his face all a-fire, now and den lookin' at his bad arm as ef mad enough to bite it off."

"How long before the fighting began?"

"Rite away. Our side opened fust a-makin' de groun' shake. Den de Yankees 'menced, and it peared like all de bummers wuz aimed at us. Dey tore off de tree tops, rooted up de dirt, and screeched and groaned and laffed like so many debbles which had broke dar chains."

"It must have been frightful?"

"I ain't gwine to tell no lies about it. I *was* 'cited, hunny, but I never lost my head wunzt. For jest as I made out to git behine a big



white oak, I spoke what I thunk. Ses I, 'Mr. Captin (I allers named him that), if you hev made up your mine to die rite hear, you better gimme your last word to your mudder, coz I dun and promised Mr. Blakely to take keer of dis mule.' Soon as I named his mudder he sed, 'We had better move away from here.' Jest as we wuz turnin' aroun' for to go, dar riz up an orful roar wid shoutin' and I seed the blue coats a-chargin' de battery. Den he whurled his hoss and went crazy agin. Anudder shout, and 'way from the leff like come a handful of our men to spoirt de guns, but no use. Rite out of de woods on dar side like, busted a blue cloud, and our men broke. Mussy! how de boy went on. 'Look at the infernal cowards! By heavens, they shant have the battery!' he yelled, droppin' de ranes and drawin' his pistol."

"What were the gunners doing?"

"How could I see dem from ahine de big white oak? But I knowed dey did dar level best from what the boy sed: 'That's de time you mowed 'em! Just one more for Dixie! Oh, de noble fellows, how they fite!' he kept sayin'. I took one peep, and de gray and de blue was all mixd aroun' de guns. Jest den I hyearn a shout-in' on de rite, and strait across de slope dar come a whole regiment of Federates. What a sight it wuz! de sabers flashin' and de red cross banner a-streamin' in de air. 'Hurrah!' yelled the boy, and away he went and jined the front fours. I seen 'em go down the hill rite among de guns."

"Did they save the battery?"

"I spec they did, but, hunny, I most disremember. Understan', dar is a heap of slashin' aroun' in a fite, and de nex' thing I mine was tryin' to git Dobbin ober a tall rail fence."

"Did you get him over?"

"Mity right I did. But I hadn't been over long afore I wished I was on t'other side. I had jest straitened myself in de saddle when I hyearn somebody say, 'Surrender, you black debbel.' Sakes alive! I took one look—Mr. Yank, sord in han'. I socked de spurs in deep, and Dobbin fairly flew. I doan know Dobbin's pedergree, but I'm most sho he cum of racin' stock, or else dat man mus' a bin on an onery hoss. De nex' thin' I mine was bein' in a narrer lane. De situation was uncomfortable, 'specially when I seen ahead a wagon-load of hay."

"Why, that was a good place to rally."

"Rally! Dat wasn't de pint. Ebervy man was for passing de load of hay afore de crowd arrove. You better believe it was nip and

tuck. Dobbin made it in de lead, and jest den I hyearn a cry, 'Look out!' den annudder, 'I surrendar!' On looking back I seen a loose artillery hoss tryin' to climb past de waggin, and a-hitten de men wid his gears. I laff now, but I didn't then, hunny, have de time for *bing! bang!* went de pistols, and *clipity! clipity!* old Dobbin rose de hills. Pooty soon I was clar, and den come down to a stiddy run. Feelin' good, I was jest on de pint of holden up when I seen an orful site. On a road leadin' into mine ahed was a blue coat ridin' hard. Sake alive! but I poured it in, whip and spur, to git to de forks of de road fust. Well, I made it, but de Yank was close ahine, and den we had it for a strait mile. At las' I cum to a piece of wood and turned in, bustin' fru de bushes. De limbs tored my face so I couldn't look behine, but I kep' on till Dobbin run plum agin a tree. I looked aroun' and dar was Mr. Yank."

"Did he hurt you?"

"Naw; he jest sed, 'Whar are de Yankees,' and den I knowed he was one of our men wid a blue overcoat on. He had seed me a runnin' and tho't de Yankees was close ahine."

"And so you had a mile race for nothing?"

"Jes so; it was my onus cavery fite, and de las'.

CHIP.

#### NELLY.

"Why, Winnie," said Mrs. Grey, "what does this mean? Where did you get this money, and why do you give it to me?"

"Wal, Miss Ellen, yo' see, ez fur back ez ole mass and mistes' time, me an' my ole man usen to wait on de wite gemplums an' ladies wot come to de big house, an' de ole man, he mitey clus-fisted, an' nebber spen' nuffin, an' sence he die an' ole masse an' miss dey gone, too, Mass Ned, he dun tuk mitey good keer of ole Winnie, an' I nebber bin had no excessity to spen' dat money, so I'se kep' it an' kep' it, ontill 'pears like de Lawd, he dun pint out de way fur it to go. 'Sides, we all's gwine way off yander, an' we can't pear no ways 'spectable 'dout little cash money."

"But, Winnie, only Nelly and I are going away. You are free now, and will find other friends, and——"

"Dah, dah, honey," broke in the poor, old creature, "don' say no mo'. I'se 'bleeged to go 'long. Wat I want to be free fur? Who gwine keer 'bout me? 'Sides, I dun promus Mass Ned I gwine to see to you an' dat chile yander, an'—I'se gwine 'long, shuah."

Wearied and exhausted with the discussion, and unwilling to grieve her husband's faithful, old nurse, who still clung to her own fallen fortunes, Mrs. Grey ceased to object, but resolutely refused to take the money, which Winnie reluctantly gathered up and carried out of the room, to seek among the numerous secret pockets she always wore a secure hiding-place for her treasure. This decided upon, while Mrs. Grey sunk into an uneasy slumber in the chair, the old woman made a little fire just outside the back shed, where, with her pipe, now lighted and now "dead out," she nodded and dozed until morning.

Nelly awoke at sunrise, bewildered at first at her strange surroundings, then oppressed and sadly grieved by recollections of all that had happened. Catching sight of her mother's pale, suffering face, the child flew to her side, seeking to cheer her by fond caresses.

Just then the sound of wheels was heard, as the ambulance wagon, which was to convey them to the railroad, drew up before the door. The driver dismounting, announced that, as the camp was about to be broken up, Colonel —— desired the ladies to start at once, adding that "the colonel would ride over to see them off."

Their loss by the fire had been so complete that there was no baggage. Nelly was glad to wear a clean, white sun-bonnet of Winnie's, and Mrs. Grey was similarly equipped with a black one and a small, black shawl. Maum Winnie appeared in full Sunday rig, her head crowned with a towering head-handkerchief. Her manner was lofty and imposing. Evidently she was aiming to support the family dignity, which had been quite lost sight of by the others, Mrs. Grey being far too sorrowful, and Nelly, in spite of everything, gay and excited at the prospect of a ride and a change.

Putting on her brass-rimmed spectacles, the old woman inspected, with an air of supreme contempt, the "turn-out" before her door, occasionally rolling her eyes toward the driver in a manner that spoke volumes, but was quite lost upon "dat po' wite trash, who 'spected Miss Ellen to git in dat ole market wagon." After the others were seated, Winnie disappeared within the cabin, and, after much delay, came out dragging an immense bundle. She had tied up, in a gorgeous bed-quilt, her feather-bed and pillows, with—nobody knows how many things beside.

The driver sprang to the ground in consternation.

"Hey, old nigger, what's in that great bundle? You can't lug that along. What you got in there, anyhow?"

"Dat *my* bizness," retorted Winnie. "You is too *inquisity*; sides,



who you call nigga? Ise a spectable cullud ooman, an Mass Ned nebber low nobody to call me outen my name." Mrs. Grey vainly tried to restore peace, her voice was not even heard; but just then Colonel —— rode up and at once settled matters, ordering the bundle back into the cabin, and as Winnie seemed inclined to stand her ground, giving her a choice between mounting at once to a seat beside the driver, or being left behind. Then perceiving that Mrs. Grey seemed quite overcome by emotion, and wishing to remove her as quickly as possible from the desolate scene before her, he gave the order to drive on, and raising his hat, rode off towards camp before the lady could find voice to express her gratitude.

A few hours ride brought the refugees to the railroad station where they took the cars for —— the home of Nelly's grandmama. Here a warm welcome and entire comfort awaited them. Nelly had often spent weeks at a time with her grandmama, and was delighted to find all her old haunts as pleasant as ever. Her dolls, toys, books, etc., had been carefully kept. Better than all, she discovered a fine Newfoundland puppy, and a litter of pretty white kittens to console her for the loss of Ponto.

One day when they had been at grandmama's only a fortnight, Nelly saw a neighboring farmer drive up to the front gate and ran gladly to meet him, for farmer Dale was a cheery old man, who had always seemed very fond of the child. Now, however, he looked very grave, merely shaking hands, then bidding Nellie tell her grandmama that he must see her at once "and Nellie you need not come back," said he, "I have business with your grandma." Soon after, the farmer drove away, while grandmama returned to the house wearing a very serious face, and after sitting in the darkened parlor awhile, apparently thinking deeply, passed slowly into her daughter's room. Then Nellie heard a faint cry from her mama, and hurrying into the house found her excitedly walking up and down, wringing her hands, and crying "*I must go to him, I must, I must.*" A letter received by farmer Dale from his son, who was a Confederate soldier, had contained the news that Mr. Grey was wounded and a prisoner. Just where was unknown, or whether his wounds were severe or perhaps fatal. This news rendered the poor wife almost frantic. All night she paced the floor in sleepless agony. Next day the farmer paid a second visit, and was for a long time closeted with the distressed ladies. Afterward, Mrs. Grey seemed more restless than before, requiring the constant attention of both grandmama and Maum Winnie. Thus a week passed. Suddenly one morning farmer Dale again

appeared, and this time was very smiling and gracious to Nellie. "Chatterbox," said he, "how would you like to ride home with me and stay awhile, until your mother gets better. You can run about over there and make all the noise you want to, nobody will mind it." Nellie could not tell whether she would like it or not. It was very dull where she was, but she did not care to leave her poor mama. Grandmama, however, decided the matter by assuring her that Mrs. Grey needed perfect quiet, and would be better without her. So the little girl ran off to Maum Winnie to be dressed for her ride.

Arrived at the farm house the kindness of the family and the novelty of everything she saw, so charmed the child that for awhile she was quite content. Little tasks were, by her own request, assigned to her, easy and pleasant, but seeming to the child of great consequence. But, in spite of all, home-sickness attacked her, she grew uneasy of everything, and begged to be taken to her mama. The kind farmer and his wife tried to turn her thoughts from the subject, telling her she could not go just then, but day by day Nellie became more dissatisfied, and the longing for home grew stronger, until, on the evening when this story begins, she actually ran away. And now let us see what became of her.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

#### HIGH PRICE FOR NEEDLES AND THREAD.

"WALTER" sends to "The Nook" the following, which will, we are sure, please our young readers:

My father was once a private soldier in the Confederate army, and he tells us all many interesting stories of the war. One morning, just as he was going down town, mother sent me to ask him to change a dollar. He couldn't do it, but he said:

"Ask your mother how much change she wants."

She only wanted a dime to buy a paper of needles and some silk to mend my jacket. So I went back and asked for ten cents. Instead of taking it out of his vest pocket, father opened his pocket-book and said:

"Did you say you wanted *ten dollars* or ten cents, my boy?"

"Why, father," said I, "who ever heard of paying *ten dollars* for needles and thread?"

"*I have,*" said he. "I once heard of a paper of needles and a skein of silk worth *more* than ten dollars."

His eyes twinkled and looked so pleasant, that I knew there was a story on hand. So I told mother and sis' Loo, and they promised to

find out all about it. After supper that night mother coaxed father to tell us the story, and we liked it ever so much. So I got mother to write it down for the BIVOUAC.

After the battle of Chickamauga, one of "our mess" found a needle-case which had belonged to some poor fellow, probably among the killed. He did not place much value upon the contents, although there was a paper of No. 8 needles, several buttons, and a skein or two of thread, cut at each end and neatly braided, so that each thread could be smoothly drawn out. He put the whole thing in his breast pocket, and thought no more about it. But one day, while out foraging for himself and his mess, he found himself near a house where money could have procured a fine meal of fried chicken, corn pone, and buttermilk, besides a small supply to carry back to camp. But Confederate soldiers' purses were generally as empty as their stomachs, and, in this instance, the lady of the house did not offer to give away her nice dinner. While the poor fellow was inhaling the enticing odor and feeling desperately hungry, a girl rode up to the gate on horseback, and bawled out to another girl inside the house:

"O, Cindy, I rid over to see if you couldn't lend me a needle. I broke the last one I had to-day, and pap says thar ain't nary 'nother to be bought in the country hereabouts."

Cindy declared *she* was in the same fix, and couldn't finish her new homespun dress for the same reason.

The soldier just then had an idea. He retired to a little distance, pulled out his case, and stuck two needles on the front of his jacket, then went back and offered one of them, with his best bow, to the girl on the horse. Right away the lady of the house offered to trade for the one remaining, and the result was a plentiful dinner for himself, and, in consideration of a thread or two of silk, a full haversack and canteen. After this our mess was well supplied, and our forager began to look sleek and fat. The secret of his success did not leak out till long afterward, when he astonished the boys by declaring that he "had been living like a fighting cock on a paper of needles and two skeins of silk."

"And," added father, "if he had paid for all the meals he got in Confederate money, the amount would have been far more than ten dollars."

I know other boys and girls will think this a queer story, but I hope they will like it as well as mother and Loo and I did.

WALTER ———.



## Editorial.

### "A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

A merry Christmas to all our subscribers. The law allows it, and the American people award it. Others may croak of hard times, but we will praise the bridge that carried us safely over. Our production is bad, and so is cheap cotton and grain, but what care we for such trifles, now that the ark has returned to Israel. Take we our harp from the willows, and sing a song of Dixie. Who dares talk of calamity in the presence of a disenthralled ex-Confederate? Who knows so much of starvation and suffering as he? Yet, what are the afflictions of the body to those of the spirit. The genius of American liberty has triumphed and broken the chains of the captive; after twenty years in the wilderness the hills of Canaan appear. Therefore, a merry Christmas, say we.

THE annual flow of the tramp towards the cities has begun. Soon the ranks of idle men will be re-enforced by the advancing column of professionals. Charity this winter may become a public duty. He who gives will not only relieve suffering, but lessen crime.

THE hard times are not confined to discharged workingmen. They pinch all the toilers—the brain-worker as well as the hod-carrier. The curse of monopoly, under the specious forms of class legislation, is all-pervading. But why complain? Is not the nation richer by many billions than it was twenty years ago? Small comfort this to the many who have been impoverished to enrich the few. Another consolation: Two classes clearly fatten on the times—the capitalist and the tramp. The money of the one appreciates as other values depreciate; while the sophisticated tramp not only finds a greater number of unoccupied hay-ricks, but he may more successfully pose now as a victim of financial disaster.

THE Culpeper *Exponent*, Virginia, one of our most agreeable exchanges, has been purchased by James W. Green. He has our best wishes for success. We have no doubt that, under his management, the *Exponent* will continue to deliver stalwart blows for the right. Zeal of youth makes up in energy what it may sometimes lack in experience.

# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC has entered upon the third year of its existence, and its success seems assured.

Its circulation has been increased more than five-fold within a year, but this has been accomplished by untiring labor and at some loss.

Its publication was commenced by an association of ex-Confederates for the sole purpose of preserving for history the stories and incidents of the war that never appear in army reports. It was the first to lead off in this venture, and has been quickly followed, not only by the newspapers North and South, but the leading magazines of the country are making it an especial feature in their issues.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is the only Confederate soldiers' magazine published in the United States.

At the outset, the price of subscription was fixed so as just to cover the cost of publication and postage. Other expenses were not considered, such as compensation of agents, advertising, etc. In the meantime, composition and material have advanced, and we, therefore, feel justified in raising the price, hereafter, to \$2.00 per annum.

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## BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

Our subscription list for the last year having exceeded expectation, we find ourselves short of the September and February numbers of Vol. II, for which we will pay 15 cents each, to be remitted by mail or credited upon account. Those who can spare them, will please send by mail.

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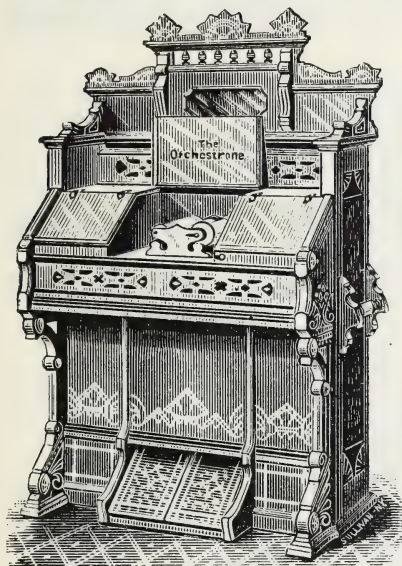
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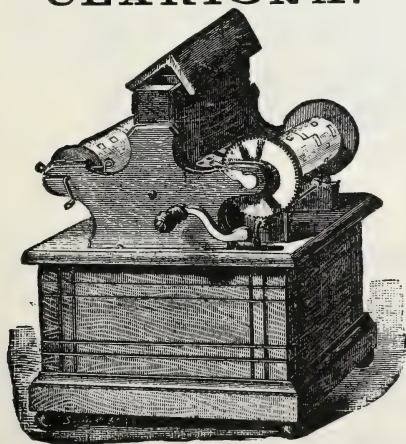
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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. III.

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[For the BIVOUAC.]

## HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

### CHAPTER IV.



GENERAL BEAUREGARD assumed command of the Military Division of the West on the 17th of October, and established his headquarters, temporarily, at Jacksonville, Alabama. On the 19th, he set out to join the Army of Tennessee, on its march down the Chatooga valley, and expected to find it at Blue Pond, in accordance with the plan of operations agreed on at Cave Spring on the 9th. At Blue Pond, he met General Wheeler, who informed him that General Hood had marched beyond that point in a south-westwardly direction to Gadsden. Beauregard, as soon as he learned the exact locality of the army, at once changed his course, and joined it on the forenoon of the 21st.

Hood had determined, unless prevented by superior authority, to march his army beyond the Tennessee river, and continue his efforts to destroy the railroad communications in Tennessee between Chattanooga and Nashville, and, after having accomplished this result, to continue his march beyond the Cumberland river, and occupy a line in Kentucky, with his left at Richmond and his right at Hazel Green, and threaten Cincinnati. He firmly believed that this movement would force Sherman to evacuate Atlanta, and abandon his lines and fortified posts in Georgia and Middle Tennessee. So thoroughly was he impressed with this idea, that he pictured to himself the achievement of this plan of operations; a successful campaign brilliantly executed in Tennessee, and his occupancy of Kentucky, in command of a victorious army, with his line established at Richmond and extended to Hazel Green, with the gaps in the Cumberland mountains in his rear. In his mind's eye, he marched his army from this imaginary line, through the gaps in the Cumberland mountains, to Petersburg, Vir-

ginia, in the rear of Grant, and to the relief of the army under General Lee.\* This singular conceit mastered all of his faculties, and, fascinated with this picture of great results achieved, which was not within the range of human possibilities, in the glow of his raptured vision on this great field of military operations, embracing, as it did, whole States, he maneuvered and marched his army on these visionary lines many hundreds of miles, in midwinter, across broad and rapid rivers, and through a country much of it sterile, and over rugged mountains, inhabited by a brave, hardy, and hostile population, intensely loyal to the Federal Government.

It is strange, indeed, that such a plan of military operations, under the circumstances, and in the presence of his surroundings, should have possessed his mind; and yet more strange is the fact, in the light of subsequent developments, that he should, in the sobriety of reason, in after years, record it as a part of the history of this campaign. On his right, at Gaylesville, was Sherman, with a grand army superior in numbers, equipments, and transportation, and with great resources at his command; north of him was the Tennessee river, patrolled with gunboats, except a short stretch of river, between Colbert Shoals and Muscle Shoals, carrying improved armaments and commanded by educated naval officers; and, beyond the Tennessee river, General Thomas, a resolute and accomplished soldier, was rapidly organizing a powerful army, receiving re-enforcements and drawing supplies from the States in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and would, as he shortly afterward did, confront him with a superior army, complete in all of its appointments, and battle with him for the occupancy of the territory south of the Cumberland river. Add to all this the physical fact, that Hood was without material resources. His transportation was inadequate to the wants of his army; his motive power, with its carrying capacity over the railroads in rear of him, was so limited and defective that he could not collect and carry stores and supplies to any given point, when the movements of his army rendered a change of base necessary, to enable him, with precision of time and distance, to make a march of ten consecutive days through the country north of him; and, in short, he was without the physical ability to provide the necessary supplies to make a rapid march into Tennessee before the enemy could concentrate an army in front of him.

On the night of the day General Beauregard arrived at Hood's headquarters at Gadsden, the plan of a movement of the army north of the Tennessee river was discussed and considered by these two

\*"Advance and Retreat," page 267.



generals. Hood explained and elaborated his plan of campaign, and, with an earnest effort, endeavored to remove, or satisfy, any objection to the plan, or its details, that Beauregard made. Maps were examined, and the difficulties of the proposed march considered. The condition of the railroads in North Mississippi and Alabama was discussed, and the great difficulty of accumulating supplies at Tuscumbia, which would be the new base. To all objections Hood replied that he could march into Tennessee, subsist his army on the country, and capture supplies from the enemy, and, in the meantime, the railroads could be repaired to Corinth, and thence to Tuscumbia, and supplies could be warehoused there. A full, free, and frank discussion between these generals, and a comprehensive consideration of its details resulted in the acquiescence of Beauregard.

The plan adopted was that, on the 22d, the Army of Tennessee should march to the Tennessee river and cross it at Gunter's Ferry, and move rapidly into Tennessee and commence the destruction of the railroad from Stevenson to Nashville. On the 23d, General Beauregard directed General Hood to have prepared for the signature of General Cheatham an address to the citizens of Tennessee, calling on them to unite with the veteran troops under Cheatham and Forrest, and "redeem themselves from the yoke of a vile oppressor," etc., and that it be printed at Huntsville.\* General Beauregard instructed General Taylor to order Forrest and Roddy, with their cavalry commands, to report to General Hood between Guntersville and Decatur.

While the plans of Hood's campaign beyond the Tennessee river were being discussed and considered at Gadsden, Sherman's army was a short distance to the north-east in an adjoining county, encamped at Alpine, Melville, and Gaylesville, subsisting on the farmers in the Chatooga valley. General Schofield joined him on this line, with Wagner's and Morgan's divisions, having marched by Rossville and Gordon's Mill. General J. H. Wilson, having been ordered from Virginia by General Grant, reported to General Sherman for the purpose of organizing a cavalry corps of three divisions. General Slocum was at Atlanta gathering great quantities of supplies from the farms in the surrounding country. The railroad was being rapidly repaired, and in a few days would be in condition to answer the requirements of the army and military posts maintained on it, in the perfection of the final arrangements that preceded Sherman's march to Savannah.

Sherman was constantly engaged in giving directions to General Thomas for the protection of Tennessee; corresponding with Generals

\*General Beauregard, Vol. II, page 291, and Appendix, page 602.

Grant and Halleck, and Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. He held his army in observation on the Coosa, while Hood developed his future movements. Thomas was instructed that in the event Hood should attempt to go into Tennessee west of Huntsville, to let him go, then turn on him and destroy him before he could escape.\* General Sherman, however, was of the opinion that Hood would not dare turn up Will's valley, with him in his rear and the Tennessee river in his front, and in this view of the immediate movement of the Army of the Tennessee, he believed Hood would go to Blue mountain, the terminus of the Selma and Talledega road, where he and Beauregard would concoct new mischief.†

Sherman's cipher telegrams from his field headquarters at Summer-ville and Gaylesville show that he considered himself master of the situation, and he so declared himself in his dispatch to General Grant of October 22d. He knew, and so expressed himself, of the difficulties that embarrassed Hood. The Tennessee valley had been exhausted and its fields devastated in 1862 and 1863, and it barely yielded a miserable subsistence to its resident population, and he knew that Hood could not draw supplies from it. He also knew that the Memphis & Charleston railroad, between Corinth and Decatur, was a ruin, utterly worthless, and wholly unreliable for the transportation of army stores to Tusculumbia. The topographical features of this country were familiar to his mind, and with perfect readiness he could and did indicate the natural difficulties to be encountered by Hood in his northward march.

Bold, self-reliant, and aggressive, he contemplated with composure the situation of Hood's army, and, with the sagacity of a soldier, estimated the chances of success of any movement that Hood might make. With an unerring eye, he measured distances, and gave due weight to physical difficulties in making his estimates and in computing the probabilities of success of military movements; and he indicated with general accuracy Hood's objective points, and from his abundant resources provided means of resistance and protection. With his army complete in all of its appointments, and thoroughly mobilized, and his soldiers inspired with admiration for his intrepidity and abilities, and trusting in him with undoubting convictions, he held the field with the firm resolution, however imposing the demonstrations on his flanks and line of communications, not to relinquish his hold on any territory acquired by his invading army. If Hood maintained his base

\*Cipher telegram to General Thomas, dated, In the Field, Ships, Georgia, October 17, 1864.

†Cipher telegram to General Grant October 22, 1864.

at Blue mountain, he instructed Thomas, when he had collected and organized his army in Tennessee, to move on Selma; or, if he moved into Tennessee, then Thomas was directed to concentrate his troops, retaining a few points fortified and well stocked with provisions, and meet him.

Sherman did not intend to be put on the defensive, but was resolved to assume and continue the offensive. He had no idea of allowing himself to be maneuvered out of Georgia into Tennessee. He was resolute in his determination to march his army of sixty thousand soldiers through Georgia to the Atlantic, or, as he expressed it in a cipher telegram to General Wilson of October 17, 1864: "I am going into the bowels of the Confederacy, and propose to leave a trail that will be recognized fifty years hence." And to General Halleck he wrote of his proposed march: "This movement is not purely military or strategic, but it will illustrate the vulnerability of the South."

In the armies under Sherman, the terms of enlistment of many regiments were expiring, and the efforts of Secretary Stanton were directed to forwarding fresh levies to the front for distribution in his veteran divisions. This question of recruiting the army with negro troops was the occasion of a vigorous letter from General Sherman to Secretary Stanton.\*

General Joseph Wheeler, with his cavalry, was active in the enemy's front, and, by his vigilance and enterprise, kept Sherman in ignorance of the exact position of Hood's Army. Wheeler pushed his outposts

\* "HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,  
IN THE FIELD, GAYLESVILLE, ALA., October 25, 1864.

"SIR: I do not wish to be considered as in anyway adverse to the organization of negro regiments, further than as to its effects on the white race. I do wish the fine race of men that people our Northern States should rule and determine the future destiny of America; but if they prefer trade and gain, and leave to bought substitutes and negroes the fighting (the actual conflict), of course, the question is settled, for those who hold the swords and muskets at the end of this war (which is but fairly begun) will have something to say. If negroes are to fight, they, too, will not be content with sliding back into the status of slave or free negro. I much prefer to keep the negroes yet, for some time to come, in a subordinate state; for our prejudices, yours as well as mine, are not yet schooled for absolute equality.

"Jeff. Davis has succeeded perfectly in inspiring his people with the truth that liberty and government are worth fighting for; that pay and pensions are silly nothings compared to the prize fought for. Now, I would aim to inspire our own people with the same ideas; that it is not right to pay one thousand (\$1,000) dollars to some fellow who will run away, to do his fighting, or to some



above and beyond Sherman, and occupied Bird and Dug gaps, and, with his pickets and scouts, from thence southwardly in front of the enemy, to and beyond his most distant outposts on the Coosa, and absolutely concealed Hood's movements. He also made it impossible for Sherman to obtain information, either through spies, deserters, or inhabitants, from within Hood's lines. Wheeler's abilities as a general in command of a cavalry corps had been so constantly demonstrated in the campaigns of 1864, that General Sherman applied to General Grant to send him General J. H. Wilson to organize, equip, and command a corp of cavalry to be operated against him. And it is true of the operations of this campaign, that the only instance in which Sherman's judgment was at fault, and his headquarters without information of current events within his adversary's lines, was when Hood broke camp at Gadsden and marched his army on the roads leading to Gunter's Ferry. Hood had marched his army three days from Gadsden, and the vanguard of his army was deploying into line in front of Decatur, before Sherman was apprized of his movement, and then the information was received from General Thomas, at Nashville. No higher tribute than this can be paid the soldierly qualities of Wheeler and his cavalry divisions.

When Beauregard and Hood, in council at Gadsden, determined the

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poor negro, who is thinking of the day of jubilee; but that every young and middle-aged man should be proud of the chance to fight for the stability of his country, without profit and without price; and I would like to see all trade and manufactures *absolutely* cease until this fight is over; and I have no hesitation or concealment in saying that there is not and should not be the remotest chance of peace again on this continent till all this is realized, save the peace which would result from the base and cowardly submittal to Jeff. Davis' terms. I would use negroes as surplus, but not spare a single white man, not one. Any white man who don't and won't fight now should be killed, banished, or denationalized, and then we would discriminate among the noisy patriots and see who really should vote.

"If the negroes fight, and the whites don't, of course the negroes will govern. They won't ask you or me for the privilege, but will simply take it, and probably reverse the relation hitherto existing, and they would do right.

"If, however, the Government is determined to push the policy to the end, it is both my duty and my pleasure to assist, and, in that event, I would like to have Colonel Bowman, now commanding the district of Wilmington, Delaware, to organize and equip such as may fall into the custody of the army I command.

"I am, with respect, your obedient servant.

"W. T. SHERMAN,

"HON. E. M. STANTON,

"Major-General Commanding."

"Secretary of War, Washington, D. C."

general plan of the campaign, and resolved on a rapid march to Gunter's Ferry, and thence to Stevenson and Bridgeport, General Taylor, as before stated, was instructed to order Forrest and Roddy to report to General Hood between Decatur and Gunter's, and it was also determined that Wheeler, with his cavalry, with the exception of Jackson's division, which was to go with the infantry, should remain and observe Sherman, and follow him whenever he moved, to harass and obstruct his march.

Taylor evidently misconceived Beauregard's order, for he directed Forrest to move into Tennessee and make a diversion on the upper Tennessee river. General Forrest at once marched into Tennessee, west of the Tennessee river, and, with Buford's division, occupied Lexington, Chalmer's division being at McLemoresville, and himself, with Rucker's command, at Paris; and General Roddy was moved from Courtland, Alabama, to Corinth, to guard that point, and prevent the enemy, at Clifton, from crossing above, and move on the Memphis and Charleston road, looking to a junction with the forces at Memphis.\* Buford was recalled from Lexington to Huntingdon, and thence marched to the mouth of the Big Sandy, with instructions to select some point on the Tennessee above the Big Sandy, and blockade the river; and Chalmers was withdrawn from McLemoresville to Paris, in supporting distance of Buford. Buford made a reconnoissance of the river and selected Fort Heiman, and put within its works two twenty-pounder Parrots, and a section of Brown's artillery below the fort, with Crossland's brigade in support, and about five miles lower down the river, at Paris Landing, he placed Morton's artillery, supported by Bell's brigade. These batteries were located so as to command the river for three miles, and, of course, were masked. On the morning of the 29th, the transport Mazeppa passed between the batteries, when the artillery opened, and speedily disabled her. She was abandoned by her crew and captured. She was heavily freighted with a large assortment of army stores. Three gunboats came to her assistance, and, from a distance, shelled the landing at which the steamer was fastened. Her cargo was discharged, and the steamer then burned. The supplies were safely landed, and, in part, appropriated to the wants of the troopers. On the following day, the steamer Anna succeeded in running by the batteries, although she was severely damaged. The gunboat Undine, convoying the transport Venus, was permitted to pass into the stretch of river between the batteries,

\*Letter of General Forrest to General Taylor, October 24th, 1864. Campaigns of Forrest's Cavalry, page 591.

when the artillery opened on her. The Undine engaged the batteries with spirit, but was compelled to take refuge in the bend of the river, out of range of the artillery and Bell's sharpshooters. A steam transport, coming down the river, was disabled and captured by the artillery at Paris Landing. Chalmers, with Rucker's brigade and a battery of artillery, reached Paris Landing on the 30th. Rucker made a personal reconnoissance of the bend of the river, and determined that it was feasible to attack and capture the gunboat Undine and the transport Venus. The dismounted cavalymen were put in position, and, with their fire, commanded the port-holes of the Undine, under cover of which a section of artillery was gotten into position and opened on the gunboat. The Venus was captured by Colonel Kelly, and the gunboat, with her port-holes closed, made for the opposite shore, and was abandoned. Colonel Kelly, with two companies of his regiment, boarded the Venus and brought the Undine to Paris Landing.

Another gunboat, coming down the river, anchored out of range and shelled a section of Rice's battery. The Alabama Cadets, as sharpshooters, were advanced, and soon commanded the ports of this gunboat, and, assisted by a section of artillery, compelled her to weigh anchor and move up the river. The Undine and Venus, although damaged, were not materially injured, and mechanics were detailed and put to work, and both boats were readily made serviceable. The Cheeseman, upon inspection, proved to be seriously damaged, and she was burned. The stores captured on the Mazeppa were transferred to the Venus. Captain Gracey, of Company "E," Third Kentucky Cavalry, with a complement of officers and men, was ordered to command the gunboat, and Colonel Dawson, with the two twenty-pounder Parrots, was ordered, with a sufficient crew, to command the transport Venus. In the meantime, General Forrest had arrived, and a trial trip of the gunboat and transport was made to Fort Heiman and return. Both boats were ordered to move slowly up the river for Johnsonville, while the cavalry marched on the country roads for the same point. The Undine and Venus reached a bend in the river in advance of the cavalry, above Davidson's Ferry, and unexpectedly encountered three gunboats. These gunboats at once delivered a well-directed fire, and immediately disabled the Venus, and she was run ashore, abandoned, and her cargo and armament of Parrots captured. The Undine, being unable to contend against the three gunboats, under a heavy fire, dropped down the river to Davidson's Ferry, and escaped capture under cover of the artillery of Chalmer's



division, which had been ordered to her relief. On the following day, the gunboats renewed the attack on the Undine, and Captain Gracey, being unable to cope with the gunboats, ran her ashore and burned her.

Forrest had ordered Mabry's brigade, with Thrall's artillery, to march from Paris to the Tennessee river and quietly take position on the river bank, opposite Johnsonville, and, with Buford's and Chalmer's divisions, he moved rapidly to that point. At this time, General Lyon, an able officer, with a military education, on his return from a raid in Kentucky, joined Forrest. General Forrest availed himself of Lyon's superior abilities, and directed him to make a reconnaissance of the river bank, with a view of selecting the best positions for the artillery.

The object in view was the destruction of the gunboats and transports, and the immense warehouses filled with stores and supplies. Thrall was put in position opposite the Southern landing at Johnsonville, and Morton and Briggs at two different points north of Thrall. The cavalry were dismounted and distributed on the bank of the river, to support the artillery. These arrangements were perfected without having attracted the attention of the enemy. Gunboats, transports, and barges were in the river in front of Johnsonville, wholly unconscious of the impending storm about to burst on them. On the 4th of November, at 2 o'clock, the artillery in battery simultaneously opened on the gunboats and transports, and for one hour poured a storm of shot and shell into the boats. The gunboats were destroyed and the transports were set on fire, and, floating down the river with the current, carried consternation and destruction to all water craft, of whatever character, in the river. The wind blew the flames and sparks from the burning transports to the shore, and communicated with bales of hay and barrels of whisky on the levee, and thence to the great government warehouses. All government property was destroyed in this general conflagration. The artillery, after the first hour, directed its fire into Johnsonville, and continued the cannonade until dark.

Colonel Thompson commanded the garrison consisting of the Forty-third Wisconsin, Twelfth United States colored troops, and a detachment of the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, and the naval forces were under the command of Lieutenant E. M. King. General Thomas admits the loss of three gunboats, eight transports, and about a dozen barges, and all army stores accumulated at Johnsonville, and says that the loss, as far as then estimated, was one and a half-million

dollars.\* The Confederate account places the loss as follows: Three gunboats, eleven transports, eighteen barges, all army stores and supplies, and government warehouses, estimated at eight millions of money.†

On the 5th of November, Forrest received an order from General Beauregard to join Hood between Florence and Columbia. Constant and heavy rains had set in, and the country roads were rough, heavy, and difficult to march over. Forrest moved his command up the river to Perryville, and attempted to cross the Tennessee. The river was rising rapidly, and, with great difficulty, Rucker succeeded in crossing his brigade, and Forrest, with the balance of his command, marched by the way of Iuka, and joined Hood at Tuscumbia.

On the 22d of October, Hood's army, with twenty days' rations, marched from Gadsden for Guntersville, intending to cross the Tennessee river at that point, or its immediate neighborhood. When one day's march from Gadsden, he changed his route, and marched, in a westwardly direction, over Sand mountain and the head waters of the Black Warrior river, by Somerville, to Decatur. General Hood says that, when he bivouacked at Bennettsville, he received information that Forrest was at Jackson, Tennessee, and could not move into Middle Tennessee, as the river was too high, and because of this information, he changed his line of march and abandoned the plan of campaign agreed on two days before, and deflected his marching columns westward for Florence.

There is a grave mistake in this statement. The weather had been and was then fair and beautiful, and the rain did not set in until the first days of November, and the Tennessee river did not rise until about the 4th of November. And, besides this, Forrest was ordered, through General Taylor, on the 22d, to join General Hood between Decatur and Guntersville, and it was not possible to hear from him the next day, when communications were through a line of couriers to the nearest telegraph station.

Beauregard remained at Gadsden until the 24th, and then started to overtake Hood, as he supposed, at Guntersville, and when he traveled two-thirds of the distance he learned that Hood had turned to the left, and marched to Decatur. Hood failed to inform Beauregard of his material alteration of the plan agreed upon. When Beauregard reached Hood's headquarters at Decatur, Hood, in explanation of this change in the plan of the campaign, said that when about half way to

\*Thomas' Official Report.

†Campaigns of Forrest's Cavalry, page 607.

Guntersville he learned that the crossing at that point was strongly guarded, and that there was no crossing point nearer than Decatur.\* This alteration in the line of march destroyed one of the chief features of the campaign. A rapid march to the Tennessee river, to cross it at Gunters, to move on Stevenson, and commence the destruction of the railway lines before Thomas could concentrate, or be re-enforced, was what he intended. The march to Decatur, if Hood could have crossed the river there, would have added fully one hundred miles to his line of march, as originally planned, and, consequently, enabled Thomas to concentrate, and Sherman to re-enforce him. Whether an adherence to the line of march, as agreed on at Gadsden, would have changed the fortunes of Hood's army, is, as a matter of course, mere conjecture.

On the 26th, Hood appeared in force on the south of Decatur, and as his corps arrived he placed them in position, and made heavy demonstrations. Decatur was well fortified, and at the time Hood made his appearance before it, the garrison consisted of the Eighteenth Michigan, commanded by Colonel Doolittle; and late in the day General R. S. Granger arrived with re-enforcements. †A reconnoissance disclosed strong works, with a sufficient garrison to make a stubborn defense. The skirmish lines were well advanced, and the temper of the garrison frequently tested, without bringing on an engagement. Hood soon concluded that he could not cross the Tennessee at Decatur, and resolved to attempt a crossing lower down at Courtland. The engineers were sent to Courtland, and reported that a crossing could be effected, but not without difficulty. General Hood informed Beauregard that many of his soldiers were without shoes, and that he had not enough provisions to go into Middle Tennessee with, and that he would go to Tuscumbia, supply his army, and cross the river in that neighborhood.‡

Tuscumbia is ninety miles west of Guntersville, and to march the army and cross the river at that point, and then march to Stevenson, would add one hundred and eighty miles to the original line of march, and give Thomas ample time to concentrate and receive re-enforcements from Sherman.

Lee's corps had been moved to Leighton on the 27th, while Cheatham and Stewart remained in front of Decatur. On the night of the 29th, General S. D. Lee received orders to march his corps to Florence

\*General Beauregard, by Roman, Vol. II., page 293.

†The March to the Sea, Franklin and Nashville, by General J. D. Cox, page 14.

‡General Beauregard, by Roman, Vol. II., page 293.



and cross the Tennessee river; and on the following day he arrived at South Florence, and Gibson's brigade, of Clayton's division, crossed the river at the railroad bridge, and two brigades of Johnson's division crossed the river about two and one half miles above South Florence. The Tennessee river, at the points crossed by these troops, is about one thousand yards wide. On the night of the 30th and the morning of the 31st, the remainder of Clayton's and Johnson's divisions crossed the river; and Stevenson's division crossed on the 2d of November. When the brigades of Clayton's and Johnson's divisions crossed the river on the 30th of October, General Croxton, with about one thousand cavalry, resisted the crossing of these troops. Under cover of a heavy artillery fire, the crossing was accomplished. Sharpe's brigade, of Johnson's division, on reaching the north bank of the river, late in the afternoon, was moved on the Florence and Huntsville road, encountered the enemy under Croxton, and drove him back to Shoal creek\*, inflicting a small loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Cheatham and Stewart withdrew their corps in front of Decatur, and marched west through the ruined and devastated valley of the Tennessee to Tusculumbia.

D. W. SANDERS,

*Major and A. A. G. French's Division, Stewart's Corps.*

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## FROM INFANTRY TO CAVALRY.

### NUMBER III.



STOCKBRIDGE, Georgia, was the scene of our next exploits as mounted infantry, and we had about become settled down to camp life when the writer was handed a map of the country by his superior officers, and sent forward toward Atlanta some eight miles, with the left wing of the Fourth Kentucky, to do picket duty. After some trouble finding the by-roads and residences laid down on the map, I selected headquarters at the forks of the road, one of which led directly to Atlanta and the other eastwardly, and threw the videttes over toward the main road leading from Atlanta. In front of and about one mile from headquarters lived Mr. Carruthers, and about the same distance further on lived Mr. Stubbs. A couple of videttes were placed a few hundred yards beyond the latter place, and, spreading southward the remainder of the left wing in like manner, watched the country for

\*General S. D. Lee's report.

\*about five or six miles. We were kept out in this position for a week, during which time we went in for all the sport convenient. The Second Kentucky was stationed immediately on our left and a part of the Fifth Kentucky on our right. The greatest attraction was in front of my headquarters, where dwelt a most beautiful and accomplished young lady, Miss Nannie Stubbs. Her father was very old, but sociable, dignified, and hospitable. The officers of the other two regiments visited there frequently, and made it very convenient, when inspecting their lines, to gallop over in my territory, as if they had business there. But, being in a direct route to the advanced post on my line, I had a right to examine the outstanding videttes a dozen times a day, if necessary. My favorite time was about ten o'clock in the morning, and if she was in good voice, she would sing the sweet songs of the day and chat so entertainingly, that, somehow, dinner would be announced before I was aware of the flight of time. It was amusing to see Captain J. T. G., of the Fifth, or Captain W. T. B. S., of the same regiment, framing excuses for their encroachment at such times. They only dropped in to borrow such-and-such a book, and really did not think they had time to dine; but, as they were there, they would gracefully accept, which would greatly trouble me, for fear the "rations" might fall short.

Captain Jack Brown, with ten or twelve men, was scouting our front, reporting every two or three days, and, from all accounts, it seemed that we would not be molested for some time. But, like all bright places in a soldier's life, our pleasures were only too brief. I was sitting in the parlor of Mr. Stubbs one day, talking with Miss Nannie and her father about the probability of Sherman coming further South. He was very uneasy, for the report had spread among the people that Sherman intended to march on the defenseless women and children of Georgia, and burn every building in his way. I remember how earnestly I strove to disabuse his mind. "For," said I, "Sherman has no use for this country now. There is no army in his front to conquer, and no forage for his stock, nor provisions for his men, and, coming fresh, as we do, from the trenches, where every usage of civilized war was recognized, I believe you are doing him an injustice, Mr. Stubbs. With his reputation, he can not afford to turn his fine body of men loose on unarmed women and children and old men, for the purpose of arson and plunder." He sadly shook his head, and mechanically replied: "I hope so, sir, I hope so." The young lady was as hopeful as myself, and when, as a compromise, I told him that Captain Brown, or some of his scouts, would warn him

in plenty of time to get away safely should Sherman start South, she gladly assented, and together we somewhat comforted the old gentleman. While we were still talking, a woolly-headed, little darkey poked his head in at the door and shouted at me: "Mass Cap'ing, cey is a gem'man at de gate wants you." I immediately went out to the front door, and saw Frank Chapman, of Company "D," who called out lustily: "Cap., they are fighting at headquarters!" "Bring the videttes in with you, Frank, and I will go right in," said I; and then it was, "Good-bye, Mr. Stubbs; good-bye, Miss Nannie," and I was at the style and in my saddle. "Hope for the best," said I to him, and "Don't you get hurt, captain, but be sure to drive them back," said she, and I was fifty yards away by this time. As far as I could see I was turned in my saddle, gazing back at this brave, beautiful girl, who was courageously waving her handkerchief at me, while I shook my cap above me at arm's length. I have never seen nor heard of this family since, but I would count it a great pleasure to meet them again.

The firing in the direction of our little camp was very brisk, and it lent fleetness to the little horse I rode. Being unused to riding, and this being Bill Bradshaw's fiery bay, she seemed to fly toward the scene of conflict, and, arriving there, she kept on up the Atlanta road toward the Federal column. I succeeded in checking her about midway, and, running the gauntlet of bullets, took position with my command. The boys were holding out splendidly in the woods, and, having retained the long Enfields we had in infantry, they were hitting some one every now and again. Major Mynher was sent out with half of the Fifth to relieve the other half on our right, and arrived on the ground just in time for the fight. Colonel Thompson, of the Fourth, was sent out to assist us in our retreat (the news having reached Stockbridge by another route) with the remainder of our regiment, and was also in time for the fray. The second regiment had fallen back on Stockbridge by a different road to ours, and hence our picket base was left open to the advancing enemy. After fighting about an hour, we found that escape via Stockbridge was impossible, as our rear was filled with Yankees, so we made our way out through a country road, leaving Stockbridge to the right. We had a gallant ride through the night, only stopping about 10 o'clock to rest our stock, then on to McDonough, where we rejoined our command. The scouts and unrelieved videttes were several days arriving. How they ever found us has always been a mystery to me.

There was now no doubt in our minds that Sherman was making



for the sea, and we knew that nothing was to hinder him only our little skeleton brigade of mounted infantry.

I would give the readers of the BIVOUAC a report of our killed and wounded, if there had been any, in the action herein described. Blood was not drawn from man or beast, so far as I ever heard.

FRED JOYCE.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

# COLOR-BEARER OF THE FOURTH KENTUCKY INFANTRY.

How many heroes like him spoken of in the following are there yet unhonored in the South? The youthful Confederate burned, alike with love of glory and native land. To many, at the dying hour, consoling was the thought that their valiant deeds would be remembered; yet those who witnessed them suffer their bright names to be covered with the dust of oblivion:

PARIS, KY., December 8, 1884.

After the assault of Hardee's force on Sherman's advance, at Jonesboro, Georgia, August 31, 1864, the writer went back about sunset to look after some of the wounded, when I found many badly hurt, some dead already, and others dying. Among them, stretched at full length, with the pallor of death overspreading his handsome, manly face, his keen, dark blue eyes blazing like burning coals, lay Robert Lindsay, co'or bearer of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry. He was delirious, with a ghastly shot through the right breast, but seemed, by some intuitive knowledge that approaching dissolution, perhaps, lends to her struggling victims, to look into the future. He said: "We are to be mounted, and Captain John has promised to get me a horse. If he forgets it, won't you attend to it." I would have promised him a continent. Poor Bob, before the rising of the morrow's sun his body was ready for the shallow grave which was to receive it, and there it rests to-day; it may be unmarked, but it covers the dust of as a brave a man, as gallant a soldier, as it was my fortune to know during that unhappy period.

H. H.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

**A CONFEDERATE DESERTER.**

HERE is one feature of the sectional struggle which the future historian will not refrain from mentioning, to the honor of the American name. It is the fact that there is no instance on record of any soldier of prominence, on either side, betraying the cause he had espoused. There were no Benedict Arnolds in that war. The shame of defeat often moved the tongue of calumny, but treachery, though often charged, was never proved on any officer of distinction. Many desertions from the ranks of both armies, of course, occurred, but rarely was the motive any other than a desire to avoid the perils of battle or the pangs of hunger. Indeed, the heroism of the Confederate private soldier can not be duly estimated, unless we take account of the sufferings his absence in the army caused his own family. The conflict between a proud sense of public duty and a yearning to go to the relief of those held most dear must have driven many to the verge of despair. The more we think on it, the more we are amazed at the intensity of the popular ardor which drove men from their homes into the battle lines of Lee and Johnston.

The following story, related by General C. A. Battle, a few years ago, in a speech at Tuscumbia, Georgia, illustrates to what extremities the Confederate soldier was sometimes driven :

“During the winter of 1862-3, it was my fortune to be president of one of the courts martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the sessions of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court ground, at Round Oak Church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army charged with violations of military laws, but never had I, on any previous occasion, been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of the ‘Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper’ was called—charge, desertion. A low murmur arose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators as a young artilleryman arose from the prisoner’s bench, and, in response to the question, ‘Guilty or not guilty?’ answered, ‘Not guilty.’ The judge-advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing

that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed, and inquired of the accused, 'Who is your counsel?' He replied, 'I have no counsel.' Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge-advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, 'I have no witnesses.' Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, 'Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors, in the presence of the enemy, without any reason?' He replied, 'There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court.' 'Perhaps you are mistaken. You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions.' For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court, he presented a letter, saying as he did so, 'There, colonel, is what did it.' I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court, until all had seen it, and those stern warriors, who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles, wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the prisoner's defense. It was in these words:

"MY DEAR EDWARD: I have always been proud of you, and, since your connection with the Confederate Army, I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but, before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must die! Last night I was aroused by Little Eddie crying. I called and said, "What's the matter, Eddie?" and he said, "O, mamma, I am so hungry!" And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must all die.

"YOUR MARY."

"Turning to the prisoner, I asked, 'What did you do when you received this letter?' 'I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; again I made application, and it was rejected; a third time I made application, and it was rejected, and that night, as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me; her angel arms em-



braced me, and she whispered, "O, Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!" She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and, catching her breath at every word, she said: "Have you come home without your furlough? O, Edward, Edward, go back! go back! Let me and my children go down to the grave, but O, for Heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!" And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court.'

"Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and father's wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict: 'Guilty.' Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding-general, and upon the record was written:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

"The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company.  
R. E. LEE, *General.*"

"During a subsequent battle, when shot and shell were falling, 'like torrents from the mountain cloud,' my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me, he elevated his voice above the roar of battle, and said: 'General, I have one shell left. Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?' I raised my hat. Once more a Confederate shell went crashing through the ranks of the enemy, and the hero sank by his gun to rise no more."



[For the BIVOUAC.]

## IT'LL NEBBER COM' NO MO'.

I'se been a-waitin' long for dat good ol' time  
 Dat'll nebbber com' no mo',  
 W'en I used to rock an' work an' sing,  
 In my little cabin do'.

My Sam was dar wid his fiddle;  
 Po' Sam, he's gone, don' dead—  
 Dead for de want ob clothes an' food  
 An' a shelter oberhead.

An' little Mosc—well, he's dead, too.  
 How he used to whistle, an' dance, an' sing,  
 While Jim, an' Polly, an' all de res',  
 Went roun' an' roun' de ring.

Ol' missus, bless her dear ol' soul,  
 Would laff till her sides gib way,  
 An' massa would stop at my cabin just  
 To say, "How's ol' mammy to-day?"

De boys—I mean old massa's boys—  
 Dey lubbed old mammy, too.  
 She nussed 'em, eb'ry blessed one,  
 Clean down to little Mas' Lou.

Po' Mas' Lou, he went to de fight,  
 But he nebbber com' home no' mo'.  
 ' Dey say dat he fell wid a bullet in de bres',  
 In de front ob de battle's roar.

He'd put his arms aroun' my neck,  
 An' say, "Mammy, I lub you so."  
 He didn't see no harm in dat.  
 Do' his mammy was black and po'.

Ol' missis died wid a broken heart,  
 W'en de las' ob de boys was kill'd,  
 An' massa bow'd his head an' cried  
 "Dat his cup ob sorrow was fill'd."

An' yere I sot a-waiting and a-watching  
 For dat good time comin' no mo',  
 An' I see ol' missus a-calling mammy  
 Across from de odder sho'.

MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

[For the BIVOUC.]

## AN AMUSING INCIDENT.



AFTER a long march, in a heavy snow-storm, in the month of February, 1863, the Eleventh Virginia Calvary (Confederate), commanded by Colonel F., encamped at 12 or 1 o'clock in the night, in a wood near Kratzer's Spring, in the county of Rockingham, Virginia. Having no axes to cut wood for fires and no cooked rations, the men were supposed to have gone "supperless to their blankets," and to have fasted until their ration wagons arrived the next morning.

This may or may not have been true as to some of the men—it was not true as to all, *I am told*, and "I tell it to you as 'twas told to me."

On the morning after the regiment encamped in the wood aforesaid, Captain H., of Company "E," sallied forth in quest of a "square meal," and "struck it" at the house of a farmer near the camp, Mr. Gideon K. While enjoying his breakfast at the hospitable board of Mr. K., the captain was regaled with the narration of an outrageous assault made on the night previous upon the chilled and helpless bees of Mr. K., resulting in the abstraction of the *honey* from the hive of said bees, in which Mr. K. *had an interest*.

Captain H., warming with indignation at the wrongs of his kind host, urged K. to ride over to the camp with him, saying that he would have the camp searched, and, if the honey were found, would use his influence with Colonel F. to inflict the most ignominious punishment upon the perpetrators of the outrage. Arriving at camp, the grievance was speedily made known to the colonel, and Adjutant C. as speedily drew an order directing the officer of the guard with a posse to search every tent for the lost honey. By some means, to the writer unknown, the news of the object of the search preceded the searching party, and in some way, to the writer equally unknown, some of the beautiful honey-comb was secreted in the mess chest of Captain H. himself, and his blankets lightly spread over the chest without the closing of the lid.

When the posse, accompanied by Mr. K. and Captain H. (and Adjutant C.) had completed a (thus far) fruitless search, they arrived at the tent of Captain H. himself, who remarked that, "as the order of search was sweeping in its character, he desired the officer and his posse to search his tent also." To this all demurred as useless, but,



being pressed by Captain H. to go in and rest from their tramp through the deep snow, the adjutant (*reluctantly?*) consented to go in with Mr. K. and rest for a few moments before returning to headquarters. Entering the tent, the adjutant *carelessly* sat down on the captain's mess chest, when, to his horror and amazement, the blankets went down into the chest, and, being suddenly jerked up, threw honey-comb around promiscuously. Mr. K. looked inquiringly at Captain H., who turned red, green, white, and blue by turns. The adjutant *attempted, but could not explain* away the seemingly criminating evidence. All expressed their entire confidence in the integrity of Captain H. Mr. K. (thinking he "saw it") smiled, and the adjutant accompanied the officer of the guard and posse when he went to headquarters (as it was necessary for him to be there to receive the report of the result of the search). Captain H. remained at his own tent, his eyes and mouth wide open, in blank amazement. The affair was not investigated farther, and it was said that, after their return to headquarters, Mr. K. and the adjutant joined the colonel in a smile. "*Sic transit.*"

F. A. D.

#### PRICE'S COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

The capture of Lexington by Price's army was a crushing blow to Fremont's ambition. He had permitted a disorderly mass of citizen soldiers to defy his army of occupation. Something had to be done at once to retrieve the disaster or off would go his official head. At once from every direction the scattered bodies of Federals were ordered to converge upon this single point. From all quarters came reports to Price of the advance of the hostile legions, and he was forced to beat a hasty retreat. Some idea may be formed of the disorganized condition of his commissary department from the following brief narrative by Colonel John S. Melon, commissary-in-chief of one of the largest divisions:

"I enlisted in General Sterling Price's Confederate army in 1861 in the month of September, at Lexington, Missouri, and for the war that commenced in 1861 and has continued up to 1884, but may cease after March 4, 1885, was at and engaged in the battle of the siege and capture of Colonel Mulligan and 3,500 of his command, and a large lot of commissary and quartermaster's stores. The names of the prominent officers mentioned will comprise all necessary in my short article. When I went into camp at Lexington, Missouri, the night after the surrender of the Federal garrison, I met General Harris in command of the Second division of the Missouri State Guard, comprising some 3,500 men. Colonel E. C. McDonald, whom I also met, was in command of his battalion, composed of some five hundred men, with Ben Hawkins, major.

The next morning, General Harris appointed me commissary-in-chief of his command, with rank of lieutenant-colonel of subsistence. I at once made requisitions on the Commissary-General and Quartermaster-General for commissary stores and transportation for the same, but without success for several days. Finally, orders were given to prepare to retreat at once with all my stores in the direction of Clinton, Henry county, Missouri, and to be ready to march at daylight. I was ready and anxious to start at a minute's warning, as my whole outfit consisted of one pony and one pair of blankets. The army commenced moving out at daylight. I made vigorous demands for commissary supplies and transportation for same. About two o'clock P. M., five large United States wagons, with six mules each, arrived in charge of a wagon master, who inquired lustily for Colonel Melline. I was quite happy to think my requisition for commissary stores and transportation had at last been honored. But, lo and behold! the teamsters unloaded in great haste—forty-six barrels of Bourbon whisky, and moved rapidly away with the wagons and teams, leaving me in sole charge of the whisky, with no assistance or orders of disposition, or any one to help to drink it. Personally, I did not feel in a drinking mood. About four o'clock P. M. our chief surgeon, Dr. Baily (now of Demopolis, Alabama), called on me for one barrel of whisky, turning over to me one small wagon and two mules. I placed the barrel of whisky in the wagon, which contained medical stores, salt, and sugar. I now had a train, and moved off after the procession vigorously. At 2 o'clock A. M. on the third day after our march commenced, we came in sight of the army, encamped on the bank of the Little Grand river, in Henry county, Missouri, a tributary of the Osage river. The roads being muddy, my wagon train became stuck in a hole, and I had to loosen my mules, abandon it, and go into camp. The distance from Lexington to Little Grand river is seventy miles. Our sappers and miners were building a bridge across the stream mentioned. When in camp, I at once proceeded to establish my headquarters under a wagon belonging to Colonel McDonald's command, with my chief of staff, the teamster. The wagon sheltered us from the rain. About four o'clock in the morning I was called up by Dr. Baily, saying he must have whisky from my train at once, as Major Ben Hawkins had been snake bitten, and whisky was the only known infallible remedy for its cure. We, the teamster and myself, at once returned for our wagon and medical stores, in order to furnish the whisky as soon as possible. On our way, we met a great many soldiers returning to camp with from two to three canteens, and, on inquiry, I found they contained whisky taken from my train, and were intended for Major Ben Hawkins to cure his snake bite. On our arrival at my train, I found it surrounded by about seventy-five soldiers, all actively engaged in filling their canteens with whisky to cure Major Ben Hawkins' snake bite. The barrel being emptied of its contents, I tumbled it out, hitched up our mules, and took my train into camp, still having intact our medicines, sugar, and salt. By this time the sun was up and shining brightly, the first time in three days. The bridge being finished, the army was ordered to march by double quick toward Parson Smith's in Cedar county, Missouri. But, the best of all, Major Ben Hawkins was cured of the snake bite. Being a Kentuckian, one barrel of Bourbon whisky used was not unreasonable."

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## A MIDNIGHT RAID AND A LEAP IN THE DARK.



T was in the winter of 1863, the time made so memorable by the stringent orders given by General Sheridan for the burning of all the stack-yards, as well as the houses in which any of the Confederates had been harbored, and really for the destruction of everything that could be of any use to our army, or to the people of the valley of Virginia. It was said, and generally believed to be true, he had threatened such total destruction that a "crow flying over the valley would have to carry its rations." But, for all that, there were not many homes in the valley where a rebel did not manage to visit at times, and where he was not always made welcome with open arms.

We lived about twelve miles from Harper's Ferry, where the Yankee army, or some portion of it, was always stationed—except the occasions when our men ran them out—so it was especially venture-some for our boys to come so near.

But, notwithstanding this fact, one cold, snowy Sunday night, while we were all sitting snugly around the fire—besides the members of our own family, several of the girls of the neighborhood—two Johnny Rebs. tapped at the window. They were at once admitted, and soon had been served with a nice, hot supper, and their horses put up and fed. A right merry evening was spent, we telling of the many things the Yankees had been doing, and hearing in return of all our distant loved ones, and the movements of the army. Apples and walnuts were brought in, and the latter cracked along with the jokes of camp life until the hour for retiring, when the two soldier boys (one a lieutenant of artillery, Dr. Carter Berkeley, and the other a private in the Sixth Virginia cavalry, John Opie) spoke with delight at the prospect of sleeping in a good, soft bed. The good-nights were said, and by midnight silence reigned in the house.

We had hardly dozed off into our first nap when the tramping of horses' feet and the clashing of sabers was heard. My father, an old gentleman, came with hurried footsteps into my room saying, "Get up! The house is full of Yankees! Tell the boys to come down!" I suppose he meant for them to surrender. Quick as a wink I snatched up a light, arrayed only in my "robe de nuit," and minus shoes and stockings, I flew to the head of the stairs. Imagine my consternation to find the steps full of soldiers, pistols in hand, and



sabers, too, for I remember a touch of cold steel against my bare foot. They said:

"The rebels are here, and they must surrender!"

To which I replied, "O, yes! I'll tell them;" and turning, I met my sister at the door of the bed-room where the two boys slept. They had dressed, and were looking for their pistols, but found that they had left them down in the hall. A side door opened into a closet, where there was a window leading to the roof of a porch.

For some reason, I have no doubt it was fear, though they numbered three hundred, some in the house, and the rest all around it, the soldiers that were on the stairway did not come any further. As soon as we realized that they had halted, we said to the boys in low tones, "Don't give up." It was a foolish thing to do, as we were not a half dozen feet from the Yankees on the stairs, but we had not stopped to think. Not another word was spoken between us, but L—— holding up the window, and I with the light still in my hand, the two boys crawled through the window and jumped off of the porch-roof. The porch was even higher than in general, having steps down to the ground, so the leap was a perilous one. The lieutenant fell on his back, and it was full two seconds before he could recover his breath, but they managed to pick themselves up unhurt, though as they jumped the soldiers around the house had heard as well as seen them, for the moon was shining bright as day. The bullets flew around them, as well as around our heads, for we two made a fine target, standing at the window with a lamp, but no one was hurt. I was so scared that I do not remember exactly what we did next, but soon the Yankees were all over the house, some hunting one corner, some another, for what I don't know. They knew the rebels had jumped out of the window, for they called out, "Your d—d rebel beaux are dead down here in the yard." To which we replied, "O, we hope not," though we could not imagine what had become of them. In the meantime, they had captured the hats, pistols, and overcoats that were in the hall, as well as gotten the horses out of the stable. I have always thought that a colored man on the place had brought the soldiers, as well as stolen the horses. But the Yankees still searched every hole and corner, till, going into the dining-room, some of them called out, "The d—d rebels have been settin' here eatin' *walnuts*; here are the hulls!"

They did not get the two boys that night, and for my life I can't tell why they did not set fire to the house, or do some other damage. They either were a very peaceable set or a very timid one. After

poking and peering around everywhere, they at last called to order and to horse, and soon we could hear the tramp of their horses' feet on the frozen snow, until they were lost to sound. As soon as they were gone, L—— and myself went out to look for our friends. We searched far and near, until we were at last compelled by the cold and increasing darkness to retire to the house once more. No sooner had we settled ourselves than we heard some one tapping at the window, and in came three or four other rebels. They had been staying that night at my uncle's house, about half a mile away, but, hearing the tramping of the enemy's horses, had slipped out and hidden in the fields. They waited till the party had left our house, and feeling sure they would not return that night to the same place, had concluded that they might as well have a soft bed, instead of staying in the snow all night. So, sure enough, they crept in, and got into the beds so lately vacated by the two poor fellows who had been roused so unceremoniously from their slumbers.

No more disturbances occurred, and we all slept soundly till day, when L—— and myself got up, and went forth to seek our two visitors, fearing greatly they might have been wounded or captured. But soon we saw them coming toward us, all safe and sound. They said that after the big leap, they had sprung over the yard fence, and, running in its shadow, had passed the stables, where the Yankees were busy getting their horses, and then through an open field into the wood, where they had spent the night at a house near by. They had now returned to let us know they were all safe, though minus hats, arms, and horses. The whole party breakfasted full of life and high spirits, though at any moment the scouts were liable to return. My father hurried them off, and soon, taking leave, they started for their camp up the valley, leaving us to the tender mercies of the enemy. They had hardly gotten out of sight when up once more rode the three hundred.

MRS. DR. C. B.



### A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S VIEW OF THE "BLOODY CHASM."

If in the hearts of some there still linger feelings of rancor for wrongs wrought by cruel war, it is gratifying to know that such is not the case with those who fought on either side. With them the chasm has long since been bridged; it is now closing up. To show what wonders time is doing in behalf of peace and good feeling, we make room for the following letter to the *Weekly News*, New Castle, Pa. The author was a private in the Pennsylvania Bucktails, and is now a *laboring man*:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 17, 1884.

"EDITOR NEWS: The population of Washington is truly cosmopolitan in its character. It is made up of all classes from all parts of the country, of all nationalities, of all shades of political and religious opinion. Here everything is discussed. Discussion is the friction of ideas, which, though it may not convince, is sure to smooth down and take off the rough edge of intolerance, and make men more charitable toward the opinions of others. The doctrine that in one section amounts to political heresy is in another the very Gospel of truth. Tariff and free trade, Southern outrages, Republican corruption, prohibition, silver coinage, all these questions take a local coloring, and it is only the true citizen of the world that can look at them from all sides and form an unbiased opinion. Men's opinions are generally governed by their pecuniary interests. The argumentum ad pocketbookem is the language that convinces. Tritely expressed, money talks. Here all classes meet on a common level, and one man's opinions are as good as another's. Here the Union and the Confederate soldier meet and clasp hands, not 'over the bloody chasm,' for there never was one between them after they each found out the fighting qualities of the other, but over the ashes of burned-out camp-fires, over the memories of deeds of valor, over the graves of fallen comrades. If all the animosities of the war were buried as deep as that of the soldiers of both armies, this whole country would be as firmly united as Pennsylvania is on the tariff, or the Republican party (now) on civil service reform. It seems to me that the feeling existing between the Union and Confederate soldier differs in no way from that existing between soldiers who fought on the same side. I have become intimate with several ex-Confederate soldiers here. They are just as jolly good fellows as ever lived. We fight our battles over with as keen a zest as ever they were fought over at regimental reunions or Grand Army camp-fires. I love a Union soldier, not because he loved the Union—there are plenty of men who I know loved the Union dearly for whom I care little or nothing—I love the Union soldier because he *fought*; because he stood with me where bullets whistled and shells screamed; where the smoke of battle hung in clouds, and men were stricken down by scores, hundreds, and thousands; because he endured what I endured; he suffered what I suffered. That is the bond of sympathy between us; and when I meet a man who fought in the same battles, endured and suffered the same hardships, though on the other side, my feelings for him are the same as though he fought on my side. It is the feeling of respect that brave men win in any cause; and while I love the Union and abhor treason just as



much as ever, and admire the soldier who bravely fought for the right, yet I must look with equal admiration and respect on the soldier who just as bravely fought on the side that by his education and surroundings he believed to be right.

"One of my best friends here is an old Confederate soldier. He is an honest, hard-working, thoroughly-reconstructed rebel, with no 'lost cause' nonsense about him. He says: 'We made a big mistake, and suffered for it; but you never could have licked us but by pounding away and filling up your ranks as fast as we killed you off.' We took a long walk into the country a few days ago, fourteen miles out and back. Being well warmed up on the home stretch, I said, 'Well, Ned, we have taken many a long tramp together before now, haven't we?' He answered, 'Yes, but I was either chasing after you or you were chasing after me, over there in Virginia; but now we can march along together, and after all I think that is the best way.'

"And such, I think, would be the verdict of both armies.

"C. B. LOUER."

#### THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.



NO single body of troops that enlisted under the flag of the Confederacy made a more brilliant record than the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. Though drawn from the polished circles of a city noted for its social refinement, yet not even the hardy mountaineers bore the trials of warfare with greater fortitude. From the very first they attracted attention, by the graceful accuracy of their drill, their elegant equipments, and a noble spirit of soldierly ambition. But it took real war to show that under the glitter of decoration was the pure gold of heroic energy. From Manassas to Appomattox they bore full part in the achievements of the army of Northern Virginia. The following is a contemporary newspaper account of their departure from New Orleans to the scene of war in Virginia, with a list of men and officers:

"Major Walton's battalion, the Washington Artillery, numbering four companies and three hundred men, left for Virginia last evening, by the Jackson railroad. Their departure was attended with a turnout of the population which was a perfect ovation. No previous military departure from this city has drawn out a multitude so great, or been honored with so tumultuous a demonstration of feeling on the part of the public.

"Long before the hour of departure, crowds blocked up Girod street in front of the arsenal, and swarmed Lafayette square, and the city hall and the other buildings around—the ladies forming the great part of the multitude everywhere.

"The battalion, formed in four companies, with their drivers as a fifth or

auxiliary, and with a large turnout of honorary members wearing badges, formed in Lafayette square. The Orleans Light Horse, Captain Leeds; the Orleans Guard, some four or five hundred strong, and the youthful Louisiana Cadets, came to the ground, to escort the artillerists to the railroad depot.

"The news that the Rev. Dr. Palmer was to deliver a parting address to the artillerists from the steps of the city hall, caused St. Charles street to be still more densely crowded.

"The artillerists drew up in companies, according to rank, in front of the city hall, and, with sabers erect, listened to the address of the Rev. Dr. Palmer. The address was just such a one as might have been expected from that gentleman on such an occasion. It was eloquent, thrilling, and to the point, throughout. When the reverend speaker concluded, the artillerists gave three cheers for the independence of the Southern Confederacy, and three more for the 'Old Dominion.' After that, the multitude gave more cheers than we could count, for the Washington Artillery, and for Major Walton.

"The march for departure was then formed. Escorted by the cavalry company and the Orleans Guard, the artillerists marched down St. Charles to Canal, down Canal to Camp, up Camp to Calliope, and out Calliope to the railroad depot. All along this route, the scene was one of the most unexampled feeling and enthusiasm. The men made all the noise in the way of huzzas and cheers, while the ladies could only express their feelings in their own silent way—flouting their kerchiefs and flinging flowers.

"At the depot the scene was almost indescribable. While all the vehicles from the center of town were there, cumbering the streets with their loads of beauty, the balconies, windows, and very housetops were crowded with people. All points of vision were madly struggled for, and the whole vicinity presented the appearance of a tempest-tossed sea of human beings.

"We never before saw ladies of fashion, respectability, wealth, do as much as we saw them doing last evening, in order to get a final look at the artillerists as they went away. They left their carriages and mingled in the rough crowd, dodging under mules' noses, jumping out of the way of moving vehicles, wading ankle deep in dust, and snuffing clouds of dust, and soiling their clothes with dust; running, jumping, tripping, encountering all sorts of little disasters—caring only to find some place where they could have a last good look at the artillerists as the cars carried them away.

"So densely was the track lined with people, that the crowd extended over half a mile beyond the depot, to the very edge of the swamp, the ladies going as far as any.

"At last, and just as twilight was fading into dark, the military train rumbled by, the men along the track cheering the soldiers, the latter responding, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the whole multitude, on and off the cars, giving all sorts of evidences of the very highest heart-feeling and enthusiasm.

"Nearly everybody had wet eyes. We noticed, as the cars were rumbling off in the distance, groups of people sitting about on the piles of lumber and railroad iron, waiting for the ladies to have out their cry before they started on their return to the city—there being mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters in this crowd.

"God bless and protect the brave Washington Artillerists, was the heart-prayer of all. They are now on their way to action, and soon we shall hear good reports of them.

ROLL OF THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, MAY 27, 1861.

"As Major Walton's battalion is made up of the best blood of New Orleans—including in its ranks men of wealth, intellect, and eminence in the different walks of life—a publication of their names in full will be esteemed by our readers, and will be preserved now that the brave band is leaving for the seat of war:

"STAFF.—Major, J. B. Walton; Adjutant, Lieutenant W. M. Owen; Surgeon, Dr. E. S. Drew; Quartermaster, Lieutenant C. H. Slocomb.

"NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.—Sergeant-Major, C. L. C. Dupuy; Color-Sergeant, Louis M. Montgomery; Quartermaster Sergeant, Stringer Kennedy. *Color Guard*—Corporal George W. Wood, Corporal E. J. Jewell, Corporal A. H. Peale, Corporal J. H. Dearie.

"ROLL OF FIRST COMPANY.—Captain, H. M. Isaacson; First Lieutenant, C. W. Squires; First Lieutenant Junior, J. B. Richardson; Second Lieutenant, H. G. Geiger. *First Detachment*—First Sergeant, Edward Owen; First Corporal, F. D. Ruggles; T. S. Turner, G. M. Judd, E. Kersheedt, J. W. Kearney, C. Rossiter, W. Chambers, W. F. Perry, J. E. Rodd. *Second Detachment*—Second Sergeant, J. M. Galbraith; Second Corporal, E. C. Payne; J. M. Payne, R. McK. Spearing, A. F. Coste, J. R. McGaughy, E. A. Cowen, F. A. St. Amant, W. T. Hardie, H. Chambers. *Third Detachment*—Third Sergeant, C. H. C. Brown; Third Corporal, W. Fellowes, Sr.; J. E. Jarreau, J. A. Tarleton, T. Y. Aby, C. Chambers, G. W. Muse, L. Labarre, M. Mount, P. A. J. Michel. *Fourth Detachment*—Fourth Corporal, F. F. Case; E. V. Wiltz, J. P. Manico, L. E. Zebal, H. L. Zebal, W. R. Falconer, G. B. DeRussey, F. Lobrano, C. A. Everett. *Artificers*—S. G. Stewart, W. D. Holmes, Israel Scott. *Drivers*—George Bernard, Sergeant; Michael Hoch, Charles Rush, John L. Hoch, John Eschelman, John O'Neil, W. R. Dirke, Pat Mooney, H. Meyer, John Jacobs, Thomas Kerwin, David Nolan, William Forrest, Fred Lester, R. Nicholas, John Charlesworth, John Wilson, John Anderson, Matthew Burns, James Heflogh.

"ROLL OF SECOND COMPANY.—First Lieutenant, C. C. Lewis, commanding; First Lieutenant, Samuel J. McPherson; Second Lieutenant, C. H. Slocomb. *First Detachment*—First Sergeant, J. H. DeGrange; First Corporal, J. D. Edwards; Sam Hawes, H. M. Payne, J. S. Meyers, Tracey Twichell, J. J. Land, J. W. Emmet, J. A. Hall, G. Humphrey. *Second Detachment*—Second Sergeant, Gustave Aime; Second Corporal, C. E. Leverich; J. D. Dritten, — Randolph, W. E. Florance, J. W. Parsons, J. Howard Goodin, Thomas H. Suter, F. Atlewal, F. P. Buckner. *Third Detachment*—Third Sergeant, H. C. Wood; Third Corporal, Julius Freret; W. C. Giffen, L. C. Woodville, A. A. Brinsmade, E. L. Hall, R. Axson, William Roth, E. D. Patton, A. G. Knight. *Fourth Detachment*—Fourth Sergeant, C. Hutchez; Fourth Corporal, B. V. L. Hutton; G. E. Strawbridge, A. R. Blakely, R. Baunister, Jr., R. C. Lewis, H. B. Berthelot, W. J. Hare, J. H. Randolph, W. H. Wilkins. *Artificers*—John Montgomery, Leonard Craig. *Drivers*—John Weber, Toney



Hulby, John Fagan, George Barr, William Carey, B. B. F. McKesson, William Little, James Crilly, John Cannon, James Leyden, Edward Loftus, Erwin Lake, James Brown. M. F. Lynch, Louis Rouch, William Oliver, Corn'l McGregor, Alexander Buche.

"ROLL OF THIRD COMPANY.—Captain, M. B. Miller; First Lieutenant, J. B. Whittington; Second Lieutenant, L. A. Adam; First Sergeant, Frank McElroy; Second Sergeant, A. V. Hero; Third Sergeant, L. Prado; Fourth Sergeant, J. T. Handy; First Corporal, E. J. Jewell; Second Corporal, A. H. Peale; Third Corporal, W. H. Ellis; Fourth Corporal, — Collins; M. N. Bartlett, H. D. Summers, J. H. Moore, W. Mills, Robert Bruce, J. J. Holmes, T. H. Fuqua, O. N. DeBlanc, A. W. Morgan, P. W. Pettis, E. Riviere, F. Kremilburg, Charles Hart, Samuel C. Boush, George McNeill, J. H. Collis, Frank Shaw, W. S. Toledana, E. Toledano, P. O. Fazude, Fred Hubbard, Joseph De Meza, L. E. Guyot, J. F. Randolph, S. Dehalaron, J. T. Brenford, C. W. Deacon, Stringer Kennedy, Howard Tully, William Leefe, J. W. Brown, C. H. Stocker, J. B. Porters, S. G. Sanders, B. L. Brazelman, — Plautigne, C. E. Fortier, R. Maxwell, Emil Avril, Ernest Charpuian, T. M. McFall, M. W. Cloney, Ed Duncan, C. A. Falconer, H. J. Phelps, T. Balentine, Samuel W. Noyes, M. W. Chapman, W. R. Noble, W. G. Coyle, F. A. Coyle (artificer), L. P. Forshe, J. C. Bloomfield. *Artificers*—Joseph Blanchard, James Keating.

ROLL OF FOURTH COMPANY.—Captain, B. F. Eshleman; First Lieutenant, Joe Norcom; Second Lieutenant, Harry A. Battles; Second Sergeant, W. J. Behan; Third Sergeant, G. E. Apps; Fourth Sergeant, J. D. Reynolds; First Corporal, George Wood; Second Corporal, J. W. Dearn; A. D. Augustus, B. F. Wridler, J. R. McGowan, L. M. Rohbock, H. F. Wilson, C. C. Bier, J. C. Wood, John S. Fish, F. A. Brodie, Bernard Hufft, G. L. Crutcher, J. F. Lilly, T. J. Stewart, Samuel A. Knox, William Palfrey, L. C. Lewis, J. H. Smith, G. Montgomery, Isaac Jessup, A. F. Vass, W. W. Jones, P. C. Lane, T. Carey, W. P. S. Crecy, W. C. Morrell, W. T. O'Neill, A. Banksmith, Frank Williams, E. Lauer, G. Beck, R. F. F. Moore, H. H. Baker, J. W. Burke, John Meux, J. B. Valentine, Phil Vancoln, T. B. White, H. N. White, John B. Chastant, W. J. Sneed, H. D. Seaman, Jr., E. H. Bee, C. W. Marston, C. A. Deval, E. A. Mellard, J. W. Wilcox, V. D. Terrebonne, E. F. Reichart, Thomas H. Cummings, R. H. Gray, J. T. Hale, J. W. Lecesne, E. Toubert, Charles Hardenburg, J. C. Purdy. *Artificers*—Levy Callahan, John McDonnell. *Band*—J. V. Gessner, leader; T. Gutzler, Ch. W. Struve, J. Arnold, John Deutch, John Geches, Peter Trum, John Lorbs, Thomas Costmel, J. H. Sporer, Charles Meier. *Buglers*—James P. Villasana, William Fletcher.



[For the BIVOUCAC.]

## OUR SURGEON, THE OAK TREE, AND A STRANGER.

Do you remember the gold-tinseled army surgeon? I mean that man whose principal treatment of the sick of his command was solemn frowns, broken into doses by gruff words? Yes, of course, you remember him—who that ever had to “take one of them pills” does not? And you remember another thing, that there is nothing much more delightful to the wounded feelings of a convalescent “private” than for Providence to bring about something which makes him feel even with that same doctor.

Now, I do not want for a moment to be thought to feel anything but the profoundest respect for the brave, open-hearted, cool-headed, steady-handed, good fellow of a doctor that would stand by “*the boys*” like a man, and a man you “*could count on.*” All honor to such who were noble and true. But now for my old “hero,” with his rotund stomach, thunder-cloud brow, black velvet collar, with a star big enough to shine in the “first magnitude.”

Well, times were hot; the whole army of Northern Virginia “was into it,” and that, deep. Our brigade had just been ordered into the field of death; and Doctor P——, as brigade surgeon, was seeking a field hospital, where the “boys” could have their wounds examined ere they were sent to the more elaborate establishment in the “rear.” As he scanned the field, a grand old oak standing in the distance wooed the doctor, and away he rode for it. On arriving, the doctor found a dismounted horseman reclining calmly on the grass, with his bridle-rein over his arm. This was just the man after the doctor’s own heart. Here he would do his fighting—here show his boundless patriotism—here teach the craven heart how to cower and cringe beneath the stern glance of the “brigade surgeon.” And so, without a moment’s warning, he opened fire:

“What are you skulking back here for, you miserable fellow? Why are you not with your command? Where do you belong?”

All of these questions were asked with a severity that was simply withering. But, somehow, they did not seem to strike in on the “old fellow.” Calmly and coolly turning on one side, he glanced up and casually remarked, as he recognized the doctor’s rank: “There is room enough here for us both, doctor.” There was something in the “old man’s” way of putting the subject that led the doctor to consider the truth of the proposition, especially as the “old man” was a little stronger built than the doctor, and the “provost guard” was not handy to consult about the matter. It may have been that the tired

look in the old eyes touched the doctor's heart. Be this as it may, the doctor concluded to let the "old skulker" stay, and so began unpacking a few "duds" from his "traps." But ere he had proceeded far, the quick clatter of a horse's feet coming at full speed startled him; the next instant a powder blackened, battle-heated courier drew rein by the "old man's" side, touched his hat, and said: "Dispatches for General Lee." The "old man" arose, took the dispatches, read them, gave an order, and the courier was away like magic. But the doctor, "O, where was he?" It seemed as if his clothes had suddenly gotten six inches too big for him all around. His face wore a distressing pallor, as if he had swallowed the contents of his whole field case. It was a terrible attack; one that would be pronounced now, "malaria of the worst type." The doctor's tongue was also sadly affected. It would not articulate, nor connect the words into sentences; something like the following: "Ah—r—r, General, I—I—ah, didn't know—I—ah—beg your pardon." The grand, calm, open face let fall its full light on the diminishing form of the speaker, and the same words that had fallen from those lips just before—"Never mind, doctor, there is room enough here for us both,"—were again spoken. But, though General Lee beat McClelland, I have a lingering suspicion that he did not convince the doctor of the truth of his remark, for it suddenly dawned on him that that was not a good place for a "field hospital" anyway.—*A Quartermaster-Sergeant's Recollections.*

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#### "ALLEGHANY" JOHNSON AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.

Few, if any, of Lee's division commanders held a warmer place in the hearts of the troops than he who was known as Alleghany Johnson. Without any vaulting ambition for fame or place, he yet fought as if the cause depended upon his single arm. His courage was equaled by his modesty, and, though his name seldom filled the speaking trump of newspaper fame, it was often mentioned in terms of affectionate admiration around the camp-fires of the rank and file. The following throws a beam of light upon his character, and is a pleasing tribute to the noble old Roman:

"In the chill, misty, first early dawn of May 12, 1864, I saw a fine-looking, stout-built officer, clad in a long, gray military overcoat, rush on foot into the Horse Shoe salient, where General Hancock was making his terrific onslaught, and his men pouring into our works on all sides. As the officer would catch hold of and push away the bayonets of the storming enemy, I heard him



repeatedly shout, 'Don't shoot into my men!' This was Major-General Edward Johnson, of Virginia, known in his command as 'Old Blucher.' And when, a day or two after, we landed at Fort Delaware as prisoners of war, and this same grim hero stepped from the steamer to the wharf, and passed up through a knot of handsomely-dressed officers of the post to take his place behind the iron bars, in his battle-torn hat and war-stained coat, he looked every inch the soldier that he was.

"I had never before been upon General Johnson's front, and knew very little of him (being in another command), but this act of devotion and personal daring at Spottsylvania has ever been indelibly engraven on my memory. The incident should have been in print long ago to do honor to so gallant a man. He is dead now, and the harvest sheaf has ripened many times since then. Where his ashes rest, I do not know, but there upon some shaft or tablet should be written, 'No bolder soldier ever donned the Southern gray, or followed the storm-tossed colors of the immortal Lee.'

"W. P. CARTER."

### ORPHAN BRIGADE ITEMS.

The following reminiscences of army life in the Orphan Brigade, Kentucky infantry, are furnished by Fred. Joyce:

Captain W——, of the Fourth Kentucky, was a prominent member of the "Glee Club," and was amazingly fond of "good eating," and lost no time in making himself solid with all the families around the encampment. He had the patience of two Jobs, and would sit and talk to an old farmer for hours and hours on subjects of which he had not the slightest knowledge, asking questions and making suggestions, after a little enlightenment. As for the good old wives, they were his special delight, and with them he just stood right up head, and was never "turned down." As for the young ladies and children, which, in his beaming way, were only incidentally the objects of his attention, they seemed to step prouder and look gayer and more satisfied when he was around. The party of the house who was nearest the larder, whether father, mother, daughter, or children, would be courted and flattered. And when the point of interest arrived, viz: as a little boy once said to his mother, as the cook was frying ham, "The dinny'menced to 'mell good," on his fat countenance all the changes from serenity to ecstatic bliss were successively stereographed.

He was in unusual luck at Manchester, Tennessee. While there, a young lady sent him a basket of goose eggs. The darkey had to pass through a part of the Second regiment to reach the Fourth. But not realizing any difference in regimental numbers, he commenced to inquire for Captain W——'s tent as soon as he struck the camp. His first stop was at Captain Ed. B——'s quarters, where this accommodating officer, personating Captain W——, relieved the innocent slave of his valuable cargo. He had been the recipient of some venison the same morning, I think by the same means he got the goose eggs. So he resolved to have a feast, and invite his victims. The loudest talker and biggest eater at the board was Captain W——. After dinner, he was given a history of the goose eggs, but as his hunger was appeased, he laughed louder than any one at the joke.

## Youths' Department.

### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.



OR some time I lay still under the bush, fearing that some of them might have staid near in order to catch me if they heard any noise in the woods. As I heard no noise in the next half-hour, and beginning to feel cold, I came out and walked to the edge of the woods. Everything seemed quiet, and I thought I would go back to the house, as I began to get right cold, having no clothes on. So I walked across the field, and went around towards the front of the house, to see whether they had gone.

After standing still some time and listening, I heard horses moving in the yard. I knew, then, that the rascals were waiting to see whether I would come back to the house. So I went back to the woods at a pretty fast gait, keeping my ears well-set behind. They hadn't noticed me, however, and didn't follow. When I got to the woods, I concluded that it would be best for me to stay there till daylight in order to make sure of their going away.

It seemed to me that a soldier's life was pretty hard. I had served my country faithfully for more than nine months, had been on many a raid, had killed several Yankees and wounded some, had captured one, and here I was hunted from home, driven like a dog from my bed, shot at as if I were a criminal, and obliged to stand out in the woods on a cold night, without any clothes on! And what credit had I gotten for all I had done? Even Miss Sallie had treated me badly, had gone back on her solemn promise, and was now the means of my being driven from home. For I felt sure that the Yankee she had let loose, had brought these rascals after me. I felt that it was a hard life, and the colder I got, the worse I thought of it. I had to walk about nearly all the time to keep warm.

After doing this for some time, I had to lay down as I was nearly dead for sleep. But as soon as I got asleep I was waked up by the cold. I was afraid to go back to the house as I felt sure the Yankees would watch for me till morning. If I had had a pistol I would have gone down and taken a shot at them anyhow.

About sunrise I saw them all ride away. But now there was

another difficulty. I had no clothes on but my shirt, and I was ashamed to go to the house in that fix. I was in sight of the house, and yet couldn't get there. All I could do was to wait till dark and then go down to the house, unless some one brought my clothes out to me. No one came, however, and there I had to stay all day. I got as hungry as the very devil. I could have eaten raw mule-meat. But there was no help for it but to wait. Once or twice I thought I would go anyhow. But when I got a little distance from the woods, the sunlight made me look so naked that I had to go back for very shame.

Then I tried to make them hear me at the house, hoping that Jim had gotten home and would help me out of my fix. So I stood at the edge of the woods, and, putting one hand on each side of my mouth, I screamed out, "Jim, bring me my clothes!" I did this two or three times directly after each other. Not a sound was heard except the echo from the house, "bring me my clothes." I didn't know it was an echo at first, but thought they were mocking me; and though I was brought up by religious parents, I cursed them loud and deep. I couldn't help it. The idea of my own friends mocking me in the fix I was at the time, was too bad for even a saint to stand. However, it soon occurred to me that it was an echo, and as I saw no signs of movement at the house, I gave up the hollering. I tried it two or three times during the day but had no better success. So I staid in the woods all day, chewing sticks now and then to ease my hunger a little.

At last the sun went down, and I never was so glad in my life to see a sunset. About dark, I started for the house. I came up behind the hen-house, and took a look around the corner. I didn't see any one, and I determined to make a break. So out I popped, and dashed for the back door. Just as I opened the door, Mrs. Morrison came out into the passage, and screamed when she saw me. I had got that far, however, and was determined to go the whole thing. So I rushed by her, and up the stairs, three steps at a time, and into my room.

On looking around for my clothes, however, I found that the rascally Yankees had taken them away, so I had to go to bed and call for Mrs. Morrison. She came to the door, and told me that the Yankees had carried away everything of mine, and had taken Jim's clothes, too. She said, however, she would send over to a neighbor's, where Tom Stone boarded, and would get a suit of his clothes. I asked her for heaven's sake to send me something to eat as I had had



nothing all day. She went down stairs and sent me up some bread and meat, and I never in all my life tasted anything half so sweet as that. I have felt so much better since, that I have been writing in my diary. I find it is my best friend, as I can tell all my grief to it.

*October 3.* I found this morning that those infernal Yankees didn't leave me anything. They not only took my clothes and pistol, but they also carried off Rebel and my saddle. So I was left with nothing. If Tom Stone hadn't brought me over a suit of clothes, I would have been obliged to stay in bed all the time. A soldier certainly has a hard life, and I have the hardest of them all.

The more I have thought over the matter to-day, the more I am of the opinion that I had better change my boarding-house. Those Yankees were certainly guided here by the Yankee I took prisoner, and they will keep on coming here till they capture me. And besides, since Miss Sallie treated me so badly, and wouldn't keep her promise, I don't care about staying near her any longer. So I have determined to go away to-morrow. I have bought a horse from Mrs. Morrison and have given her a note which I promise to pay six months after peace is made. He ain't as good a horse as Rebel, for he was certainly the fastest horse I ever saw. Still, he is better than nothing.

*October 4.* I am at Mr. Walker's, and have engaged board here. I left Mrs. Morrison's this morning; neither she nor Miss Sallie seemed very sorry for me to go away. They are ungrateful wretches, to treat me as they have done after all I have suffered for them! This is a hard world, and a man very rarely gets credit for all the good he does.

*October 7.* A boy came to the house yesterday and told me he saw some Yankee cavalry at the cross-roads near here. So I got on my horse and went into the woods. I didn't come back to the house till dark, and found that the Yankees hadn't been here. I expect they saw the boy going to the house, and knew they couldn't surprise me. This house is too near the road. The Yankees might get on me before I knew anything about their coming. I shouldn't mind their coming in the daytime, for then I would have a chance to fight. But they might come at night, and then they would be almost sure to get me. The rascals seem bent on capturing me. I shall change my boarding-house to-morrow.



## UNCLE GEORGE.

THE other day Uncle George came over to our place to get some corn-shucks to make foot-mats with. I saw him in the barn where he was tying them up in little bundles.

"Where did you learn your trade, Uncle George," said I.

"Whar did I larn eberyting which I knows? Why on de plantation, in course. Mity few chillern riz by ole Mass Robert but dat dey could turn dar hans to one thing or anuder. Did you ever see any of de Taylor family trampin' aroun' whinin' for cold vittles? Yer didn't, hey? What's mo' you neber will. Wish I had a dollar for ebery ax handle an mat I's made, I'd be rich and proud well as enny quality niggah in de kentry, yes I would."

"Did you ever make any mats during the war?"

"Doan ax sich a fool kestion. Folkse what sleep on de groun' neber take no 'count of sich things. Much as dey could do to wipe dar feet when dey went to bed; leastways in de infancy, while in de cavery, shucks was scace an' dey didn't stay long enuff ennywhar to make nuffin."

"Uncle George, you never told me how you and the blue-coated man got out of the woods you ran into to hide. Got away easy that time, didn't you?"

"Easy? Came bery nigh bein' de las' of me, for a fac', and I ain't goin' to tell no lies about it."

"Why, the fighting was all over."

"Doan be so sho about dat. You see, when we got into dem woodses and couldn't see out, we jes laid low and trimbled. Mr. Starns (for dat was his name) sed 'twas as close a call as ever he seed, and dat nuffin but de wind of our nags had reskered us from deth's doah, and dat if we didn't play sharp we'd go up yit.

"Well, arter puttin his ear on de groun' and holdin' his bref a time or two, he tole me to clime a tree and spy aroun'. He dun his talkin pooty much wid Injun sines, and kept a-startin so at ebery soun' dat, hunny, I could hardly git up de tree. But I made out to do it. I retched the second fork, and was lookin' for a place of which to steady myself for to go up higher, when I chanced to site frou de branches, and seen somethin' which nurly made me let go and drap down."

"Must have been a grizzly bear."

"Go 'way, chile. Twas wuss dan a hole drov' on 'em. De road

was blue wid Yankees a-comin' rite 'long de road nigh to us. Sakes alive! De way I slid down dat tree to de groun' would a'dun credit to a succus stah. Ses Mr. Starns, 'What in de tarnation are yer up tu.' I jes moshined wid my hans and gin to rub Dobbin's nose to keep him from slobberin' rite out or neighin'. Mr. Starns do jes de same wid his critter, his yaller har tryin' to stan' on eend, as de tramp of de colyum got louder and louder. Pooty soon dey all got by, and we took a rest. Arter awhile dey went back, and den Mr. Starns *he* clumb up de tree and took a look. Ses he, when he cum down, 'I thinks all de debbils has gone back, and we better sneak out on de road and try to git away.' When we wuz out, we spide aroun' to see if dar was any bummers about, but dey wuz all gone, and the kentry looked like ebery live thing had runned away."

"May be a scouting party was to come back yet."

"Jes what Mr. Starns kept sayin', and ses he: 'If we aint partickler we'll run into 'em sho.' You better believe we moved along keerful. I neber knowed befo' much about scoutin', but I took a big lesson dat day from Mr. Starns. Ebery wunzt awhile he would git down and steddy de hoss tracks, and he most woreed his rite ear off a-sockin it on de groun' and scrapin it agin de fences and trees for to sent out de Yankees. Bym-bye we drawed nigh to a stream of runnin' watah, and Dobbin jes laffed when he seed it. 'Hold up,' ses Mr. Starns. 'What's that dust mean roun' de turn of de hil.' But Dobbin neber hilt up, and in spite of pullin went rite into the watah, de udder hoss follerin' cloase ahind. While dey were drinkin' I hearn a ruslin' noise 'mong de trees on de hill, and it kinder 'peared to me dat somebody had drawed dar head back quick ahind a tree. I was jist on de pint of makin' a remark when *bang* went a gun, and a bullet whizzed clost to my head."

"Then you poured it in to them, didn't you."

"Into which? Why, hunny, by de time I made sho I wasn't dead, I seed Mr. Starns a-scurryin' up de bank like a house afire, and it wasn't long 'fore Dobbin wuz alongside a-holdin' his own. Jes' as we retched de liff of de hill, de bullets fairly played a tune. I never looked back till we got on de udder side, and den I seed dat de men runnin' us war dressed in gray. 'Dey is our men,' says I to Mr. Starns. He looked, and rite away wheeled his hoss, sayin', 'Them ain't no Yankees.' I pulled in a leetle ahind, and we both held up our hans. Pooty soon dey war all aroun' us, two or three at wunzt askin' Mr. Starns for his pistol, and cussin' him scanlous.

"'Bringin' niggers to help you burn barns, hey? Hangin's too good for you.'



“ ‘I ain’t no Yankee,” ses Mr. Starns.

“ ‘What are you doin’ wid that blue coat on, then?’ and dey all laffed.”

“ ‘What did he say to that?’ ”

“ ‘I doan’ know ’zactly, hunny; understan’ my tenshun was kinder pinted to four or five which was pullin’ and haulin’ at me, ebery one clamin’ de prize. I clar’ ’for’ goodness, hunny, I made sho’ I was a goner. Persen’ly one said, ‘O, shoot de blamed nigger and don’t have no row about him.’ I knowed den dat nuffin but de Taylor family manners would help; so ses I, ‘Gemman, I kin serve you all, let me be cook for de ’hole company; it’s a bezziness I understan’ ef I has been drivin’ a team for General Lee de whole of dis cruel wah.’ At dis ebery man let go of me. I knowed I had de bulge, and went on. Ses I, ‘it is cornspicuous dat sawsumstances doan harmonize, but admit me to persent a few irreverent remarks.’ ‘O, dry up, you ole reskel,’ sed a durty face white patch. Jes den a nice lookin’ hossifer rode up and ses: ‘Ain’t you the darkey which staid in our camp last night with Smith Johnston?’ ‘You dun tuk de words out of my mouf,’ said I, ‘and ef you kin tell me ennything about him, you’ll do us boff a good turn.’ Well, soon it all cum rite and dey moved off down de road towards de Yankees, takin’ Mr. Starns along.”

“ ‘Didn’t you go with them?’ ”

“ ‘Who, me? Mo’ an’ wunst, I had swored off dat day bein’ ketched agin with cavery. Sides, arter runnin’ and fiten’ and bein’ shot at by bof sides, I was naterly played out. I went tother way, and ses I to myself as Dobbin trotted along back, ‘dey wont no more spicious hoss people hitch onter dis pussun. For de res’ of dis campaign I makes a crowd by myself, and goes in on de Taylor family manners.’ Pooty soon I spied a leetle house ’way off from de road; rite away I made fur it cross de fields, fur I wur pizen hungry, and Dobbin, too. Soon as I got in de front yard I mistrusted de place. Dar was a look of white trash all about. Arter tyin’ Dobbin to an apple tree by de front potch, I knocked at de doah. Nobody cum; knock agin, eberyting quiet as de grave. Jes’ as I was on de pint of goin’ away, a red-headed boy riz a winder and ses he, ‘what you want, niggah?’ Ses I, takin’ off my hat old style, ‘Is de gemman of de house ter hum?’ Ses he, ‘Whar is de rest of your gang?’ Ses I, ‘Dey ain’t no gang but me,’ and wid dat down drapped de winder.”

“ ‘They must have been afraid of you?’ ”

“ ‘Dat’s jes’ which recurred to me, an’ I was tryin’ to keep from laffin’ out loud, when at de corner of de house I seed a site which

'most tuk my bref away. Dar war three ov 'em, a high bony-faced man wid one of dese nasty squirrel rifles, and two snub-nosed bulldogs. Ses de man, 'Watch him boys.' Ses I, 'mister, doan.' 'Shet up,' ses he, 'you all-fired cut-throat, I'll teach you to cum murderin' and burnin'. Don't try your lies on me, but step this way, be quick about it.' Well, hunny, he druv me along at de muzzle ov his gun wid de dogs growlin' and smellin' of my shins till he got me to de cow house. 'Now,' ses he, 'go in there, and I'll leave Tige to keep you company. Mind,' ses he, 'don't you go to monkeyin' with Tige, he jes' loves to kill niggers.' Den he went away and de dorg squatted down at de doah and watched me."

"Why didn't you scare him away?"

"Lud a mussy, I darsnt a-frowed him a piece of pound cake, he was dat anxious to get a taste of me. Arter about a half an hour, de man cum wid a hunk of corn bread and giv' it to de dorg and me. When he seed how hungry I was, he looked kinder pitiful, and I knowed dar wuz a chance to spress myself.

"Ses he, 'that's a likely mule of yourn, whar'd you steal him at?' Ses I, 'He ain't stole, he 'longs to Mr. Blakely,' and when I giv' him my story, and he got to believe dat I driv a team fur General Lee, he tuk me in de kitchen and de chillun cum aroun' and fed me cracklin corn bread and sweet milk, and Tige wagged his tail at me, and you'd thought dat I had bin bawn and rose on de place."

CHIP.

---

### SKIRMISH LINE.

A CONFEDERATE NABOB.—General M—— was a good officer. His division of infantry was kept well in hand in camp and on the pitched field. Rail-stealing was a bucking offense, and straggling in the presence of the enemy well nigh a capital one. The consequence was that method and promptness characterized all his subordinates, and, from posting a sentinel to mustering on the battle front, there was celerity and precision. Perhaps the best organized corps under the despot was his household body of detailed servants. There was John, to milk hiscow and attend to the headquarters hennery; Solomon, the black cook, to prepare his waffles and omelet for breakfast, and his milk punch at noon. Then there were Bob and Dan, who drove the two headquarter teams, to haul the general's private baggage. But above all these, towered high in authority Jim, the major-domo of the military family.

One moonlit evening, two days before Lee's surrender, General M—— was informed by Jim that some supper could be gotten at a house near by. For three days the wagons had not been up, and the general was anxious about them.

"Jim," said he, as we swept along through the broken country, now and then pausing to pick our way across a gully, "how about the wagons?"

"The wagons, sur, is all rite," said Jim, rather hesitatingly.

"How about the horse team?" said the general.

"Jes' leff it, sur, safe an' soun'," was the reply.

"And the mule team? my English coffee-pot is in that, you know."

"Yes," said Jim, "I know. Pretty rough times for it, too. 'Twas packed in a hurry, and—"

"What!" said the general, suddenly halting, "You don't mean to say that anything has happened to my coffee-pot? Why, I wouldn't take a mint of money for it!"

"O, no," replied Jim, "it's all right; only I'm afeard it's got ramjammed a little."

"Ramjammed? thunder and lightning! Who dared to ramjam my coffee-pot?" roared the major-general.

"I dunno who's dun it," said Jim tremblingly.

"You'd better know," said the general, as he rode forward. If there was one man rejoiced at Lee's surrender, it was Jim, for, like everything else of value, the coffee-pot disappeared at Appomattox.

THE six months succeeding the collapse of the Confederacy was a gloomy period for the beaten Confederates. Bankrupt in purse, in many cases without a roof to shelter them, or a change of clothing, they revolved many desperate expedients for relief. The worst of all was that, being without hope, they "despaired of the Republic." Upon one occasion, a cluster was seated at a crossroads post-office.

"What a pack of fools," said one, "our forefathers were to have taken the blamed Puritans into partnership."

"For my part," said number two, "I lay it all on Patrick Henry and Tom Jefferson. What did they want to separate from old England for, anyhow?"

"If this is to be a verdict of history," said number three, "I give it as my opinion that Columbus was the head-devil of them all. What moral right had he to discover America, anyhow?"

COLONEL B— could never bear to repeat an order, albeit he was always hard to understand. One day he found himself unexpectedly in command of one brigade, and gave orders how the regiments were to go into camp. Calling Snyder, a courier, to him, said he:

"Tell Major C— to take his regiment around by the woods on the right, and wheel by the left flank—no, I mean by the right—O, certainly, by the left of the woods and go into camp."

Snyder, who was a very particular person, hesitated.

"Why don't you go?" said the colonel, preparing to take a draught from his canteen.

"The fact is," said Snyder, after the colonel had smacked his lips, "I didn't exactly understand you."

"O, it don't make any difference," said the colonel gruffly, "let 'em camp where they blamed please."



## Editorial.

---

A GREAT deal of matter is crowded, in this issue, for want of space.

IN the next and following numbers a Children's Department, under the conduct of Mrs. F. A. Beers, of New Orleans, will form an attractive feature of the contents of the BIVOUAC. Her office is No. 103 Canal street, where she will be glad to see all ex-Confederates visiting that city.

IN spite of the apparent gap between the distinguished leaders on both sides of the late unpleasantness, we are quite sure that there is none between the rank and file of both armies. If the wrangle for office and power breed hot words, credit them to the proper cause, not to any supposed inducement of hostility between the masses. The old soldiers have buried the hatchet, and what is more, they will bury those who try to dig it up.

THE Davis-Sherman controversy has raised its hydra head on the Senate chamber. More's the pity. It was taken there by designing men, and cunningly was laid the trap to catch the unwary ex-Confederate. It was smuggled in under the pretense of promoting the ends of history, the real purpose being the revival of war feeling.

If, as a patriotic theme, the negro question has lost its magic power, the "treason" of Mr. Davis seems still a potent one with which to strain the bonds of fraternity. This was to be expected. The head and front of secession naturally figured in Northern Republican war literature as the type and demon of "rebellion." As such his name was syllabled in the war songs and injected into the juvenile histories. Doubtless with a few his "great crime" forms a part of their religious creed. Now the astute leaders of a beaten party know this, and they demand that, as a last humiliating pledge of loyalty, the Southern leaders shall become accomplices in covering his name with infamy.

If they were base enough to do it, they would be scorned by the manhood of both sections. Whatever his former foemen may think of him, they would despise a people who would deliver up their chief as a scape-goat for themselves. They are bound in the end to base their estimate of his character upon the opinion of those who know him best. Was ever there a leader more loyal to his cause? When the ship

of State went down he was the last one to leave it, and his body still bears the marks of cruel treatment.

The truth is the truth, and no burst of patriotic fury by John Sherman can make it down at his bidding. The muse of history will weigh the character of Mr. Davis and that of General Sherman in the same balance, and when his vainglorious official reports of the number of gin-houses burnt and the quantity of food taken from starving families in his march to the sea are thrown in, Tecumseh's side will surely kick the beam.

---

### OUR EXCHANGES.

ONE of the BIVOUAC's most agreeable visitors is the Hopkinsville (Ky.) *New Era*. It is a first-class family paper, and full of local and general news. If it is any index of the character of its local surroundings we should think that Hopkinsville possessed a people refined and enterprising.

As a live and aggressive Democratic paper, the daily *World* of Nashville, Tennessee, stands on the fore front. Consistent, bold, and brilliant, it strikes with forceful blows at whatever it deems to be wrong. If we can not agree with it in all things, we never fail to admire the plainness of its speech and the dashing skill with which it assaults a foe.

For a staunch and constant friend, commend us to the *Bourbon News*, Paris, Kentucky. It is bright, solid, and refreshing; full of newsy items about the Bluegrass eden; it does not disdain whatever may instruct or amuse the general reader. It shoots strait at an enemy, and spares not even its friends when they go wrong.

THE *Star*, published at Warrensburg, Johnson county, Missouri, is full of interesting reading. Any one wishing information as to what is going on in Western Missouri and Northern Texas or Arkansas, can get the particulars in the *Star*.

THE prosperity of Georgia is reflected in her county papers, and her industrial success, in a great measure, is explained by them. The *Bainesville Gazette* is a fair type of Georgia's enterprising country press. It glows with lively items, and a variety of reading matter, amusing as well as instructive, gives full returns for ten times its subscription price.

AMONG our Northern exchanges none of the military journals are so replete with war articles of historical value as the *Veterans' Advocate*, published at Concord, New Hampshire. The selections are admirable, and the original articles well written and liberal in tone.

## SOLDIERS' RECORD.

To keep the truth for those who come after us, to gratify the living, and to rescue from forgetfulness the names of honored dead, it is our purpose to gather records like those published below. Their historical value is obvious. The history of a single soldier gives, in some measure, that of his company and regiment. By this means, also, long separated comrades are enabled to find each other, and, perchance, to furnish mutual aid. It is urged that our subscribers do not fail to send on their records. They will be published in the order of arrival, and those left over will appear for this year in an appendix to Volume III:

A. D. JACKSON was born at Spartanburg, South Carolina, October 13, 1838; enlisted as private in Fifth South Carolina regiment; surrendered as private April 9, 1865; was with his command in the following battles: First and Second Manassas, seven days' battle around Richmond, Sharpsburg (Md.), Wills Valley (Tenn.), siege of Knoxville under Longstreet; transferred to Hampton's legion in 1864, and operated as scout for Gary's cavalry in department of Richmond; was never wounded or captured, but was in the hospital at Richmond three days, and the one at Emory and Henry College three months from pneumonia; now resides at Wolfe City, Hunt county, Texas; is a carpenter, Notary Public, and assistant postmaster.

WILLIAM WOOD was born in Breckinridge county, Kentucky, December 1, 1838; enlisted May, 1861, as private in Company "H," Fifth Texas; was with his command in the following battles: Eltham's Landing (Va.), April 7, 1862, Seven Pines, seven days' fight around Richmond, Thoroughfare Gap (Va.), second Manassas, South Mountain (Md.), Sharpsburg (Md.), September 16th and 17th, and was wounded on the 17th; at Suffolk (Va.), Gettysburg, and badly wounded there, at Chickamauga, but was not in the fight on account of wound, in Tennessee with Longstreet, at Spottsylvania Court-house and Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Fort Harrison, Petersburg Landing April 2, 1865, on Lee's retreat at battles of Farmville and High Bridge (Va.), surrendered at Appomattox; thence went to Texas, walking most of the way. He is now engaged in the manufacture of saddlery at Glasgow, Kentucky.

DR. F. S. McMAHON was born at Courtland, Alabama, July 10, 1836; enlisted as private in Company "I," Sixteenth Alabama regiment, August 1, 1861; surrendered with rank of surgeon, May 25, 1865; was with his command in the following battles: Fishing creek (Ky.), Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga (Ga.), Missionary Ridge, Ringgold (Ga.), in the Georgia campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Jonesboro (Ga.), Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville; promoted to rank of assistant surgeon September 15, 1861, and to rank of surgeon of Sixteenth Alabama regiment August 22, 1862; made senior surgeon of Woods' brigade July 4, 1863, and so served until surrender of General Johnston at Greensboro (N. C.); is now a physician at Courtland, Lawrence county, Alabama.

JOHN K. RENAND was born May 26, 1843, and enlisted April 11, 1861, in Dreux battalion. In May, 1862, he joined Fenner's battery, and was in all the



battles from *first to last* in which the battalion or battery participated. He enlisted as a private, and as such was paroled May 10, 1865. He was never wounded or captured; is now a merchant, residing at New Orleans.

JOHN GRAY was born in 1842, in Frederick county, Virginia; enlisted in Company "H," Eighth Virginia, at the beginning of the war; was with his command in nearly all the great battles fought by the army of Northern Virginia, and several others; was slightly wounded at the battle of Drury's Bluff. He was rarely sick, and seldom absent from his command. General Hunton, his colonel, said of him, that he was always at his post of duty. From the ranks he rose through all the grades to the captaincy of his company. He died at Leesburg, September 12, 1884.

LIEUTENANT W. S. SAWRIE was born July 17, 1843, in Madison county, Alabama; enlisted with rank of adjutant in the Second Arkansas regiment, and surrendered as adjutant in April, 1865; was with his command in the following battles: Perryville, Murfreesboro, Liberty Gap, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, New Hope Church, Marietta, Jonesboro, and all through the Georgia campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, also Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville; was captured July 22, 1864, at Marietta, but recaptured the same day; is now a merchandise broker at Nashville, Tennessee.

ROBERT E. PARK was born at La Grange, Georgia, January 13, 1844; enlisted as captain of Twelfth Alabama regiment, June 12, 1861; was with his command in the following battles: Williamsburg, Seven Pines, seven days around Richmond, Boonsboro, Fredericksburg, Mine Run, Kelly's ford, Spottsylvania Court-house, Warrenton Springs, Gettysburg, Monocacy, Snicker's Gap, Kernstown, and Winchester; wounded and captured at Winchester (Va.), September 19, 1864. Was left in the hospital six weeks, then transferred to West's buildings hospital, Baltimore, thence to Point Lookout, thence to Old Capitol prison, and to Fort Delaware; surrendered June 14, 1865. Is now a planter at Macon, Georgia.

W. A. CAROTHERS was born at Oxford, Mississippi; enlisted as private May 22, 1851, in company "G," Eleventh Mississippi regiment; discharged, on account of wound, October 27, 1864; was with his command in the following battles: Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Bristow Station (Va.), Wildernes May 5th and 6th, 1864, Talley's Mills (Va.), Spottsylvania Court-house, Haws' Shop, Petersburg and Weldon railroad, October 27; Wounded at Gaines' Mill and at Weldon; was in hospital at Richmond (Va.) twice. The last wound, at Weldon, was by a minnie ball, which lodged in the body and is there yet; is now a merchant at Sulphur Springs, Texas.

JAS. P. HAGGARD was born in Clark county, Kentucky, January 4, 1843; enlisted as private in company "A," Seventh Kentucky cavalry; was with his command in the battles of Heartsville (Tenn.), Elizabethtown (Ky.), Rolling Fork trestle, and the next day at Rolling Fork creek (where Duke was wounded), Greasy creek, Green river bridge (Ky.), and Buffington island (Ohio); was captured at Buffington island and confined at Camp Douglas; surrendered as private under Colonel Dick Morgan, July 19, 1863; is now a farmer at Chestnut Grove, Shelby county, Kentucky.

STEVENS I. TAYLOR was born at Jefferson county, West Virginia, July 6, 1847; enlisted in Confederate army as private in Rockbridge battery; was with his command in the fights below Richmond, and the retreat. Is now general manager Hawk's Western Coal Company, Ansted, Fayette county, West Virginia.

T. R. ROACH was born at Vicksburg, Mississippi, September 7, 1845; enlisted as private in Louisiana Heavy artillery May 16, 1863; was with his command in the siege of Vicksburg, and of Spanish Fort, one of the defenses of Mobile (Ala.); was captured and paroled at Vicksburg. He surrendered as a private, and is now a banker at New Orleans.

JOSEPH H. DUGGAN was born at Norfolk, Virginia, June 24, 1834; enlisted as private in Fifth Company Washington artillery, March 6, 1862; was with his command at the battles of Shiloh and Farmington; afterwards promoted to captain of Ordnance, on Brigadier-General T. C. Armstrong's staff, Van Dorn's division cavalry, army of Northern Mississippi; afterwards promoted to chief of Ordnance, Lieutenant-General N. B. Forrest's cavalry corps department, Mississippi, and remained as such until the surrender. Is now a merchant at New Orleans.

ALPHEUS BAKER was born at Abbeville Court-house, South Carolina, May 23, 1825; enlisted February 9, 1861, as private in Colonel H. D. Clayton's regiment; surrendered with General J. E. Johnston, in North Carolina, as brigadier-general, April, 1865; was with his command in the bombardment of Pensacola (Fla.), bombardment of Island Number Ten, battle of Baker's creek, two battles of Resaca, battle of New Hope Church (Ga.), battle of the Poor House, Atlanta (Ga.), July 28, 1864, battle of Burtonville (N. C.); was wounded severely at Baker's creek; captured at Island Number Ten, April 8, 1862, by Pope's army: prisoner at Camp Chase, and Johnson's island. Is now a lawyer at Louisville, Kentucky.

D. HOWARD SMITH was born in Scott county, Kentucky, November 24, 1821; enlisted September 2, 1862 as colonel of Fifth Kentucky cavalry; surrendered at Columbus, Mississippi, April, 1865; was with his command in the battles of Milton (Tenn.), Snow's Hill (Tenn.), Greasy Creek (Ky.), Green river bridge (Ky.), Lebanon (Ky.), Buffington island (Ohio), Cloyd farm (Va.); with General Crook's troops, Saltville (Va.), when General Burbridge was defeated, Greenville (Tenn.), when General Morgan was killed, besides numerous smaller fights. He was never seriously wounded, or in a hospital; surrendered at Buffington island (Ohio), with his command, July 19, 1863; confined in Ohio penitentiary, Camp Chase, and Johnson's island; exchanged March 5, 1864.



# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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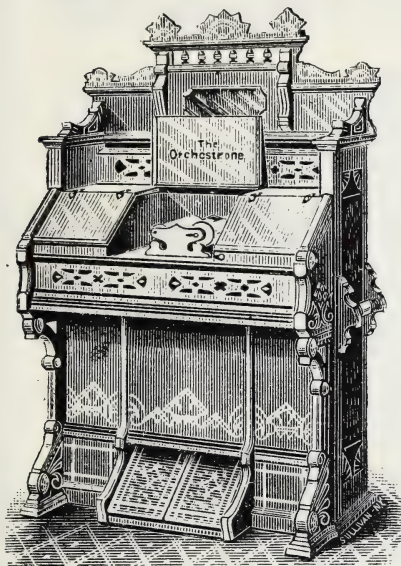
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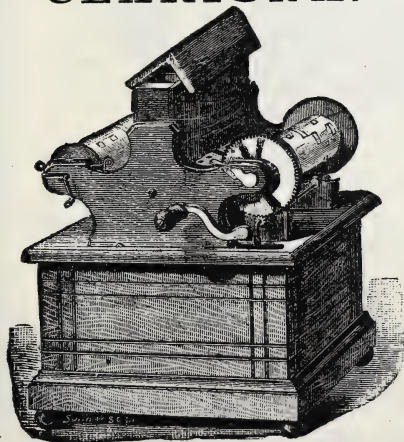
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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1885.

No. 7.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

### CHAPTER V.



GENERAL LEE seized the north bank of the Tennessee river, at Florence, and with two divisions of his corps, extended his lines seven or eight miles to the east, to Shoal creek; and the corps of Stewart and Cheatham were encamped south of the Tennessee river, in the neighborhood of Tuscumbia. General Jackson, with his division of cavalry, was north of the Tennessee river, in advance, and to the right, of the infantry, and, being actively engaged with the enemy's cavalry, under Generals Hatch and Croxton, maintained his line of pickets and outposts as far west as the immediate front of Waynesboro, and with great vigilance patrolled the country between Elk river and Waynesboro. General Smith, chief engineer of the military division of the West, was directed, by General Beauregard, to make a reconnoissance of the Tennessee river, about Savannah, as it might become necessary at any moment to make a change of base to Purdy, for the purpose of commanding the approaches to, and the crossing of, the river; and he was furnished by Beauregard with a "sketch of a detached floating boom, armed with a torpedo, to prevent the enemy's gunboats from passing our batteries at night." At Florence, fortifications and field works were established, to cover and protect the pontoon across the river.

General Hood expected to find stores and supplies accumulated at Tuscumbia in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of his army, and that he would be detained but a few days. The condition of the railroads, with their limited rolling stock, was now made apparent. The Mobile & Ohio railroad, north of Okolona to Corinth, was in a miserable condition, and could scarcely be operated. The Memphis & Charleston railroad, from Corinth to Tuscumbia, was much worse, and



there were only seven miles of passable roadbed between the two last named points. Major Fleming, superintendent of the Mobile & Ohio railroad, with the limited resources at his command, had repaired his road north of Okolona, but it was difficult to transport supplies over it to Corinth, and the Memphis & Charleston railroad was in a manner repaired from Corinth to Cherokee Station, eighteen miles west of Tuscumbia, and, with great difficulty, supplies were transported over it to Cherokee, and thence hauled over the dirt roads to Tuscumbia.

The army, in consequence of the difficult operations of these railroads, was barely furnished with the meanest rations. The weather changed, and it rained incessantly. The dirt road to Cherokee was almost impassable, and the teams of the army, instead of being rested and recruited for the march into Tennessee, were heavily worked and well-nigh exhausted, in hauling stores and supplies from Cherokee. It was difficult to supply forage for the animals, and they suffered heavily because of this. Hood had all these difficulties to contend with, and it required a vast amount of energy to overcome them, and to provide rations and forage for men and animals.

The lodgment of the army at Florence and Tuscumbia seemed a blind venture, the accident of circumstances that presented themselves, at different points, on the march from Gadsden, rather than the result of a matured plan of offensive operations. The physical ability of this veteran army enabled it to march to Tuscumbia, but the resources at the command of its general were scarcely able to provide, in the commonest way, for its daily subsistence. Cold and inclement weather, with indifferent and insufficient food, tested the endurance and devotion of the soldiers of this army. Officers and men, with high spirit and united effort, responded to the aspirations of the general commanding to lead it in an aggressive campaign, to restore victory to its flag, and revive the failing fortune of its cause. No discontent manifested itself at any time in its ranks; and no intrigues of officers attempted to obstruct or defeat the plans, or chill the hopes of the commanding general. An army of veteran soldiers, with a brilliant history won on great and heroic fields, disciplined and mobilized, and accustomed to hardships, without the stigma of desertion or cowardice resting on its organizations, commanded by officers conscious of its valor and proud of its history and achievements, cheerfully and promptly obeyed the commands of General Hood on his march to Nashville.

General Sherman re-enforced General Thomas with the Fourth corps, under General Stanley, which was posted at Pulaski, and the

Twenty-third corps, under General Schofield, which arrived at Nashville November 5th. Schofield, with the advance of his corps, was at once ordered, by General Thomas, to Johnsonville, on the Tennessee river, ninety miles north-west of Nashville. On his arrival at that point, Forrest had marched his cavalry west of the river to join Hood at Tusculum. Schofield stationed Cooper's and Gallup's brigades at Johnsonville, and at once proceeded to Pulaski to assume command. A brigade was stationed at Columbia, and Cox's division was stationed near Pulaski. The cavalry in his front consisted of Hatch's division, Croxton's and Capron's brigades. The balance of Thomas' forces were distributed at Murfreesboro, Stevenson, Bridgeport, Huntsville, Decatur, and Chattanooga, and General A. J. Smith, with three divisions of the Sixteenth corps, was under orders, at Warrensburg, Missouri, to re-enforce General Thomas. General Thomas says that he watched Hood at Florence with considerable anxiety, to discover what course he would pursue, with regard to Sherman's movements, determining thereby whether the troops under his command, "*numbering less than half of those under Hood*, were to act on the defensive in Tennessee, or take the offensive in Alabama."\* At this time the forces under General Thomas numbered 60,987 of all arms.†

General Sherman, in his cipher telegram to General Grant, dated Rome, Georgia, November 1, 1864, says: "General Thomas has, near Athens and Pulaski, Stanley's corps, about fifteen thousand strong, and Schofield's corps, ten thousand, en route by rail, and has, at least, twenty to twenty-five thousand men, with new regiments and conscripts arriving all the time, also." And General Sherman substantially repeats this statement, with the addition of ten thousand dismounted cavalry, in his cipher telegram to General Halleck, dated Kingston, Georgia, November 3, 1864. And General Sherman again, in his letter to General Grant dated Kingston, Georgia, November 6, 1864, says: "As I have before informed you, I sent Stanley directly from Gaylesville, and Schofield from Rome, both of whom have reached their destination; and, thus far, Hood, who has brought up at Florence, is further from my communications than when he started. I have also left in Tennessee a force numerically greater than his, well commanded and well organized; so I feel no uneasiness on the score of Hood reaching my main communications." The belief prevailed for many years after the close of the war that Hood's army at Florence was numerically greater than the forces under the command of Gen-

\*Thomas' official report.

†The March to the Sea, Franklin and Nashville, by General J. D. Cox, pp. 118-132.

eral Thomas, and that this disproportion continued until General Smith re-enforced him with the Sixteenth corps, November 30, 1864. Hood is credited, after Forrest joined him, November 15th, with 53,938 officers and men. At all events, it is certain that Hood's army, when he commenced his movement from Florence into Tennessee, was numerically inferior to that under Thomas. General Sherman remained on the Coosa until the movement of Hood fully developed his intention to march his army into Tennessee, and, when he was fully satisfied of this, he marched his army to Atlanta, covering his line of railway. He re-enforced Thomas with the Fourth and Twenty-third corps, commanded by Generals Stanley and Schofield, and with ten thousand dismounted cavalry, and ordered General Wilson to report to General Thomas to equip, mount, and command them. All surplus stores and supplies were transported to Tennessee. Rome, Kingston, and Atlanta were burned, and the railroad thoroughly destroyed. With his troops in light marching order, he debouched his army from Atlanta on the 15th of November in two columns, commanded respectively by Generals Slocum and Howard, and marched, without serious opposition, through Southern Georgia to Savannah. Immediately before destroying the telegraph line, General Sherman telegraphed to Tyler, at Louisville, Kentucky, to telegraph him the latest returns from the presidential election, "That I may report them to Governor Brown, at Milledgeville, where I expect a friendly interview in a few days."

General Hood was delayed at Tuscumbia three weeks. On the 13th of November he established army headquarters at Florence. On the 14th, General Forrest reported with his cavalry. On the 15th, Cheatham's corps crossed the Tennessee river and encamped near Florence, on the Waynesboro road. General Beauregard, on the 17th, moved the headquarters of his military division to Montgomery, and on the same day General Hood reported to him that he had seven days' rations on hand, and that he required thirteen days' additional. On the 17th, General Forrest was assigned to the command of all the cavalry. The sick and disabled men were sent to the rear, and the army was eliminated of all surplus servants, horses, and baggage. On Sunday, the 20th, Stewart's corps crossed the Tennessee in a snow storm, marched through Florence, and encamped that night on the Lawrenceburg road.

The field return of the army of Tennessee of November 6, 1864, shows that its effectives numbered, of all arms, 30,600, composed as follows: Infantry, 25,889; cavalry, 2,306; artillery, 2,405. General



Forrest's cavalry is to be added to this, which was about 3,000 effectives. Hood's army was then about 33,600 strong, of all arms. Federal historians insist that Hood's army at this time, of all arms, numbered 53,938, as follows: 41,185 infantry and artillery, and 3,544 cavalry (Jackson's division), making an aggregate of 44,729; and to this is added Forrest's cavalry corps, claimed to number 9,209, which makes the aggregate of 53,938 officers and men present. This statement would make the cavalry, including the artillery assigned to Forrest, 12,853, while the Confederate statement makes Jackson's division of cavalry 2,306, and Forrest about 3,000, making an aggregate of about 5,306 cavalry. However this may be, it is a fact that during the time General Jackson's division was in front of Hood's army, until General Forrest arrived with his cavalry, and assumed command, General Thomas' cavalry, in front of Jackson, consisted of Hatch's division, 4,000; Croxton's brigade, 2,500, and Capron's brigade, about 1,200, making an aggregate of 7,700 cavalry.\* And, if the Confederate statement of the strength of the cavalry under Forrest is correct, then General Thomas' cavalry, after Forrest reported to General Hood and assumed command November 17th, was superior in numbers. For seventeen days, Jackson, with 2,306 cavalry, covered the front of Hood's army, and the enterprise, skill, and soldierly qualities of this general are attested by the fact that the enemy obtained meager information from Hood's encampments, and which consisted chiefly of vague and indefinite rumors. The fact is abundantly established that the cavalry in Hood's front was commanded with ability, vigor, and discretion.

General Hood, under many difficulties and delays, having completed his arrangements, on Sunday, November 20, 1864, commenced the movement of his army, in its march to Nashville. Cheatham's corps marched on the Waynesboro road, Lee's corps on the Chisholm road, and Stewart's corps on the Lawrenceburg road. Stewart was on the right, Lee in the center, and Cheatham on the left. Colonel Coleman commanding Ector's brigade, was detailed to guard the pontoon train. The artillery of the army was under General Shoupe, chief of artillery; and the battalions of artillery attached to Stewart's corps were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Williams; Lee's corps by Colonel Beckham; and Cheatham's corps by Colonel Smith. Forrest commanded the cavalry corps, composed of the divisions of Jackson, Buford, and Chalmers. Roddy's division of cavalry covered the line of communication south and west of Corinth.

\*General Thomas' official report.

Hood's army marched through a rough and poor country, on dirt roads, which were heavy and muddy, until the three corps converged at Mount Pleasant, when the pike leading to Columbia was reached. General Forrest, with his cavalry, assumed the offensive, and drove back the enemy's cavalry with great vigor and dash. The aggressive movements of the cavalry gave unmistakable indications to the enemy that the forward movement of Hood had commenced. General Schofield, in command of the Federal troops, evacuated Pulaski, and commenced his retreat on Columbia. It was cold, and the ground was frozen, and the enemy believed that this would materially retard the march of Hood's columns. Hood, however, notwithstanding the inclement weather, and muddy and frozen roads, marched his army with speed, and Forrest, with extraordinary vigor and dash, drove the cavalry before him, and would have annihilated Capron's brigade at Mount Pleasant, had it not have been for the prompt relief of Cox's division, of the Twenty-third corps, which marched from the Columbia and Pulaski pike, by a cross-road, and rescued Capron from destruction.\* Schofield retreated on Columbia, and occupied the lines of works around it. Hood's army appeared in front of Columbia, and deployed in line of battle. The usual skirmishing and cannonading announced the immediate presence of hostile armies. Colonel Beckham, commanding the artillery of Lee's corps, was killed. He was an officer of accomplishments and distinguished reputation.

General Schofield intended to evacuate Columbia on the night of the 26th, and issued orders to that effect, but the night was so dark, and the rain was so heavy and constant, that no progress could be made in crossing the artillery, and at midnight the movement was abandoned, and the artillery was replaced in position†. On the night of the 27th Schofield evacuated Columbia, and established his lines on the north side of Duck river. His cavalry, with the exception of one brigade, under General Wilson, was placed above Columbia, to guard the crossings of Duck river, and his infantry was distributed in front of, and below, Columbia, with Stanley's corps in reserve. Hood immediately occupied Columbia, and on the 28th completed his arrangements to march his flanking column on Spring Hill the next day.

D. W. SANDERS,

*Major and A. A. G. French's Division, Stewart's Corps.*

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\*General Stanley's official report.

†General Stanley's official report.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.



PRECEDING the battle of Murfreesboro—named the battle of Stone river by the Federals—our brigade (Hanson's, of Breckinridge's division) lay encamped on the Shelbyville pike, near the suburbs of the town. The ground being favorable, the regiments were camped in their regular order, with connecting guard-lines, and at dress-parade the entire brigade would be on the color-line in perfect alignment as though marshaled for battle.

Colonel Hanson had been promoted to brigadier only a short time before, and following the old adage that "a new broom sweeps clean," he brought down upon the "boys" the strictest kind of discipline, while here encamped. He was well liked by the soldiers, however, and went by the pet name of "Old Flintlock" among them. It was his habit to be prying around the camps at unusual hours of the night, and many adventures were had with him, which were related around the camp-fires long after he was dead and gone.

On the morning of December 28, 1862, the long roll was sounded, and the brigade fell in and moved out on Stone river, leaving the camp standing. Adjutant Curd of our regiment (Ninth Kentucky Infantry) directed me to remain with the office and finish up the writing that had gotten behind. He seemed to have a presentiment that something serious would happen to him in the coming battle, and he left several messages with me for Major Wickliffe, his kinsman, who was away on special duty. He also left word with me as to the disposition of his personal effects in the event he should be killed. The day was one of bright sunshine, and a stream of glittering arms was pouring through town all day long as the different divisions of the army went marching out to take position in the line of battle.

Late in the afternoon a detail came from each of the regiments of our brigade, struck tents, and loaded the wagons. While thus occupied Colonel Hunt came into camp, having started away the evening before on a leave of absence, but had now returned to participate in the expected battle. Feeling that I would like to have some adventures on the field, I asked the colonel's permission to join the regiment, which he granted, for he seldom kept a soldier back who was "spoiling for a fight." It was made my duty first, however, to see that the papers and office furniture were properly packed and loaded. As it



was nine o'clock at night before our baggage train moved to the rear by the Manchester pike, I concluded to remain by a smoldering camp-fire until morning. After the tents were removed, leaving the little brick chimneys standing, our old camping-ground had much the appearance of a town in ruins. I had but little sleep, however, as the baggage trains of the army were rumbling and roaring over the pike all night long, the teamsters keeping up a continuous popping of whips, and yelling at their teams.

When morning came, 29th, a comrade, who was also going to the front, and myself got up, shook off the drowsiness, ate our breakfast, and then started for the regiment. The morning was beautiful, being the commencement of a lovely day which reminded me of the Indian summer. Though the day was full of sunshine, *we knew that a storm was brewing!* There was the deep resonance of cannon rolling over the hills from the direction of Nashville, and we could already sniff the saltpeter in the breeze.

Two miles from Murfreesboro we came up with the regiment in line of battle to the right of Stone river, the soldiers lying lazily about on a rocky hill, waiting the coming of events. The thunder of cannon kept growing louder, and as the gloom of evening was settling, a large brick mansion across the river from us, and in front of Withers' division, was set on fire to be burned out of the way. It was a melancholy sight to see the flames leaping up, and the pillar of inky smoke rising to the heavens from this elegant and once happy home. While even this destruction was going on, our cavalry, which had been slowly falling back before the Federal army, burst out from among the cedars in front of Withers' division, and also came dashing back on our side of the river. Our regiment immediately fell in and advanced in line of battle over a rocky ravine and through an old field where the weeds were up to our shoulders, and so thick we could scarcely march through them. Presently we halted and sent forward Company "D" as skirmishers. The company was soon engaged at a lively rate, and Lieutenant Beall, who had command of the company, was badly wounded. This skirmish took place in a corn-field on a hill overlooking the river, and as it was important that the Federals should not take and hold this position, our regiment was ordered forward to support the skirmish line. Cobbs' battery was also moved forward and placed in position on top of the hill, to our right. Darkness had now set in, but still the enemy advanced and drove in our skirmishers, the firing being pretty brisk for a time, making the dry cornstalks rattle about us. In the darkness the Federals got up among

Cobbs' battery, and one of them, having placed his hand on a gun, yelled out: "Boys, here is a cannon!" and they went running back down the hill. Two of our regiments advanced, and the Federal force, whatever it was, withdrew over the river, which was shallow and easily crossed at this point. We established a strong skirmish line on our side, and the brigade then fell back into the old weed-field where the soldiers were required to sleep on their arms, and without fires. Being somewhat a "soldier at will," and in poor health, I fell back in good order to a fire in the rear, after the skirmish was over. About midnight a heavy rain set in, and I moved into a neighboring corn-crib, where I slept the remainder of the night among the shucks.

At daylight, the 30th, the rain was still pouring down. When I went to join the regiment, I found it had moved, but finally came up with it among the cedars to the right of the corn-field where we had opened the skirmish the evening before. The soldiers were lying around grumbling at the weather, and as a shell would sometimes come tearing along among the trees, this would make things still more uncomfortable. There was some little fighting during the day in front of Withers, but the armies seemed to be simply measuring each other's strength before the final grapple. At last night came on, and the brigade was moved back into a ravine near the line occupied the first day, where the soldiers were allowed to kindle fires, and have a good night's rest.

When I awoke the next morning I found that the regiment had moved off and left me. Just as the sun was coming up, however, the morning being clear, I heard loud cheering over towards Withers' division, and I ran to the top of the hill to see the cause. I saw the Confederate lines on that side of the river, charging across the open fields in perfect line of battle, the soldiers cheering and yelling. Soon the Federal batteries opened on them, then the musketry, and I could see the men falling. Presently the Confederates opened fire, and the lines were obscured by the smoke. While standing watching the battle scene, which was one of the grandest, a stray shell came shrieking very near me—so near that I felt its breath.

Thinking that the battle had now opened in earnest, I "buckled on my armor," and started for the regiment. I had to pass diagonally over a large field in rear of our artillery, which was being subjected to a heavy fire from the Federal batteries. First a cannon ball would tear up the ground in front of me, then I would go a little slow. Next a ball would tear up the ground in rear of me, then I would go a little fast. And thus it was, either going fast or slow, until I arrived

at our line of battle. Just as I reached the regiment it was forming to go to the support of twelve guns, placed on a hill overlooking the river, where the enemy were liable to attempt a crossing. As soon as we got to the proper place, a short distance in rear of the guns, we were ordered to lie down. About this time the artillery we were supporting opened on the Federal infantry, and the Federal batteries on the other side of the river replied from nearly fifty guns, firing over the heads of their troops. We were slightly protected by the undulation of the ground; still I could see from my position on the extreme left of the regiment, numbers of cannon balls strike just in front of our line, and skip over. We remained behind the batteries, which were protected by slight earthworks, only a few minutes, for General Hanson, seeing the heavy loss we were sustaining, had the regiment to move a little to the right, and out of range of the destructive fire. In these few minutes we lost twenty or thirty men. On our part of the line the fighting was between the artillery, the infantry not becoming engaged. But we could see from our position much of the fighting going on to our left, on the other side of the river, where the infantry was heavily engaged all during the day. Just before sundown a cannon shot came tearing through a little thicket in front of us, and passed through Adjutant Curd, killing him instantly. I had been talking to him a moment before, and he was then in fine spirits, having seemingly forgotten the gloomy forebodings that had possessed him before coming on the field.

About the same time Adjutant Curd was killed, a cannon ball came bounding along over the ground, and struck Captain Jo Desha on the head, knocking him senseless. He was borne from the field, and back to the hospital in town. The surgeons had scarcely completed dressing his wounds when the gallant captain came to his senses, and remembering that he had been detailed to take charge of the picket guard that night, seized his sword, and, without heeding the surgeons, started back for the regiment, where he arrived in time to take command of the guard which had been formed. It was thought at the regiment that the captain, when taken off the field, was dead, and when he appeared in the darkness, with his head all bound up in white bandages, and took command of the guard, the soldiers were much astonished.

The next day, January 1, 1863, there was no fighting. Both armies seemed to be taking a breathing spell after the hard contest of the day before. On the 2d, at 3:00 P. M., our division moved to the right, and charged the left of Rosecrans' army. In this charge,



General Hanson, in command of our brigade, was killed. Our regiment was not in this charge, having been left to support the batteries on the hill heretofore mentioned.

It was raining all day the 3d, and at night the rain came down in torrents. Soon after dark our army commenced falling back, and all night long the troops were marching back through town, going southward. Our regiment was the last to pass through, and covered the rear on the Manchester pike.

JNO. S. JOCKMAN.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## FROM INFANTRY TO CAVALRY.

### NUMBER IV.



THE army of Sherman moved towards Savannah by three or four roads, and it was lively work galloping around hunting for the noses of his advanced regiments. The immense preparation he made for that march was very ludicrous to us old soldiers, but how painful and humiliating to the women and children of Georgia! In thinking over the matter I come to the conclusion that we had the same show before him that those had standing before the advancing lava in Pompeii. A few shots in the *blue mass* as it wormed its way, was all we could do. But how bravely they avenged themselves! Smoke by day and fire by night spoke the fearful suffering of the defenseless ones we were leaving behind.

The battle of Griswoldville was fought by Charlie Walcott and his brigade on the Union side, and General Wheeler with a portion of his command on our side, on November 22, 1864. Possibly some Georgia militia assisted us. The only accounts extant are from the Federal side. Walcott was wounded, and the "rebels were driven back in confusion."

The Fourth Kentucky regiment was sent via Ball's Ferry, over Oconee river, to guard the railroad bridge about two and one-half miles south of said ferry. Arriving there, we found a local officer, one General Payne, if I remember rightly, who was in command of the post. He was arrayed in a brilliant uniform, and had his staff about him in fine style, and I suppose he had some troops somewhere, but all I ever heard of were the convicts from the Milledgeville penitentiary and a battalion of cadets from the same place.

On November 24th the advance of the Federal army crossed at Ball's Ferry, but were driven back, with considerable loss, by the convicts.

The Federal reports say, that on the 25th, on arriving at the river, the enemy was found entrenched behind barricades, with an extended line of skirmishers. Osterhaus and Blair confronted them, etc. As these generals only had a corps each, it is a wonder they had the hardihood to form a line in front of that railroad bridge. Protecting the bridge was the Fourth Kentucky posted in the center, the cadets on the right, and the convicts on the left. The convicts were dressed in prison garb, and were hardened in appearance, but calm and brave. The cadets were, of course, very young, some of them certainly not over fourteen years of age. The Federals advanced their line of skirmishers, and firing commenced. The bravery of the school boys was the glory of this fight. Several of their number were carried off wounded and dying. I can never forget the looks of one little boy as four convicts carried him on a stretcher to the rear. His handsome young face, with the flush of fever on it, and the resolute expression of his eyes, indicated that he fully realized the situation. Colonel Thompson, of the Fourth, had command of the line, General Payne was across the bridge at the station. Thompson went back to get instructions, leaving me in command. The firing commenced just after he left, and I was in trouble to know what to do. The enemy commenced to advance and planted artillery on the railroad, so as to command the bridge. We sent a few bullets after them, and considering discretion a cardinal virtue. I withdrew the troops and recrossed the river—and this is what we called the battle of Oconee bridge.

After marching across Sherman's path, back and forth, our scouts skirmishing with him at Habersham, Brier creek, and on the railroad, we were ordered out one day to follow Kilpatrick, who was out on a raid in the neighborhood of Louisville, Georgia. We ran him a day or two, often finishing the meals they left in camp, and finally coming upon him in a swamp at Buck Head church. One regiment was sent around to his front to head him off in the swamp, and at a given time we started, expecting to capture the whole gang. But the regiment sent around failed to get there before he escaped, and we could only chase him for a long distance, finding many of his wounded on the roadside.

We threw up rails every day, and slapped the Union army in the face, retreating as soon as we were outflanked. In this way we finally reached Savannah, where, after lying in the ill-prepared trenches a few

days, we stole across pontoons, one dark night, into South Carolina, and Sherman had reached the sea.

Our first camp after this was near Pureysburg, of revolutionary fame. Here we spent Christmas day. Rice was the only food we had. Some of the men fed their horses on rice straw which had never been threshed. The consequence was several dead horses. We were moved up the river on the Carolina side to Sister's Ferry, and crossed over in the Brier creek country, where we had a long rest. Our next point was Aiken, S. C., and from there, in Sherman's wake, to Columbia and Camden, to confront a force coming out from Georgetown, commanded by General Porter. We kept his columns closed up so he could not do much harm. By Kerr's Mill, Statesburgh, and others not now remembered, were the little rail-pen battles we fought, till finally, on the evening of the 15th of April, about sunset, and while I was on the skirmish line with the left wing of our regiment, Sergeant-Major John L. Marshall rode up to me with the news of Lee's surrender, and bringing orders for me to retire and rejoin the regiment. The saddest hours that ever fell on human hearts were the first few of that evening. We had witnessed some sights in the last few days, which were calculated to revive all the indignation of which we were capable, and our little brigade had fought the enemy in front, and rear, and flank, with a zeal heretofore unsurpassed. The gratitude of the suffering women and children had nerved us up to acts of heroism.

No description of the suffering of the devoted people of South Carolina could give an idea of the reality. Over the route Porter took could be seen ladies in the sandy roads crying and wringing their hands, and old darkies, too feeble to keep up with the column, the yards of the dwellings strewn with feathers and various articles of household goods, and in one house, less pretentious than the rest, a poor lone woman mourning over her dead idiot boy who had been shot by one of the Federal soldiers.

The next morning the Union soldiers moved back towards the coast in great haste, and the Fourth was ordered to follow them and inform them of the surrender. It took us nearly all day to catch them. This step was taken in order to stop their pillaging the country any further.

The Orphan brigade was moved slowly back to Washington, Ga., where they were paroled and laid down their arms, some of which were the identical guns drawn just before the battle of Shiloh.

FRED JOYCE.



[For the BIVOAC.]



### THE DONALDSONVILLE ARTILLERY.

O do justice to the living, as well as reverence for the memory of my dead comrades, impels me to endeavor to chronicle the deeds we have performed together. And, truly, is it a labor of love! But can this cold medium portray a tithe of the heroism, self-sacrifice, and nobility of soul which prompted such actions? Inspiration were needed to do justice to this subject; therefore, with many misgivings do I, with unpracticed pen, essay the task.

The "Donaldsonville Artillery," founded in 1837, and composed of the flower of the Creole youth of Ascension Parish, was, for many years, one of the most brilliant ornaments of the militia of the State of Louisiana. In those days it had its peaceful victories on all public occasions, and was conceded to be one of the best drilled organizations in the South.

At the breaking out of the great rebellion of 1861 (which would have been styled a "revolution" in case of success), the company under charge of the gallant Captain Victor Maurin left home for the scene of conflict, arriving at Richmond, Virginia, September 5, 1861, and was formally turned over as a six-gun battery, on the 13th of October, 1861.

The battery, on leaving Donaldsonville, included one hundred and three men, rank and file, three brass six-pound guns, with complete equipments; to which was added by the Confederate Government, three twelve-pounder Blakeley guns, complete with horses, caissons, and all other necessary appendages. On the 13th of November, by order of the War Department, the battery was transported to Yorktown, and reported for duty to the chief of artillery of General J. B. Magruder's army.

From this time holiday soldiering was over, and, under the vigilant eye of the great general who, with a force of 10,000 troops of all arms, held in check, and forced to siege approaches the superbly-equipped army of General Geo. B. McClelland, it was no child's play to march at short intervals to all portions of the line of defense established along Warwick river across the Yorktown peninsula; and the skirmishes at Bethel, Dam Number one, Wynne's mill, Ship point, and other points of the line where attempts were made to break our line of defense, attest the arduous services of this company. Amid snow and ice the agile Creoles, enduring for the first time such extreme temperature, cheerfully performed the duties assigned them to the complete satisfaction of their superior officers.

On the disbanding of Dreux's Battalion of infantry at the end of its year's service, several members, attracted by the brilliant reputation of the company as fighters, joined the Donaldsonville artillery in time to participate in the evacuation of the Yorktown line, and the incidental retreat of the army (then under command of General Jos. Johnston) towards Richmond. Attached to Pryor's brigade (Fifth) of Longstreet's division the company was in the rear guard of the army, and when on that eventful march, battle was given on May 5th, on the line of works near Williamsburg, the battery from the redoubt on the left of the Williamsburg road, was enabled to participate in its first pitched battle. From their commanding position the guns were of vast service to the command, and the captain received the personal thanks of the major-general commanding the division. Without any casualties the battery quietly fell into line on the following day, and assisted in guarding the rear until within sight of the spires of Richmond. There having been no provision made for the feeding of our men, the march from Williamsburg to the capital was distinguished by the utmost hardships. The roads, rendered soft by many rains, had been cut up by the wagon trains and artillery of the entire army, and on many occasions we were forced to chop a road through the woods. The men subsisted for three days on parched corn and roots, and yet bore all with a patient and patriotic spirit until once more in bivouac, "where the wicked (Yankees) ceased from troubling."

Nothing transpired to relieve the monotony of every-day camp life beyond occasional surreptitious visits to Richmond, and a few tame adventures, until on May 31st, orders came to move immediately with the infantry. After traveling all the night of the 31st, we went into battery next morning, and participated in the battle of Seven Pines. Our guns occupied a plateau in the swamp, where the headquarters of the Federal General Casey had been the day before, and remained there until ordered to retire at night.

Nearly a month elapsed ere we were once more summoned to move to the front, the interval having been devoted particularly to the refreshment of our jaded battery horses. The men, inspired by success, and confident in our noble leader, never for a moment despaired of the ultimate triumph of our cause. On the evening of June 26th, marching orders were received and we moved to the front, crossing the Chickahominy near the village of Mechanicsville, halting near by to bivouac for the night.

Then commenced the series of engagements known as the "Seven days' battles around Richmond," wherein, at an enormous waste of

human life, the capital was saved, and McClellan's fine army was driven to Harrison's Landing, fighting at every available position with skill and intrepidity.

By daylight on the morning of the 27th of June, we opened fire, supported by Featherston's and Pryor's brigades, being placed in position near Beaver Dam creek, and did immense execution losing Joseph Stanley, instantly killed. The action lasted about two hours, when the enemy gave way, retreating from his breastworks, and we accompanied the infantry in pursuit. After crossing Beaver Dam creek, we moved towards Gaines' farm, or Cold Harbor, advancing with our brigade to Gaines' house, and engaging the enemy at short range, the Federal batteries on the opposite side of the Chickahominy giving us a great deal of annoyance. We remained here three hours, when orders came to open on the enemy's artillery while our division charged their works. Our work was very heavy, and being on a naked plateau and a target for the Federal sharp-shooters, we lost one man, killed, and two wounded, in a few minutes. The charge of our division on this occasion, which resulted in the repulse of the enemy, was the most superb fighting which fell under my observation during the entire war, and was only equaled by the rush of Meagher's gallant Irishmen against us at Fredericksburg. Night put a stop to the engagement, and allowed us a term of much-needed repose.

On Monday, June 30th, occupying a position on the extreme left of our division, and under the eye of General Longstreet himself, we went into action at three o'clock P. M., and after shifting our position five times, in the course of the battle of Frasier's farm, or Glendale, we kept up the action by moonlight until the enemy retired from this most stubbornly-contested field.

Having worked our horses terribly, without proper food or rest, the battery was ordered in reserve during the battle of Malvern Hill, but, being within range of the enemy's rifled guns, the high shots made our position anything but enviable. To be passive and under fire is the most terrible position for a soldier. On this occasion while the drivers were busy with the horses, the artillerists performed the duty of assisting the wounded and burying our dead comrades.

EUGENE H. LEVY, *Private*.



[For the BIVOUAC.]



## GRANT ON THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

THE military record of General Grant, it seems, is incomplete. In spite of the voluminous reports upon that subject, it is not yet ready for the submission to the judgment of history. If General Grant is going to make such material revisions of the official accounts of all his battles, as he has done of the battle of Shiloh, in the February number of the *Century*, the popular mind must get ready to repudiate its present convictions, or be driven to the unpleasant duty of differing from the "Hero of Appomattox."

The battle of Shiloh has been "persistently misunderstood," says General Grant, and thereupon he proceeds to give the true story. Without a blush he takes to himself all the glory won upon that memorable field. McClelland did pretty well, and Sherman did very well, but, after all, it was the iron-souled leader who plucked victory from disaster. As to the "so-called Confederates," they did nothing but what was to be expected from their superior numbers. They fought well, but, unwilling to be exterminated, they just drew off and let the "Thunderer" alone, and that's all there is about it. A tone of selfish egotism runs through the whole article. The reputations of his division commanders are attacked or defended according as they furnish proof of the greatness of their leader. Even the dead are not spared, and his remarks about General A. Johnston, betray a littleness of soul that can not fail to excite surprise.

Time was, when the mighty men who made history, dictated the writing of it. That good old custom has passed away. Though ever so bloody, the conquests of the sword sometimes prove barren of fame to those who nominally win them. The chief command on the field of battle does not always carry with it all the glory achieved, at least not until it is proved by better evidence than that of the commanding party.

Without at any point distinctly asserting it, General Grant assumes all through his narrative that he was not surprised. A sufficient answer to this is the fact that the line of defense was at first of zigzag form, and not of the even-like nature usually presented against an advancing foe. Then, too, when whole divisions met the battle line of the Confederates barely outside of their camps, the most charitable presumption for the commanding general is, that the attack was totally unex-

pected. If the valor of his troops staved off the probable disaster, why not give them the full credit of it?

The truth is, there is abundant evidence to prove that Johnston's whole army was massed upon Grant's front on Saturday, the day before the battle, and that Grant *did not know it*. General Hardee, who commanded the front line of the Confederates, says in his official report:

"About ten o'clock on Saturday morning, April 5th, my corps reached the outposts and developed the lines of the enemy. It was then immediately deployed in line of battle about a mile and a half east of Shiloh Church."

This occurred the morning of the day before the battle, yet as we learn from Colonel Rawlins' report, his adjutant, General Grant spent Saturday night at Savannah, five miles below, or north of, the landing, and did not hear of anything unusual going on at Pittsburg landing till after six o'clock Sunday morning, and then only that "artillery firing was heard on the front." He did not reach the field till nearly three hours after the battle was joined (Rawlins' report). The same authority informs us that the order to hurry up Lew Wallace's division was not issued till nine o'clock Sunday morning, and from General Wallace we learn that the order did not reach him, though but four miles off, till 11.30 A. M. Says that officer:

"Very early that morning (Sunday) I became satisfied that a battle was in progress at Pittsburg landing, and at once prepared my command for moving instantly upon receipt of an order from General Grant, and as the general was then at Savannah, four miles below, my expectation was that he would give me marching orders as he passed up the river to the scene of action. About nine o'clock General Grant passed up the river. Instead of an order to march, he merely left me a direction *to hold myself in readiness for orders*."

The battle had then been going on for nearly four hours (according to Wallace) and yet Grant was not surprised.

The popular belief that the crossing of the Tennessee by the head of Buell's column, an hour before sunset, had some influence on the course of events, General Grant treats as a delusion. "Buell's troops," says he, "arrived in the dusk, and had not the slightest effect in preventing the capture of Pittsburg landing."

The report of General Nelson, the commander of Buell's leading division, flatly contradicts both of these statements:

"At five o'clock the head of my column marched up the bank at Pittsburg landing, and took its position in the road under the fire of the rebel artillery. So close had they approached the landing I found a semicircle of artillery, totally unsupported by infantry, whose fire was the only check to the audacious approach of the enemy. The Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana regiments

had scarcely deployed, when the left of the artillery was completely turned by the enemy, and the gunners fled from their pieces. The gallantry of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, supported by the Sixth Ohio, under the able conduct of Colonel Ammen, commanding the Tenth brigade, drove back the enemy and restored the line of battle."

In regard to the exhausted condition of the Federal army, and the utter demoralization of a large portion of it, Grant admits that there might have been 5,000 stragglers cowering under the banks of the Tennessee. Colonel Ammen, who commanded the leading brigade of Nelson's division, says in his diary:

"The space between the top of the bank and the river, up and down a half a mile, was crowded with men. The river was full of boats with steam up, and these boats had many soldiers on them—men in uniforms on the boats and under the river bank (10,000 to 15,000) (sic) demoralized. In crossing the river, some of my men called my attention to men with uniforms, even shoulder-straps, making their way across the stream on logs, and wished to shoot the cowards."

Says General Nelson:

"I found cowering under the river bank, when I crossed, from 7,000 to 10,000 men, frantic with fright and utterly demoralized, who received my gallant division with cries 'We are whipped, cut to pieces.'

Of General Johnston he says: "Nothing occurred in his brief command of an army to prove or disprove the high estimate placed upon his ability." It may have proved nothing that he marched a large army through mud and rain a two days' journey, and so masked the movement as to surprise the foe almost in their camps; nothing to have arranged and inspired an assault which his death alone prevented from being a crushing blow to his adversary; but such a conclusion comes with a bad grace from General Grant. The men who faced the storm-burst when their leader was comfortably breakfasting seven miles in the rear, and whose steady valor alone staved off a catastrophe, are perhaps of a different opinion.

However idle it seems, to think of what might have been, few who read the official reports of the battle of Shiloh can repress the rising thought that the ball which killed Johnston saved Grant; and that, had the true hero of Shiloh been spared, Grant, in spite of his native talent, would have speedily sunk to the obscurity from which at Fort Donelson he had so brilliantly emerged.

W. N. M.



[For the BIVOUC.]

## THE HEROIC ELEMENT IN GENERAL R. E. LEE.



FOLLOWING is an illustration of the heroism of General Lee, first told me by Rev. Frank Stringfellow, some months ago, in the city of Baltimore. It sets forth the character of that great man in a light to me more grand than any other one event of his life. The narrator, Rev. Frank Stringfellow, now an Episcopalian clergyman in the diocese of Virginia, was General Lee's "chief of scouts," and as such gave by far the greatest portion of the information on which General Lee was wont to act. Those who know "Stringfellow" need no introduction, for his name is a byword for accuracy and courage among scouts and men accustomed to deal with scouts during the war. And, as he was so intimately connected with the movements of the armies in Virginia, and was brought into such confidential associations with Generals Lee, Jackson, and Stewart, it is to be hoped that he will at some early day give an account of his recollections of those men; within his keeping, also, lie many of the secrets explaining the mysteries of victories and defeats. He, I believe, of all other men, knows best why General Fitz John Porter did not meet the expectations of General Pope at the second battle of Manassas; he, also, can tell the secret of the plan of battle at Second Fredericksburg. But now for the matter in hand.

Fearing that my memory might not be entirely accurate, I wrote to Rev. Mr. Stringfellow, asking him to give me an account of the interview. To this I received the following reply, and I will let him tell it in his own language.

C. C. PENICK.

"The circumstances to which you refer will be found in the following account: I had just returned from a scout, having visited Baltimore, Washington, and General Grant's army, then in Culpeper, and, from all the information I could gain, I made the following report to General R. E. Lee. I did not state that the report was absolutely accurate, nor have I ever tried to verify it by the light of subsequent history, so far as the numbers of the enemy are concerned; but only I believed and made General Lee believe my report.

"I found the general just before the battle of the Wilderness, and told him that, from the best information I could gain, General Grant was advancing upon him with 120,000 men, and that 20,000 more would be sent to threaten his rear, and, if possible, to capture Richmond. It was his reply which made a lasting impression on my mind. He said: 'That gives General Grant 140,000 men, and we have but 36,000 to meet him.' Then, after a pause of a few

moments, he raised his head, which had fallen slightly forward, and a strange fire kindled in his eye, his countenance was altered, and he repeated to himself the sentence: '140,000 men, and we have but 36,000 to meet him, *and we will meet him.*' I have never seen such an expression upon a man's face. I can not describe it. There were courage, desperation, a consciousness of superiority in the very air with which he spoke. I never saw him so grand as at that moment.

"I do not know what he meant by saying that he had but 36,000 men. I have thought that he meant 36,000 muskets; and, as this was just before his forces were fully collected, he may have spoken of the forces at hand. And, as I have said, I do not know that General Grant had 140,000 men, but we both believed it. He may have had more; he may have had a few less. If I remember correctly, General Smith commanded the army, which came up by the 'White House' on the Peninsula, and failed to reach the second battle at Cold Harbor in time to prevent the slaughter of Grant's men. On that day, we came nearer gaining our independence than at any time during the war. This was Grant's last effort to give General Lee battle until want had wasted the strength of his army, and the lines were broken at Petersburg.

"Your affectionate friend, FRANK STRINGFELLOW."

[For the BIVOUC.]

#### A NUMEROUS STAFF.



MAJOR K. was the provost-marshal of the Fourth Cavalry division. In his department he was supreme, and the exercise of authority gave him somewhat a despotic turn of mind. In the fall of 1864, a new body of officials became temporarily attached to the headquarter staff. This was a traveling batch of judge-advocates. Many of them were fresh from their quiet rural retreats and had not yet learned to recognize the distinctions of military rank. With their keen wits and saucy freedom of speech Major K. was greatly shocked. He was annoyed, too, at another thing. When the command changed their camping ground these limbs of the law would hunt the best rooms in houses near headquarters.

Major K. generally managed to circumvent them, but once they gave him a good deal of trouble.

They traveled about with the army on quartermaster mules and in ambulances, the jolliest crowd anywhere to be seen. Of course, they needed rooms and they got them, too.

Upon the occasion alluded to, the camp had been moved to an adjoining county, for the purpose of finding fresh pastures for the broken down horses of the cavalry, which, at the time we speak of,

were supposed to be in winter quarters. For some reason, now forgotten, Major K. was not promptly on hand when the camping place was chosen, and so was not provided for as he should have been, considering the grandeur of his position, for in war the old rule "first come first served," was religiously observed.

About six hours after the arrival of the "staff," Major K. rode up. The spot selected for headquarters was on the lawn of a fine old mansion. The terror of war had driven the owner from home and forced the letting of the estate with the residence, to a tenant by the name of Chunkhouser. When Major K. dismounted at the front door he was amazed to learn from one of the numerous judges' clerks that all the rooms had been "taken."

"I'll see about that," said he, with a lofty air. "Thunderation! because I won't neglect (he had been dining out) my duty, I am to be crowded out by a set of mountebank lawyers. It is infamous." Calling a courier lounging near, he asked him sternly where the man of the house was.

"That's him," said the courier, chuckling, "you see going to the pump."

"What's his name?"

"Chunkhouser, sir."

Booted and spurred as he was, Major K. approached the humble citizen, his sword rattling and his long black plume waving haughtily. Mr. Chunkhouser saw him approaching but heeded him not, for in six hours he had become quite accustomed to the sight of distinguished visitors.

"I believe, sir," said Major K., "that I have the honor of addressing Mr. Chunkhouser?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. C., holding the pump-handle still for a moment and gazing with lack-luster eyes at the officer.

"I want to get a room, sir," said Major K. with emphasis.

Without a word in reply, Mr. C. began pumping, turning his head away to conceal his feelings, evidently saying to himself, "Here's another one of these headquarter fools after a room, as if I kept a hotel."

Major K. moved nearer and laid his hand on Mr. Chunkhouser's arm. The citizen stopped and looked up.

"I hope, sir, you did not misunderstand me. I desire a room for my department and staff."

"The house is full and runnin' over now. I hain't got a hole nor a corner to put you in," said Mr. C., again raising the pump-handle.



"Excuse me, but the front room over the adjutant-general's office will answer my purpose."

"I had my hired gal in that and had to move her to accommodate one of the jedges."

"Well, how about the one opposite it across the hall?"

"I moved my hired gal out of *that*, too, to give it to one of the jedges' clarks."

Just then *Mrs. Chunkhouser* put her head out of the kitchen window, and screamed: "*Mr. Chunkhouser*, ain't you never coming with that water?"

At this *Mr. C.* resumed the pumping. Major K. waited till the pitcher was full, then straightening up and confronting the citizen, as he was on the point of leaving, said:

"Perhaps you don't know who I am, sir."

"O, no, but that don't matter a bit, for the house is already chock-full of big officers now."

"Permit me to inform you that I am the provost-marshal of the division, sir."

"I don't care a continental if you are, sir," said *Mr. Chunkhouser*, making for the kitchen.

"I suppose you care for your property, at least. Is not that fine field of corn yours?"

"Well, they say so," said *Mr. C.*, staggered by the leading remark.

"It is now nearly sundown," said Major K., solemnly. "You had better take a good look at it, for it may disappear before morning."

"Stop!" said *Mr. C.*, fairly stunned. "What do you mean?"

"O, nothing, except that it is my business to look after your property. You have a fine field of hay there, I see, too. Excuse me, but if for one night I failed to look after your interests, you would wake up a ruined man. I bid you a good evening, *Mr. Chunkhouser*."

"Hold on," said *Mr. C.*, pursuing him. "I am honest about it; would like very, very much to please you, but the house is ram-jammed from garret to cellar."

"You can't impose on me, sir," said Major K., with a cruel look. "There's a room over the parlor, isn't there?"

"Yes, there's where I moved my hired gal to, but the quartermaster got me to let him have it."

"Let me see," said Major K., relenting, "isn't there a small room over the back hall?"

"Yes, but my hired gal is there now, and I'll be darned ef I move her agin for the whole Confederacy."

"Sir," said Major K., now completely outdone, "it strikes me your hired girl occupies the whole house." Just then Mrs. Chunkhouser put her head out of the window. "I am sorry on account of your innocent family."

"Sorry?"

"Yes, it's a pity that an elderly man like you should prefer the comfort of your hired girl to the preservation of your property."

"What's that yer jawin' about," said Mrs. Chunkhouser.

"O, nothing," said her spouse, who at once entered the kitchen with the water.

What followed in the kitchen we can not say, but in a very short time Mr. C. hunted up Major K., and said that his wife wanted him to take his meals at the family table, and that there was a "fine chunk of a room" back of the parlor for him. It is hardly necessary to add that Major K., as usual, was soon the most influential member of the staff, and that as long as the command remained in that locality, he was feasted three times a day on fried meat and hot cakes.

BOURBON.

THE raid of Morgan and his men through the State of Ohio will ever be invested with a romantic interest. The boldness of the attempt, the novel perils encountered, and the disastrous ending lend to it features of heroic adventure. Even the felon's cell, which was meted out as the penalty of failure to the gallant leader and his officers, but increases the charm of the traditional story.

The following is from one who accompanied Morgan on his ill-fated expedition:

“DECEMBER 29, 1884.

"In the summer of 1863 General Morgan, on his raid in Ohio, asked an Irish home-guard 'whether he had seen Morgan, the horse-thief.' Pat said quickly, 'The — horse-thief got away, but we got arl of his min.'

"Some distance from Cumberland, Ohio, General Morgan called a farmer out one night, and introduced himself as General Hobson. The farmer doubted that he confronted Hobson. General Morgan said, 'Now, my friend, I want to know whether Federal troops are on the right or left-hand road. I *know* they are on one, and Morgan will be sure to take the one on which there are *none*.' The farmer replied, 'That sounds mighty like Morgan himself.' General M. gave him to understand that 'copperheadism' would not be tolerated, and that if Morgan got away by *his* refusal to aid a Federal officer in the selection of the right road on which to march his soldiers, his property would be confiscated. The farmer guided General Morgan (Hobson) to the left, and, sure enough, the *Federals were* on the *right-hand* road.

H. M. BULLITT."

[For the BIVOAC.]

**GENERAL BUCKNER AND THE CAPTURE OF THE FEDERAL FORCES AT MUNFORDVILLE.**

THE Federal army had retreated before General Bragg from Chattanooga, Tenn., by way of Nashville and Bowling Green. Bragg's army had taken the shorter route by way of Sparta, and out-marching General Buell, was in an attitude to offer battle at any place between Bell's Tavern and the Green river bridge at

Munfordville; but the Federal commander abandoned the line of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, crossing the river at, or below, Brownsville, in Edmonson county. While the Confederate army was at, and around, Glasgow, General Bragg ordered Brigadier-General Chalmers, commanding a small Mississippi brigade, to move rapidly to Cave City, and there capture a train of cars, and the military stores accumulated. In this Chalmers was only partially successful. Without orders, he thereupon proceeded by rapid marching to Munfordville, where there was a Federal Garrison of about twenty-three hundred men, strongly fortified on the south side of the river. This force thus protected, and strengthened by a number of well-constructed forts, Chalmers attacked on the morning of the 17th of September, 1862, with, not exceeding, fourteen hundred men. The action was fought with great gallantry and dash by the Confederates, but in the end they were repulsed, losing many brave men and valuable officers; among the latter the lamented Colonel Smith of the Tenth Mississippi. It was a bloody sacrifice to the ambition of General Chalmers.

When the news was carried to General Bragg it is said that commander was something more than angry. He ordered that Chalmers be relieved of his command and placed under arrest, said that such an act, on the part of a subordinate officer, merited for him prompt execution on the field, and that such would be his reward in any of the armies on the European continent. He ordered that General Polk proceed as rapidly as possible to Munfordville, and take it promptly, by assault. General Buckner's division was in Polk's corps. His home, the home of his boyhood, was in a few miles of the ill fated town and garrison. Assaulting the forts and parapets meant the shell-ing and certain destruction of the town, and the loss of innocent life without stint, old and young alike. This was not a pleasant work for General Buckner to engage in, and he determined to avert it if possible. With this purpose in view he reported to General Polk, said he not only knew the topography of the county, but that he knew every



foot of ground, every road, path, and river ford, and asked that he be allowed to move his division in front; and by a route known to him, would invest the place before the Federals knew of the movement, when they would have, of necessity, to surrender. Meeting with the full endorsement of the bishop-general, whose heart was full of every Christian grace, these two knightly men rode to army headquarters and laid the matter before General Bragg. What passed at the interview is unknown to the writer, except that General Buckner's plan was sanctioned. Beyond General Bragg's anger with Chalmers, the Federal force at Munfordville was only an obstacle in his path, which he wished to have speedily removed. What followed is well known. Silently and skillfully the Confederate columns were led, through forest and defile, until the place was so completely invested that escape was impossible, and with the morning light the "Rebel yell" that went up fairly shook the Green river hills. The Federals had been re-enforced by one brigade, making the force something over six thousand strong, but resistance was sheer madness, and so, making a virtue of necessity, the commander, like General Mack, at the fortress of Ulea, surrendered without the firing of a gun, or the loss of a single life. General Buckner received the capitulation.

Nothing could more appropriately illustrate and adorn a noble character, than the course pursued by General Buckner, who, in the midst of the stirring scenes of an active campaign, thus threw a protecting arm around his people and shielded them from impending danger.

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"GOING through" a prisoner, was the rule, but the exceptions greatly diminished, as necessity more and more pinched the penniless Confederate. There was something degrading in touching a captive's pocket-book, but war and want had a strange influence in searing the conscience, and sometimes even the gentleman private indulged in it. P. H. was a dashing soldier, but when greenbacks were about he could seldom refrain from laying hands on them. He did it in Paul Clifford style, though. He approached the prisoner in the gentlest manner and usually said, "I'll thank you for your pocket-book, sir."

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AN iceman and a milkman drove up to the door at the same time. "How many pounds of ice do you leave here every morning?" asked the milkman. "My contract calls for ten pounds, but I leave twenty for good measure. How many quarts of milk do you leave?" "I don't leave any. They think they are getting two quarts of milk every day, but it's all pure cream." Just then a large truck came bowling down the street. It ran over and instantly killed both the iceman and the milkman. Their last words were, "We will see each other in Heaven."

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## REMINISCENCE OF THE CATTLE RAID AND A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.



HAMPTON'S celebrated "Cattle Raid," in the rear of Grant's army, was regarded by Lee's starving soldiers as a triumph of genius. The three thousand tall steers that were brought back as the spoils of victory, were stared at with as much delight as ever a triumphal procession along the Appian way.

The achievement was not without bloodshed. For a brief space the fighting was sharp and decisive. It is known that Hampton planned the expedition only after having "scouted" over the ground himself. The writer of the following was one of the raiders and had a full share in the brilliant affair. He promises to write a full account of it.

First creeping like a cat, then charging like a lion, Hampton had surprised the Federal troops guarding some three thousand fat cattle, and large stores in the rear of Grant's army not far from his base of supply on the south side of James river. Rosser's cavalry leading the attack, the "glorious old Twelfth" was the first to break through that very gateway of death—the narrow opening the width of a wagon, through the abatis with which the Federals had surrounded their position, and upon which a battalion of their dismounted men, with the Henry Sixteen repeating rifles at very close quarters, had concentrated a deadly fusillade. Men and horses, dead and wounded, piled upon each other, almost blocking the road, were a ghastly sight, illuminated by the rapid discharges of the enemy.

Of our victory, more anon.

As the gray morning lifted its curtain, and the smoke of the conflict floated away, revealing the wounded and the slain of friend and foe, there lay at full length the apparently lifeless form of gallant "Ike." \* \* \* \* \* His friend Jack was first to discover and approach him. "Ike, my boy, are you dead?" said Jack, with feeling. The slow response was a long sepulchral groan. "Ike, old fellow, are you much hurt," repeated Jack, taking him by the hand.

Ike, with languid, half-open eyes, drawled out, "m-o-r-t-a-l-l-y wounded, Jack; I'm shot through the body——" The country through which our troops passed the day before, abounded in large orchards, the fruit of which had been distilled into apple brandy; and our boys, being good foragers, had secured a fair supply. Both Jack

and Ike were fond of a "nip," and like many others of the command, had passed the canteen freely the night before the attack. Jack had some left in his canteen, and raising Ike's head, said to him, "Take a pull, old fellow, it will do you good." Ike motioned the canteen away and said, with a reproving look: "Take that canteen away, Jack, and *don't be offering liquor to a dying man*. Take warning by me, Jack, take warning by me, and let liquor alone. O, if I only had a Bible."

Jack thought that Ike's voice was rather strong and well-sustained for a man about to depart this life, and began to look for his wound. Finding neither blood on his jacket, nor bullet-hole through it, he opened Ike's clothes, and lo! nothing worse than a bruise on his side from a *spent bullet*, which had stunned and unhorsed him. The shock and pain had impressed him with the idea that he had been mortally perforated.

"Why, Ike," said Jack, "you're not hurt much; there's no hole through you at all. Sit up and see for yourself."

Ike, reassured by the confident tones of his friend, and with his assistance, raised to a sitting posture, and looked for himself. Seeing was believing, and so elated was he at the discovery that he straightened his vertebrae to a bolt upright position, and said to Jack:

"Old fellow, I think I was out of my head awhile ago. Didn't I talk a heap of nonsense? What were you saying about some apple brandy?"

Jack, seeing there was to be an indefinite postponement of the funeral, regained his own spirits sufficiently to perpetrate a joke at Ike's expense. So, instead of replying to his inquiry about the brandy, with a mock-serious air, he took out a pocket testament, and turning the pages, asked Ike if he had any favorite place he should read from to comfort him. Ike could stand it no longer, but rising to his feet said: "Jack, stop your blamed foolishness, and *hand me that canteen*."

Both these gallant soldiers survived the war, though serving faithfully through its hardships and dangers. Jack succumbed to a lingering disease some years ago. Ike still lives, an honored and preferred citizen of his county and State.

REB.



## TALKS WITH SOLDIERS.

GENERAL H— was a Federal officer of distinction. Being an unsparing denouncer of treason and rebellion, it was supposed that he was a Republican.

“How do I like Mr. Cleveland?” said he, “very much, sir, very much. Take my defeat easy? I don’t catch on, sir, at all, of course I am a Democrat—always was. That’s why I was against the infernal folly of secession. I was born and raised a Jackson man, a Democrat of the old school, none of your Calhoun style, no, indeed, sir. I am for one Government, the best ever fashioned by man. I fought for it, and ain’t sorry, either. But let me tell you, it did me a wrong, and all of my people, too, and I am mad at it now and have been for twenty years. It is too good a Government to wrong its defenders, and understand me, I would join any set of men now to make it do right. What wrong has it done? Why, sir, when the rebels laid down their arms wern’t they forgiven, and taken back free? Don’t a pardon mean that no punishment is inflicted? Yet a thousand millions value of property was taken away. A good deal of it from men who had shed their blood for the Union, too. Now, do you understand? It owes me for my property yet, and I am in need of the money to pay my just debts. Now, sir, you understand what kind of a Democrat I am.”

GENERAL M—is an old, old Confederate. He has been quite successful since the war, in accumulating a snug property. “Before the war,” says he, “it would have been counted a fortune; but when I contemplate your Vanderbilts and Jay Goulds, and these other colossal thieves, what am I but a contemptible pauper, sir? True, I have a nice home, plenty to eat, and drink, too, understand. Yes, sir, in my rural retreat I am as independent as a hog on ice; still, I am not happy. I have been used to ranking high, sir, all my life, but it has lately flashed across my mind that I am a blamed small potato.

“I won’t stand it, sir. This country is going to the devil, and the people have got to rise in their might, and dynamite these millionaire cut-throats. They’ll soon be buying whole counties, hey, and erecting castles. By Jupiter, if one builds a castle near me I’ll dynamite him if I have to go to the penitentiary for it.

“It wouldn’t take much of their money to send me there, hey? Of course not; one of them could send me there now, if he had a mind to. The easiest thing in the world, sir. All he would have to do would be to have me shadowed by a detective. That fellow would soon find stolen goods on my place, or in my pocket, if it were necessary, and the thing would be proved so fine that even my neighbors would believe it. Buy the jury? Of course; why, don’t they buy our legislatures. Look at our House of Lords, sir. Why, if I were elected to that body, I would be ashamed to take my seat. They’d snub me and sneer at my clothes, and—I tell you—it’s awful to think of. And now they are saying that Mrs. So-and-so is the first lady in the land—has precedence at court and all that. It’s galling, sir. The next thing will be a book on court etiquette. Why, who am I, sir, and you, sir, but a couple of contemptible paupers alongside of these silver kings with their brass bands and poodle dogs. I won’t stand them, sir, and if I meet one of these fellows, and he is an ass, I intend to tell him so, and, what’s more, I’ll make him take it, too.”

## Youths' Department.

### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.



AM boarding at Mr. Nicholson's. The house is far from the road, and I don't think those confounded Yankees will come to it. I saw Jim yesterday, and he told me he heard the Yankee colonel got terribly mad about my capturing his bugler, and swore he would capture me dead or alive. I wish to God he would let me alone; I am willing to go into a fair fight with the Yankees at any time. But this thing of having a whole regiment after one man is the unfairest thing I ever heard of, and it was no fault of mine. How was I to know the fellow was a bugler, and that it was wrong to capture a bugler? It is confounded hard for a fellow to be treated in this way. I am so disgusted with this guerrilla life that I would go home to-morrow, if it was not for the conscript officer. My health wouldn't stand service in the regular army, or I would enlist in it to-morrow.

*October 12.* Those rascally Yankees got after me again yesterday. Just about dark, I heard some horsemen coming in at the outer gate. I ran to the stable at once, got out my horse, and galloped away to the woods. I staid out there all night, and almost froze sleeping on the cold ground. This is a hard, hard life!

I went back to the house this morning when I saw that the coast was clear. Mr. Nicholson declared to me that no Yankee had been there. I suspected he was lying, but only told him that I certainly heard cavalry at his front gate. He still stuck to it that no Yankee had been there, and that I must have been mistaken. I knew I had not been mistaken, and I suspected that he was paid by the Yankees to betray me. However, I didn't want to make an open enemy of him; so I set out this evening, on the pretense that I was going to spend the night at Mrs. Morrison's.

I came, however, to Mr. Field's where I have engaged board. His house suits me better than any of the others, as it is near to the mountain; so that, if the Yankees press me too hard, I can go into the mountain where they can never find me; and, if they do, I will have a better chance to give them a good fight before they can capture me.

*October 14.* I spent the night in the woods last night. Since I heard

the Yankee colonel is bent on capturing me, I have thought it most prudent to have everything ready in case of an attack. So I keep my horse saddled and hitched to a tree near my window every night, and I keep a long rope in my room.

So last night, when I heard a noise in the front yard, I threw at once out of the window one end of my rope (the other end was tied to the bed-post), and slid down to the ground. I had my clothes on, as I always sleep in them now. In less than two minutes, I was out through the back gate and up among the bushes on the side of the mountain. There I staid all night.

This morning I went back to the house, where I found that I had run from our own men. The noise I heard was made by two of our guerrillas, who had come in to stay all night. They joked me a good deal about running from them. I told them I never would have left the house if I had known it was only two men, and they would have had a rough time in getting into the house if they had been Yankees. But I told them that I had positive information that a Yankee colonel had said he would capture me if it took all his regiment to do it; and this being the case, I was obliged to be on my guard all the time, as I couldn't possibly defend myself against a whole regiment. I also showed them my plan for getting away. They seemed to think then that I did right. Soon after they rode away.

*October 15.* Last night, I had another run to the mountain. I was waked up in the middle of the night by a pistol-shot in the field in front of the house. Down my rope I slid, mounted my horse, and galloped away to the mountain. I spent the night again on the ground. It was cold as the mischief. This is a hard, hard life!

I came back to the house again to-day, and found that no one had been there. I examined the gate but saw no horse-tracks. I am sure that the pistol-shot was a signal to Yankees to get in rear of the house, and that they were too late, and, hearing me gallop away, they determined not to go to the house, as it might give the alarm, and they didn't want it known that they had been in the neighborhood. I don't know what to do, but will try it here another night at least.

*October 16.* I have spent my last night or rather *day* at Mr. Field's. Those confounded Yankees seem determined to capture me. It certainly is a hard case that they can't let me alone. About midnight, I was waked up by the slamming of the front gate. I jumped off the bed, threw my rope out of the window, and slid down to the ground like a streak of lightning. I started to my horse, and was on his back in a moment. The Yankees had made quick time, however; for, just



as I got into the saddle, one came around one side of the house, and a second one around the other side. Just as I started my horse, both of the men fired at me, and the bullets went whistling about my head in a fearful manner. I rammed my spurs into my horse's sides, and went through the back gate which I kept open at night.

The Yankees followed (there were only two of them), and away I went up the mountain side. At every jump of my horse, it seemed to me a bullet whistled past me. They didn't hit me or my horse, and I laid low in the saddle, and kept on at a thundering gait. I finally got into the bushes unhurt, and the Yankees (I am sure they were Yankees) didn't follow me any further.

I kept on as fast as my horse could travel, and went down into a hollow in the mountain not far off. Not hearing any one pursuing, I concluded to stop here for the night. So, after awhile, I laid down on the ground, and, holding the reins in my hand, tried to go to sleep. As soon, however, as I got into a sort of doze, I was waked up by the cold. I passed the rest of the night in sleeping and freezing, and then waking up.

At daybreak, I concluded not to go back to Mr. Field's, but to find some place in the mountains to stay at. The Yankees seem to have found out that I was staying at Mr. Field's; so it won't do for me to stay there any longer. I passed over a ridge of the mountain and came to a stream. I determined to follow this stream up the hollow, and see if I couldn't find a house to stop at.

After riding some distance, I came to a sort of house right in a hollow of the mountain. I stopped here, and found that an old woman by the name of Bugger lived in the house. She has six children, but her husband is dead. I stopped here and asked her to give me some breakfast, which she very kindly did.

On examining the place after breakfast, it seemed to me that it was the very place for me to live at. There is no way of getting to the house except the way I came up the hollow; so, by watching this route closely, the Yankees couldn't possibly get at me without notice. The rascals seem to be so determined to capture me, and there are so many of them after me, that I have nothing else to do but watch them and save myself if I can. So I made a bargain to-day with the old woman, to board with her. Her house hasn't got but one room and a loft. She offered me the loft to sleep in, and it seems to me better to take that and sleep safely, than to stay at Mr. Field's and be shot at every night.

It bothered me for awhile what to do with my horse; but, at last, I

concluded to send him by a son of Mrs. Bugger's to a farmer's house, about three miles off, and get him to keep the horse and use him; no giving my name, however, for I knew those scoundrelly Yankees would find me out and never let me have any rest.

*November 15.* I have been spending a quiet time, but, thank fate! a safe one at Mrs. Bugger's. Not a single person has come up the hollow since I have been here. That confounded Yankee colonel seems to have let me alone at last, or rather, he hasn't been able to find me. It, certainly, is a hard thing for a fellow to be hunted about the country by five or six hundred Yankees! I wish, by Jove, they would show me a fair chance! I would like to be fighting for my country, but it would be madness to attempt to fight so many men. So I can do nothing but stay here and wait till I hear a chance will be shown me. I practice with my pistol every now and then, for I am determined to fight the whole Yankee regiment if they come up this hollow. They will find what a man can do when he is fighting for his freedom.

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### SKIRMISH LINE.

JOE enlisted in the First Maryland regiment, and was plainly a "rough" originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him crouched near an open window, lustily singing, "I'm a bold soldier boy," and observing the broad bandage over his eyes, I said:

"What's your name, my good fellow?"

"Joe, sir," he answered, "Joe Parsons."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"Blind, sir, blind as a bat."

"In battle?"

"Yes—at Antietam. Both eyes shot out at one clip."

"I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and the next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls were flyin' all round, and I wanted to get away. I couldn't see nothin', though. So I waited, and listened; and at last I heard a feller groan beyond me. 'Hello,' says I. 'Hello, yourself,' says he. 'Who be yer,' said I, 'a rebel?' 'You're a Yankee,' said he. 'So I am,' says I; what's the matter with you?' 'My leg's smashed,' says he. 'Can't you walk?' 'No.' 'Can yer see?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' says I, 'you're a —— rebel, but will you do me a little favor?' 'I will,' says he, 'ef I ken.' Then I says, 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin'; my eyes is knocked out; but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's git out of this. You pint the way, and I'll tote yer off the field on my back.' 'Bully for you!' says he. And so we managed to get together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outen his canteen, and he got onto my shoulders. I did the walkin' for both, an' he did the navigatin'. An' ef he didn't leave me carry him straight into a rebel general's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar!"

## ORPHAN BRIGADE ITEMS.

Major Monroe, of the Fourth, was the drill-master of the regiment at Oakland, Kentucky, and had the officers at his quarters every morning to recite their lessons in tactics. Lieutenant C——, of Company "A," was not very well up in "book larnin'," but his heroic death afterward on the field of Murfreesboro, showed him a true soldier and patriot. One day, in the school, the major asked him the question: "Lieutenant, suppose the regiment was standing in line of battle, and the enemy were to suddenly appear in front, but considerably to the right, how would you move to meet them?" To which the lieutenant replied, "I would move the reegiment stauchendiciler to the front."

Captain T——, of the Fourth, was another officer who could not understand military tactics. Upon being asked one day in class how he would prepare to meet the enemy should he hear of their approach, he said: "Well, major, I can't answer that according to the books, but I would risk myself with the Trigg county boys, and go in on main strength and awkwardness."

Speaking of Captain T——, reminds me of the time his company marched into Camp Burnett to report for duty in the Confederate army. He had about one hundred young men, the prime of Trigg county. They were each armed with a bowie-knife, presented them by Captain T——, and carried a fine silken banner with this inscription, "Southern Rights, or Northern Blood." The captain went blind, after a short but very brilliant career as a soldier and officer, but the company was always ready for battle, and were the most stubborn fighters I ever saw. Starting to battle, you could hear Jim Cunningham sing out, "Come on, boys, let's go and kill some more of the scoundrels!"

## NELLY.



NCE on the road, Nelly ran very fast, until, almost breathless, she found herself compelled to rest awhile in a little grove by the roadside. Scarcely had she seated herself upon the grass, when the steady trot, trot of a horse was heard, and she had barely time to hide behind a large tree, when one of the farm hands passed on his way from the mill. It seemed to Nelly that the slight rustle of the leaves under her feet must betray her, and the loud beating of her heart be heard. But the boy passed on, and soon his low whistle, as well as the measured beat of the horse's hoofs, grew fainter. However, all danger was not over, for just as she was about to venture forth the panting of some animal startled her. For a moment her terror was extreme. This changed to chagrin and vexation as Rover, the farmer's dog, ran to her hiding-place, and fawned upon her. Having followed the farm boy to



the distant mill, the poor dog, growing weary with his long run, had fallen far behind. Now Rover and the little girl had been great friends and had enjoyed many a romp together, but just then his presence made her very cross. So seizing a large stick she beat the poor fellow until he ran yelping away.

Left alone once more, Nelly set off in the direction of town. Having often, in her rides with grandmamma, passed along the same road, she thought she knew the way, but night was approaching. It appeared to the child that darkness must bring added danger. Besides, she would soon be missed at the farm, pursued, overtaken, and carried back. This dread gave her fresh courage, and again the young traveler walked rapidly on. Before she had gone far, a light wagon overtook her. In its driver she gladly recognized an old man who sometimes supplied her grandmamma with vegetables. He drew up in great astonishment as Nelly called to him, but at her request allowed her to climb to the seat beside him. As they approached the town the heart of the runaway began to sink, a sense of her disobedience, and the knowledge that it would add to the grief of her dear mother, and perhaps greatly displease grandmamma, oppressed her sorely. She decided that she could not face them just then. Begging the old man to put her down at the nearest corner, the unhappy little girl approached the house by a back entrance, and concealed amid the shrubbery, stood trembling and weeping. The lamps had been lighted, and from the windows of the dining-room a bright ray shone out upon the lawn, seeming almost to reach the place where the child was hidden. Within was a pleasant little group gathered around the tea-table. To her great surprise Nelly discovered her mother busily engaged in arranging upon a waiter covered with a white napkin, a nice supper, while grandmamma added a cup of steaming tea. Winnie stood by as if waiting to carry supper to *somebody*, but Nelly was puzzled to know for *whom* it was intended. Just then, however, the gate bell rang loudly. Winnie hurriedly caught up the waiter and disappeared as the opposite door opened to admit farmer Dale. His first words seemed greatly to disturb and alarm the ladies. Grandmamma quickly arose with a cry of grief and horror. Mrs. Gray stood motionless, her eyes fixed on the farmer's face, her hands pressed to her heart.

Nelly could bear no more. Rushing impetuously into the house, she threw both arms around her frightened mother, crying: "O, mamma, grandmamma, I am not lost, but I have been so naughty. I wanted you so, and I ran away. O, let me stay, please, *please* let me stay."

The mother sank into a chair, her arms instinctively enfolding her naughty child, but she did not kiss or welcome her. Grandmamma, too, looked very grave and troubled. After a few minutes of painful silence the farmer took his leave, saying: "I'll leave *you* to settle with the little one. I must make haste to relieve my wife's anxiety."

After his departure, the penitent nestled more closely to her mother. She felt sure of *her* love and forgiveness, and hoped that grandmamma might not be *too* severe, although she fully expected a good scolding and some kind of punishment besides, which she meant to bear quite meekly. To her surprise neither mentioned her fault. Her mother seemed to be thinking of something else, and Nelly did not at all understand the queer looks which passed between the ladies. At last Winnie put her head in the door, evidently to deliver some message, for she began, "Marse —," when Mrs. Gray started up suddenly, saying: "O, Winnie, here is our Nelly," while the child sprang forward to throw herself on the breast of her astonished nurse.

"De Lord er Massy! Whar dat chile cum from dis time o' nite?"

"Why, Winnie," explained grandmamma, "she has run away from the farm, and here she is; did you ever *hear* of such badness?"

"Dah, now!" cried the negro, "didn't I *tole* you dat. I jest know dat chile wasn't gwine to stay nowhar dout her mar an' me. Po' chile, she look mity bad, 'deed she do."

"Well, Winnie, never mind that now, she is only tired; let her eat her supper and go to bed."

Nelly had expected, at the very least, to be sent supperless to bed, but, instead, grandma gave her all she could eat, and, but for the strange, preoccupied manner which so puzzled her, the child would have been very comfortable. When, led by her mamma and attended by Winnie, she went up-stairs, she found that her couch had been removed into her grandmamma's room. "You will be better here," explained Mrs. Gray, "for I am very restless and might disturb you."

Nelly was just conscious of an unusual bustle in the passage outside, and of hearing voices and footsteps going up to the third story, but, too sleepy to pay attention, she soon ceased to hear anything.

When she awoke, the morning was far advanced, and her grandmamma was not in the room. While she lay thinking over the strange events of the day before, Maum Winnie appeared with some fresh, clean clothes upon her arm.

"Mornin', little missy," said she, pleasantly. "Is you gwine to sleep all day?"

Nelly sprang up and was soon dressed. Running into her

mamma's room, she found it all in order, the sweet wind and the morning sun coming in freely through the open windows. Mrs. Gray, however, was not there; nor did she find her in the breakfast room, where only grandmamma sat waiting to give the child her breakfast. Upon the sideboard stood a tray which had contained breakfast for *somebody*; Nelly wondered *who*, and suddenly asked:

"Is mamma sick?"

"No, she is quite well now," was the reply.

"Well, did she eat breakfast with you?"

"Yes."

The child again glanced toward the sideboard, and at last asked plainly:

"Whose breakfast is that yonder, and who did you all send supper to last night?"

"Nelly," said her grandmamma, sharply, "eat your breakfast, and ask no more questions. Little girls should be seen and not heard." The child obeyed, but remained curious, and determined to find out the mystery, if she could. Soon her mother came in, kissed her affectionately, and stood for a few moments by her chair, smoothing back her curls just as she used to do. Nelly thought gladly of the happy day she would spend at her mother's side, but Mrs. Gray disappointed her by saying:

"My daughter, you must play as quietly as possible to-day, and don't run or romp near the house. I am far from well, and very nervous."

The little girl, however, drew her mother out of the room upon the vine-shaded gallery, where they walked up and down for a few moments. But Mrs. Gray still seemed ill at ease, and soon returned within the house. Then Nelly ran down the steps and across the lawn in search of her old playmates, the kittens and the puppy, visited the garden and summer-house, where she occupied herself in arranging a bouquet for her mamma. At last, it seemed to her that it must be nearly twelve o'clock; so returning to the house, and finding the lower rooms deserted, she wandered into the kitchen where she found Maum Winnie broiling some birds and preparing some nice toast, while near by upon the kitchen table was a waiter ready to carry up the delicate lunch to *somebody*. Nelly at once began:

"O, Maum Winnie, who are those birds for? Where is the cook? What are *you* in the kitchen cooking for?"

Winnie seemed wonderfully flurried and confused by all these questions, and Nelly was equally disconcerted at finding the old woman so cross.



"Jes' *listen* to de chile," cried Winnie, "w'ot you makin' all dis *miration* 'bout? I neber seed nobody so inquisity as you is. De cook she dun leff, an' I'se cookin' ontwill yer grandmar git somebody. Ef you don' belieb me, ax yer mar. Ennyhow, I'se gwine to '*quaint* yer mar with yer conduct, axin' so many *pertermunt* questions."

"But, who are the birds for?" persisted Nellie. "I know mamma *never* eats birds, and grandmamma isn't sick."

"I 'clar, Miss Nelly, I *is* *outdone* wid you. *Go outer heah*, 'fore I calls yer grandmar."

Nelly left, still very curious and dissatisfied.

VIOLETTA.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REV. A. J. WITHERSPOON, Chaplain of the Upper Seaman's Bethel, in New Orleans, sends the following short sketch.

Mr. Witherspoon is well known, both here and in Europe, as the friend of all sailors. He is also chaplain of the La Dei Army of Tennessee, and an active member of that body. At the beginning of the war, he was living in Marengo county, Alabama, and there raised and assisted to equip a company called "The Witherspoon Guards." On account of his profession as a minister of the Gospel, he declined the captaincy, but went out as a private in the ranks. Served thus for several months, until appointed chaplain of Twenty-first Alabama regiment. It was while serving in this capacity that he became cognizant of the heroism of the boy whose name he now seeks to inscribe upon the pages of history:

"Thomas Hilton, of Uniontown, Alabama, volunteered in 'The Witherspoon Guards,' Twenty-first Alabama regiment at the tender age of fourteen. He was too small to carry a musket, and was detailed as a drummer boy. At the battle of Shiloh, he threw away his drum, and so importuned his captain for a gun that it was given him. Shortly after, while in the thick of the fight, he was shot through the face, the ball entering one side and passing out at the other. After the battle, I found him lying on the ground bleeding, as I then thought, to death, and knelt beside him to pray and, if it might be, to comfort him. To my surprise, he looked up at me, the fire in his eyes unquenched, and gasped out, while the blood gushed afresh at every word:

" 'Yes—chaplain—I'm *badly* hurt—but—I'm—not—*whipped*.'

"Thomas Hilton yet lives in Uniontown, Alabama, respected by

all who know him. His friends and fellow-citizens regard the ugly scars, which yet appear on each side of his face, with pride and reverence."

In connection with the above, Mr. Witherspoon pays a high tribute to the commander of "The Witherspoon Guards," Captain James Rembert: "One of the bravest and truest of men, respected and beloved alike for his valor and for his superior qualities as an officer. At Shiloh, he held his company in unbroken ranks until, while leading them, he fell mortally wounded, and died a prisoner in the hands of the enemy."

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#### CARD FROM MRS. F. A. BEERS.

It is thought best, owing to want of space, not to add a children's department, as announced in the February number. Mrs. F. A. Beers, who was to have had charge of it, will none the less assist us with matter for young people, to be embraced in the Youth's Department. She makes the following appeal to her friends and others to furnish, from the storehouse of memory, material aid:

"Friends: Many of you remember facts and incidents of the war which, if brought to light, will be found both amusing and instructive. How tender hands, unused to toil, yet accomplished wonders in the way of housework or even out-of-door work. How girlish fingers grew rough and seamed while fashioning the heavy army overcoats, or busy brains invented substitutes for coffee, tea, medicine, etc. How women and children lived upon coarse food, or slept under insufficient cover on winter nights, while blankets, comforts, and delicacies were sent to 'the front.'

"Let us also preserve the names and fame of the brave *boys* who, leaving home (where mother's fondest care had attended every step, making each morning brighter with loving greeting, mingling the breath of prayer and blessing with the dreams of night), rushed forth impetuously in the hour of danger to endure, with splendid bravery, hardship and danger, which appalled even strong men.

"It is astonishing how little Southern boys and girls know, or seemingly *care* to know, of the history of the war; and yet there are facts and details more deeply thrilling and interesting than any romance that has ever been written. If those who participated will assist us, the young readers of the BIVOUAC at least will learn something of 'sure enough' heroes and heroines.

"NEW ORLEANS, February 9, 1885."

## Editorial.

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It is now said that Senator Jackson, of Tennessee, is to have a position in the Cabinet. If honor falls there, it falls unsought, and upon one of the South's greatest sons.

BISMARCK is again playing the tyrant's role in the Reichstag. Like the horse leech, his cry is "give, give." But the Teuton blood is up, and the Iron Duke may yet be forced to roar as gently as a sucking dove.

MR. CLEVELAND seems so averse to turning out faithful officeholders, that it begins to cause some surprise why he insists upon turning out Mr. Arthur. With their surroundings, he and his cabinet did exceedingly well. If the surroundings are to be continued, why make any change at all?

MANY of our friends will please pardon us for taking the liberty of remarking first, that the BIVOUAC is not a bloated corporation, but subsists on its monthly earnings; secondly, that there is a monumental hardness about the times, that nothing but the kindness of warm hearts can soften.

THE hope of the solid South is that its solidity may be broken. Northern immigrants will not do it, for, keenly alive to their local interests, once settled in Dixie, they soon become the strongest advocates of solidity. The gradual spread of the superior civilization may accomplish it, perhaps, in a century or two, but the day will be greatly hastened by a judicious distribution of Federal patronage.

A NEW terror disturbs the repose of the rich and the great. The power of dynamite for evil presents a temptation to the dangerous classes. Despair wields a scepter that threatens the king upon his throne, and the magnate in his palace. This, too, is progress. With new ways of grinding the poor, comes apace new ways of reaching the oppressor. The grand gates of the enchanted castle can not resist the hand of a child.



THE future of the negro depends very much upon the ability of the white man to earn enough for both races. The food problem has been solved by his making a fair division of the larder. But the climate is changing, and is terribly hard on a race of tropical origin, and oriental scantiness of clothing. An equal division of the coal-house will not suffice the highly-sensitive African. He wants a double share, and, what is more, will have it.

A CERTAIN ancient fool once set fire to the magnificent temple of Diana for the purpose of being talked about. The class he belonged to is not yet extinct. Indeed, there are many in America just like him, only "more so." The breed is fostered by a sensational press; even our police reporters are responsible for some of them. As long as every brawler who draws blood in a street fight is given the notoriety of a bad hero, crime will increase.

THE vote of the ex-Confederates against the bill for retiring General Grant, opens the door for misconstruction. Spite would have dictated a different course, for Grant needs only the crown of the martyr to consummate his greatness. A sense of justice, too, is wanting, for the "hero of Appomattox" surely deserves a lion's share of the soldiers' rewards. That the motives were good, there can be no doubt, yet good intentions hardly excuse a blunder that tends to rekindle sectionalism. The South is sadly in need of men at the helm who have an eye to business.

THE completion of the national monument brings Washington once more to the front. Well would it be for the land if he stayed there. Great as were his achievements in the field and cabinet, his example is our most precious heritage. Long after his deeds shall live only on the pages of history, the beauty of his life will be a living force to draw our youth to virtue's side. It is humiliating, but true, that the rising generation is more familiar with the career of Napoleon and Jesse James, than with that of Washington. The pen of art loves more to paint the brilliant robber than the Christian hero.

THE fall of Khartoum concerns the British, but the death of Gordon touches the hearts of the good and true of every land. No wonder General Wolseley compared him to Lee. The pure brightness of his noble life more attracts than the splendor of his victories. Inheriting from a distinguished ancestry the love of arms, he became a soldier early in life, and followed the profession of his choice with the enthusiasm

which assures success. But the results achieved by his sword are not to be compared to those won by the Christian spirit which animated him. With the one he overcome armed resistance, with the other he conquered even the hearts of his enemies.

THE South must be born again, under the creative influence of the brains, money, and industrial skill of the North. That is the avowed hope and expectation of the political doctors. Only make a fair showing, say they, of what you have, and there will follow an avalanche of full purses and cunning hands from across the border. Then the enchantment will begin, and the now silent land will resound with the "hum of industry," while tumble-down houses will give place to gorgeous palaces. Is not this a delusion and a snare? Men put not new wine into old bottles. The industrial systems of one section can not be transplanted to the other, where the surroundings are so different. What is wanted is simply not hostile legislation. To this end we need in Congress level-headed men, who will not be over-reached by the shrewd business men of the East. Above all, we need industrial schools. Give our young men the training and predisposition for industrial enterprise, and the problem approaches solution.

THE Chicago School Board has abolished flogging in the public schools, and thus made a great stride up the ascending plane of the higher civilization. Let the work go bravely on, and the brutal birch, a revolting relic of barbarism, be rooted out of the land. In questions involving human rights, let arguments be thrown to the dogs. What if it is true that the terror inspired by the birch has induced habits of self control in boys prone to do evil. Is the good of a few villains by nature to be set against the wounded sensibilities of a highly-cultivated community? Boys have rights as well as mules and poodle-dogs. The cause of liberty and humanity can never boast of victory till their shackles are broken. Revolution takes no step backward. From the school-room its triumphant banner is destined to invade the sacred precincts of the kitchen and the cow-house, and before long a highly-elevated public sentiment will do away with the savagery of the so-called conscientious father. What is most needed is a literature inculcating a spirit of irreverence and rebellion. The over-confiding youth must be made to see how he is the dupe of tyrants who, under the mask of parental love, selfishly impose upon him a daily grind of harassing duties. He must be stirred with contempt and indignation till, breaking through all restraint, he either dethrones the "old man"

or adventurously gains the air of freedom among the cow-boys of the plains. It can not be denied that something has already been done in this regard. The age hardly realizes how much it owes to such works as Peck's Bad Boy, and others of like ilk. Their stunning blows for reform are already visible in the actions of certain depraved corner-grocers. Only the other day one of this brutal class dared to kick a boy out of his shop for the trifling offense of throwing stones at his customers.

### SOLDIERS' RECORD.

DAN D. PHILIPS was born at Nashville, Tennessee, December 29, 1842; enlisted as private First Tennessee artillery; surrendered as first lieutenant; was with his command at siege of Island Number Ten, and siege of Port Hudson (La.); captured at both places with garrisons; was a prisoner at Johnson Island and Fort McHenry; is now a wholesale druggist at Nashville, Tennessee.

R. A. McGRATH was born at Danville, Kentucky, February 23, 1843; joined Forrest's command as sergeant September, 1861; then joined Morgan's command September, 1862; was with Forrest at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, and with Morgan until he was captured in Ohio; confined nineteen months in Camp Douglas. He is now a farmer at Bryantsville, Garrard county, Kentucky.

GEORGE N. MONETTE, M. D., was born at Washington, Adams county, Mississippi, September 26, 1846; enlisted April 7, 1864, as second sergeant of Twentieth Mississippi cavalry; surrendered as private May, 1865; chiefly engaged as a scout in Adams county; also with Colonel J. Scott in south-western Mississippi, and at one time ordnance sergeant at Brandon (Miss.); is now a physician at New Orleans; address, 285 Camp street.

THOMAS R. CREMER was born in Queen county, East Tennessee, July 6, 1845; enlisted October 3, 1862, as private Sixty-first Tennessee regiment; surrendered as private May 4, 1865; was with his command in the following battles: Black river (Miss.), Vicksburg, Greenville (East Tenn.), when General Morgan was killed, Bull's Gap, and others in East Tennessee; in hospital at Jackson (Miss.) with measles; captured at Vicksburg July 4, 1863, paroled and sent home; is now a farmer at Mentor, Kansas.

JOHN B. FAY was born at Cumberland, Maryland, April 30, 1843; enlisted in Ashley's cavalry August 19, 1861; was with his command in the battles of Kernstown, Port Republic, Bucton Station, Winchester, Orange Court-house, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, and Sharpsburg; joined McNeill's Partisan Rangers August, 1863; participated in the movement of that command in Moorefield Valley, in Shenandoah Valley, and Maryland; was captured January 5, 1863, by Jessie Scouts, and confined for three months in Camp Chase; afterward captured by Ringgold's cavalry at Moorefield, but re-captured two days afterward; is now a lawyer and editor at Oakland, Maryland.

W. K. COOPER was born near Woodville, Williamson county, Mississippi, June 11, 1844; enlisted as private in Company "E," Twenty-first Mississippi C. S.



A., May 1, 1864; was with his command in the Shenandoah Valley, in the fight at Berryville, and the battle of Cedar Creek, where he was wounded in the knee, and lost his leg October 19, 1864. He was captured and confined, first in a private house at Newtown (Va.), and afterward in Westbuilding hospital, Baltimore, and Point Lookout; was exchanged February 3, 1865; is now the county treasurer at Woodville, Mississippi.

WILLIAM L. PARSONS was born at Moorefield, West Virginia; enlisted as private in Company "F," Seventh Virginia cavalry April 18, 1862; was with his command in the following battles: Winchester (Va.), Cross Keys and Port Republic (Va.), Cedar Mountain, second battle Cold Harbor (Va.), Fleetwood (Va.), second battle Manassas (Va.), Gettysburg (Pa.), Mine Run (Va.), Fairmont (Va.), Harper's Ferry (Va.), Ashland (Va.), and most of the battles below Richmond; was wounded five times; was sick with typhoid fever at Page county hospital, Virginia; was never captured; surrendered as private May, 1865; is now a farmer at Moorefield, West Virginia.

WILLIAM W. THOMPSON was born in Rutherford county, Tennessee, September 30, 1840; enlisted as adjutant of Fourteenth Tennessee June, 1861, while attending college at Clarksville, Tennessee; served with General Lee through the Western Virginia campaign, which so impaired his health that he was furloughed for several months; was in the battle around Richmond (Va.), at Second Manassas, and was killed in battle at Chancellorsville (Va.) on the 3d of May, 1863, during the celebrated flank movement of Stonewall Jackson against General Hooker. He had been promoted to captain of Company "A," of the regiment, and was gallantly leading his men, with his colors in hand, during a charge when he was killed.

W. W. BADGER was born at Erfurt, Saxony, June 20, 1817; reached Louisville 1834, and has lived in Kentucky since 1840; enlisted September, 1861, at Bowling Green, in James Morehead's company, Hunt's regiment; was appointed sergeant of Company "G," Ninth Kentucky infantry; paroled at Washington, Georgia, May 6, 1865, when the brigade surrendered; was with his command in all of its battles except Murfreesboro and Huntsville, being sick at the time in hospital at Atlanta, and missed the last fight had by the brigade, in South Carolina; was never wounded, though often struck; was captured at Jonesboro, September, 1864; in prison pen at Atlanta, when Illinois officers, which his brigade had captured at Huntsville, retaliated for kindness received, with extra rations and tobacco, and other articles; was in prison-pen at Chattanooga, and was kindly treated. Is now a bricklayer, but for the last four years has been acting as county surveyor. Resides at Hawesville, Hancock county, Kentucky.

ROBT. M. MARTIN was born near Greenville, Kentucky, January 25, 1840; at the fall of Fort Sumpter he started South with six companions, and in July joined Captain J. Warren Cates' company, Louisiana cavalry, at Memphis. Participating in the battle of Belmont, he was promoted for gallantry and made a commissioned officer; then he resigned to return to his native State and raise a larger command; reported for service to General A. S. Johnston, then in command at Bowling Green, Kentucky, and was kept on special duty within the

Federal lines, till the battle of Fort Donelson, in which he served on Forrest's staff during the day, and by request of General Floyd was in the general's camp at night. Upon the surrender of the garrison he escaped, in company with General Pillow, and reported for duty to General Breckinridge, and by him was kept on special duty till the surrender of Corinth. By the advice of General Breckinridge he, with Adam R. Johnson, returned to Kentucky to raise troops to make war on the Federals. Within a few months a full regiment was raised, and mainly equipped from the enemy. This regiment was known as the First Partisan Rangers, till it left Kentucky, in the fall of 1862, and reported to General Morgan, at Block's shop, Tennessee. At the reorganization of Morgan's command, Adam R. Johnson became its colonel and Robt. M. Martin the lieutenant-colonel. In 1863, Johnson was promoted to the rank of brigadier, and Martin was placed at the head of the regiment with the rank of colonel. Not long afterwards Colonel Martin was sent South on special service, and returning to Richmond the night it fell, he retreated with the President and cabinet, and was with them when all organizations were disbanded in Wilkes county, Georgia. During his military career, Colonel Martin participated in very many battles and skirmishes; was wounded three times, and had four horses shot under him. Several months after the war closed, he was arrested in Kentucky and kept in close confinement in Fort Lafayette, New York harbor; was tried for high treason and other great crimes, but honorably discharged on all but the charge of treason, of which he was found guilty. But the Supreme Court of New York held that he could not be held in that State for treason against another, and hence he was discharged, receiving pardons from Governor Bramlette, of Kentucky, and President Johnson, at the advice of Daniel S. Dickson, who assigned as a reason "lest the prisoner be made a hero." He is now in business in Brooklyn, New York, and is a member of the Brooklyn Tobacco Inspection.

MAJOR THOMAS H. HAYS was born October 6, 1837, at West Point, Hardin county, Kentucky; was the senior major in the Kentucky State Guard, under General S. B. Buckner, at the breaking-out of the war; was commissioned major in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, in 1861; was in command of Camp Joe Davis, on Muldraugh's Hill, in 1861, and by direction of General Buckner, captured the trains of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, at Elizabethtown (Ky.), September 17, 1861; the same day destroyed the bridges over Rolling Fork, and retreated with a part of two companies of his battalion in front of General Rousseau, to Green river, joining the advance of General Buckner, under the command of General Hanson. He was assigned, in October, to the Sixth Kentucky infantry; was with the regiment at the battle of Shiloh, and the engagements around Corinth; was afterwards assigned to duty as assistant adjutant-general on General Wm. Preston's staff; was with him at Vicksburg, when Preston defeated Federal gunboats in their effort to capture the Confederate ram, Arkansas. When General Ben Hardin Helm succeeded General Preston in the command of the Kentucky brigade, he was assigned to duty as assistant adjutant and inspector-general; was with Helm in Florida and at Chickamauga; after this battle he joined the company of Captain Johnson, of the First Kentucky cavalry, and served one month as a private, and, then being ordered to

report to General Cooper, at Richmond, was assigned to duty with rank of major, on the general's staff. At the beginning of Sherman's movement upon Dalton, he was assigned to duty on Johnson's staff, and was in all the engagements from Dalton to Atlanta; was afterwards adjutant-general of General John S. Williams' division of cavalry, in his campaign in East Tennessee to West Tennessee and return to Saltville, Virginia; afterwards was assigned to duty on staff of General Hood, and was at the battles of Franklin and Nashville. On one occasion he was the bearer of dispatches from Hood to General Dick Taylor, at Meridian, Mississippi, and made an average ride per day, on hand car and horseback, of seventy-four miles. After the war he engaged in farming; was a member of the Kentucky Legislature in 1869, serving two sessions. In 1875, was appointed General Superintendent of the Pullman Car Company, and, also, second vice-president of the same. In 1880, he received the nomination of the Democratic party to represent the Louisville district in Congress, but was defeated by Honorable Albert Willis, independent candidate; now resides at Louisville, Kentucky.

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#### BOOK NOTICES.

OPERATIONS OF THE ARMY UNDER BUELL FROM JUNE 10 TO OCTOBER 30, 1862, AND THE "BUELL COMMISSION."—By James B. Fry, Colonel U. S. A. Published by D. Van Nostrand, Number 23 Murray and 27 Warren street, New York. 1884.

Of the number of books published within the last few years, which give the history of the operations of armies, in the late war, there is not one that equals this work of Colonel Fry, in the accuracy, fairness, and impartiality of statement of facts, and the candor and intelligence in which he comments on the motives, surroundings, and impatience of superiors, who interfered with General Buell, and insisted upon the adoption of a campaign, which he knew, and at the time stated, to be impracticable. The tone of the narrative of the campaign between Buell and Bragg, is elevated, and its spirit just and discriminating. General Buell is one of the most interesting characters in military history, and the operations of his army from Corinth to Perryville, are given in a comprehensive and vigorous style, without laudation, convincing to the reader that a truthful history is written.

THE HISTORY OF THE THIRD REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA INFANTRY, by W. H. TUNNARD, of Baton Rouge, La., is a neat volume of nearly 400 pages.

As a record of the members and battles of a typical body of Louisiana troops, it is a valuable contribution to history. The narrative abounds in thrilling scenes, and contains all those details of the daily routine which alone reveal the animus of the Confederate soldier. Would that we had more of just such books. The men of the gallant Third are happy in having such a faithful writer to commemorate their glorious deeds.

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ERRATA—On page 305, read "McClermand" instead of "McClelland."



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#### THE BEST

remedy for sick headache, arising from an impure state of the stomach, and are the mildest and best purgative in the world. They were first recommended to me, by my mother, thirty years ago." Mrs. J. G. Smith, Campbelltown, Ga., says: "I have been cured of Rheumatism, and am now enjoying good health, through the use of Ayer's Pills. I am nearly seventy years of age." Mark Johnson, Monterey, Mexico, says: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years, and am satisfied that I should not now be alive had it not been for these Pills. By using them I have been enabled to avoid the bilious diseases peculiar to this climate." J. V. Thompson, Mount Cross, Va., says: "Ayer's Pills gave me quick and

#### HAPPY RELIEF

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## DISTRESSED.

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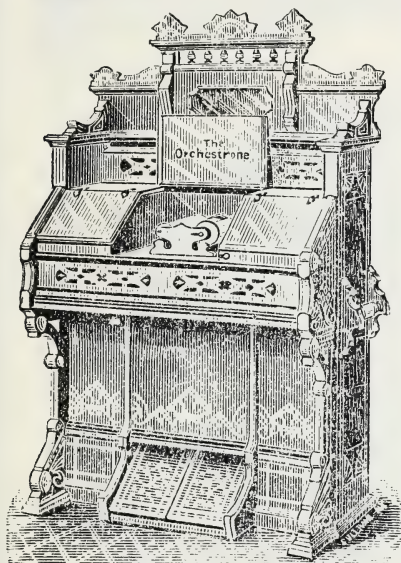
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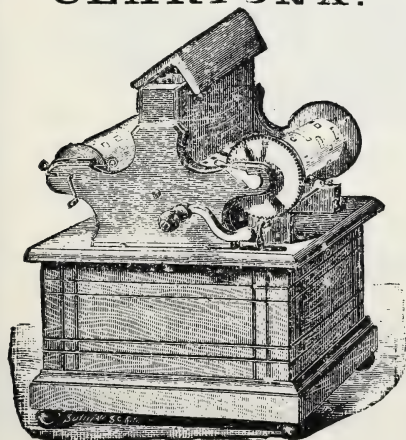
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No. 8.

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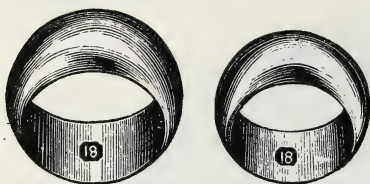
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VOL. III.


APRIL, 1885.

No. 8.

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Read before the Southern Historical Association, Louisville, Kentucky.



IN pursuance of orders from army headquarters, my command crossed Duck river on the morning of the 29th of November, 1864, the division of Major-General Cleburne in advance, followed by that of Major-General Bate, the division of Major-General Brown in the rear. The march was made as rapidly as the condition of the roads would allow, and without occurrence of note, until about three o'clock P. M., when I arrived at Rutherford's creek, two and one-half miles from Spring Hill. At this point General Hood gave me verbal orders as follows: That I should get Cleburne across the creek and send him forward toward Spring Hill, with instructions to communicate with General Forrest, who was near the village, ascertain from him the position of the enemy, and attack immediately; that I should remain at the creek, assist General Bate in crossing his division, and then go forward and put Bate's command in to support Cleburne; and that he would push Brown forward to join me.

As soon as the division of General Bate had crossed the creek, I rode forward, and, at a point on the road about one and a half miles from Spring Hill, I saw the left of Cleburne's command just disappearing over a hill to the left of the road. Halting here I waited a few minutes for the arrival of Bate, and formed his command with his right upon the position of Cleburne's left, and ordered him forward to the support of Cleburne. Shortly after Bate's division had disappeared over the same range of hills, I heard firing toward Cleburne's right, and just then General Brown's division had come up. I thereupon ordered Brown to proceed to the right, turn the range of hills over which Cleburne and Bate had crossed, and to form line of battle and attack to the right of Cleburne. The division of General Brown was in motion to



execute this order, when I received a message from Cleburne that his right brigade had been struck in the flank by the enemy and had suffered severely, and that he had been compelled to fall back and reform his division with a change of front.

It so happened that the direction of Cleburne's advance was such as had exposed his right flank to the enemy's line. When his command was formed on the road by which he had marched from Rutherford's creek, neither the village of Spring Hill nor the turnpike could be seen. Instead of advancing directly upon Spring Hill his forward movement was a little south of west and almost parallel with the turnpike toward Columbia, instead of north-west upon the enemy's lines south and east of the village.

General Cleburne was killed in the assault upon Franklin the next day, and I had no opportunity to learn from him how it was that the error of direction occurred.

Meanwhile, General Bate, whom I had placed in position on the left of Cleburne's line of march, continued to move forward in the same direction until he had reached the farm of N. F. Cheairs, one and a half miles south of Spring Hill.

After Brown had reached the position indicated to him and had formed a line of battle, he sent to inform me that it would be certain disaster for him to attack, as the enemy's line extended beyond his right several hundred yards. I sent word to him to throw back his right brigade and make the attack. I had already sent couriers after General Bate to bring him back and direct him to join Cleburne's left. Going to the right of my line, I found Generals Brown and Cleburne, and the latter reported that he had reformed his division. I then gave orders to Brown and Cleburne that, as soon as they could connect their lines, they should attack the enemy, who were then in sight; informing them at the same time that General Hood had just told me that Stewart's column was close at hand, and that General Stewart had been ordered to go to my right and place his command across the pike. I furthermore said to them that I would go myself and see that General Bate was placed in position to connect with them, and immediately rode to the left of my line for that purpose.

During all this time I had met and talked with General Hood repeatedly, our field headquarters being not over one hundred yards apart. After Cleburne's repulse I had been along my line, and had seen that Brown's right was outflanked several hundred yards. I had urged General Hood to hurry up Stewart and place him on my right, and had received from him the assurance that this would be done;

and this assurance, as before stated, I had communicated to Generals Cleburne and Brown.

When I returned from my left, where I had been to get Bate in position, and was on the way to the right of my line, it was dark ; but I intended to move forward with Cleburne and Brown and make the attack, knowing that Bate would be in position to support them. Stewart's column had already passed by on the way toward the turnpike, and I presumed he would be in position on my right.

On reaching the road where General Hood's field headquarters had been established I found a courier with a message from General Hood requesting me to come to him, at Captain Thompson's house, about one and a fourth miles back on the road to Rutherford's creek. I found General Stewart with General Hood. The commanding general there informed me that he had concluded to wait until the morning, and then directed me to hold my command in readiness to attack at daylight.

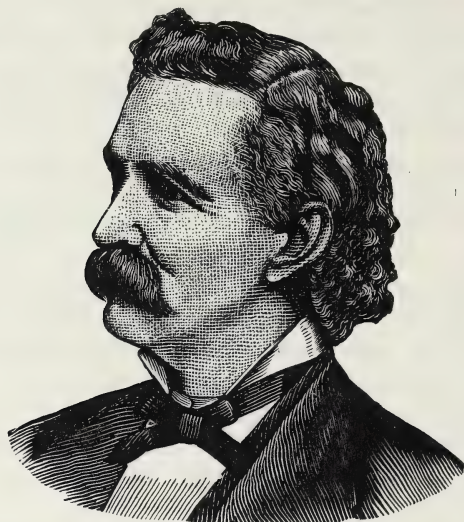
I was never more astonished than when General Hood informed me that he had concluded to postpone the attack till daylight. The road was still open—orders to remain quiet until morning—and nothing to prevent the enemy from marching to Franklin.

About eleven o'clock that night General Hood sent Major-General Johnson, whose division had marched in rear of Stewart's corps, to report to me. I directed Major Bostick, of my staff, to place Johnson on my extreme left.

About midnight Major Bostick returned and reported that he had been near to the turnpike, and could hear straggling troops passing northward. While he was talking about this to Colonel Porter, my chief of staff, a courier from headquarters brought a note from Major Mason, to the effect that General Hood had just learned that stragglers were passing along the road in front of my left, and "the commanding general says you had better order your picket line to fire on them." Upon reading the note I ordered Major Bostick to return to General Johnson, whose command was on my left and nearest the pike, and say to him that he must take a brigade, or, if necessary, his whole division, and go on to the pike and cut off anything that might be passing. Major Bostick afterward informed me that General Johnson commenced complaining bitterly at having been "loaned out," and asked why General Cheatham did not order one of his own divisions to go in ; but at length ordered his horse and rode with Major Bostick close up to the turnpike, where they found everything quiet and no one passing. General Johnson came with Major Bostick to my quarters,

and informed me of what they had done. It was now about two o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

This suggestion that I had better order my pickets to fire upon stragglers passing in front of my left was the only order, if that can be called an order, that I received from General Hood after leaving him at his quarters early in the night, when he had informed me of his determination to wait until daylight to attack the enemy.



*E. C. Walthall*

What reason General Stewart gave for not reaching the turnpike, I do not know. As I have already stated, General Hood said to me repeatedly, when I met him between four and six o'clock in the afternoon, "Stewart will be here in a few minutes." Stewart's column did not come up until about dark.

General Stewart says he was at Rutherford's creek before General Brown's division crossed that stream. He, also, says that General Hood there ordered him to form line of battle on the south side of the creek, and that he was not allowed to move thence until dusk. If General Stewart had followed Brown he would have been in position on my right, across the turnpike, before dark. That he would have executed an order to make such disposition of his command, no one who knows



that officer will doubt ; and he would have done it in the darkness of midnight as surely and as certainly as in the day.

General Hood wrote what he supposed would be accepted as history. Truth and justice to myself demand a brief review of certain statements made by him.

General Hood writes :

"Since I had attempted this same movement on the 22d of July, and had been unable to secure its success, I resolved to go in person at the head of the advance brigade, and lead the army to Spring Hill. \* \* \* I rode with my staff to Cheatham's right, passed over the (pontoon) bridge soon after day-break, and moved forward at the head of Granberry's Texas brigade of Cleburne's division."\*

Lowry's, not Granberry's, brigade of Cleburne's division was in front. General Lowry states that General Hood rode with him a large part of the day.

"During the March the Federal cavalry appeared on the hills to our left ; not a moment, however, was lost on that account, as the army was marching by the right flank, and was prepared to face at any instant in their direction. No attention, therefore, was paid to the enemy, save to throw out a few sharpshooters in his front.†

General John C. Brown states that, "at or near Bear creek the commanding general, apprehending an attack on our left flank, ordered your (Cheatham's) corps, in its march from that point, to move in two parallel columns, so that it could come instantly into action in two lines of battle." General Brown's division marched "five or six miles through fields and woods, and over rough ground" some four hundred yards to the right of the road, necessarily causing more or less delay. General Brown further states that "about the commencement of this movement, or soon afterward, by the orders of the commanding general in person, the whole of Gist's, and about one-half of Strahl's, brigade were detached for picket duty."

"Thus I led the main body of the army to within about two miles, and in full view of the pike from Columbia to Spring Hill and Franklin. I here halted about three P. M., and requested General Cheatham, commanding the leading corps, and Major-General Cleburne to advance to the spot where, sitting upon my horse, I had in sight the enemy's wagons and men passing at double quick along the Franklin pike. As these officers approached, I spoke to Cheatham in the following words, which I quote almost verbatim, as they have remained indelibly engraved upon my memory ever since that fatal day : 'General, do you see the enemy there, retreating rapidly to escape us?' He answered

\*Advance and Retreat, pages 283, 284.

†Advance and Retreat, page 284.

in the affirmative. 'Go,' I continued, 'with your corps, take possession of and hold that pike at or near Spring Hill. Accept whatever comes, and turn all those wagons over to our side of the house.' Then, addressing Cleburne, I said: 'General, you have heard the orders just given. You have one of my best divisions. Go with General Cheatham, aid him in every way you can, and do as he directs.' Again, as a parting injunction to them, I added: 'Go and do this at once. Stewart is near at hand, and I will have him double-quick his men to the front.'\*

There is not a bit of truth in this entire paragraph. At the hour named, three P. M., there was no movement of "wagons and men" in the vicinity of Spring Hill. Moreover, from the crossing at Duck river to the point referred to by General Hood, the turnpike was never in view, nor could it be seen until I had moved up to within three-quarters of a mile of Spring Hill. Only a mirage would have made possible the vision which this remarkable statement professes to record.

"They immediately sent staff officers to hurry the men forward, and moved off with the troops at a quick pace in the direction of the enemy. I dispatched several of my staff to the rear, with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste. Meantime, I rode to one side and looked on at Cleburne's division, followed by the remainder of Cheatham's corps, as it marched by seemingly ready for battle. Within about one-half hour from the time Cheatham left me, skirmishing began with the enemy, when I rode forward to a point nearer the pike, and again sent a staff officer to Stewart and Johnson to push forward. At the same time I dispatched a messenger to General Cheatham to lose no time in gaining possession of the pike at Spring Hill. It was reported back that he was about to do so."†

General Hood conveniently forgot to mention, in his account of this affair, the facts as to his orders to me at Rutherford's creek. And he also forgot that, at the very moment he claims to have sent staff officers to the rear with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste, Stewart was forming line of battle on the south side of Rutherford's creek, in pursuance of orders from him; nor did he remember that Stewart's corps was not ordered forward until about dusk.

"I knew no large force of the enemy could be at Spring Hill, as couriers reported Schofield's main body still in front of Lee, at Columbia, up to a late hour in the day. I thought it probable that Cheatham had taken possession of Spring Hill without encountering material opposition, or had formed line across the pike, north of the town, and entrenched without coming into serious contact with the enemy, which would account for the little musketry heard in his direction. However, to ascertain the truth, I sent an officer to ask Cheatham if he held the pike, and to inform him of the arrival of Stewart, whose corps I intended to throw on his left, in order to assail the Federals in flank that even-

\*Advance and Retreat, pages 284, 285.

†Advance and Retreat, page 285.

ing or the next morning, as they approached and formed to attack Cheatham. At this juncture the last messenger returned with the report that the road had not been taken possession of. General Stewart was then ordered to proceed to the right of Cheatham, and place his corps across the pike, north of Spring Hill. By this hour, however, twilight was upon us, when General Cheatham rode up in person. I at once directed Stewart to halt, and, turning to Cheatham, I exclaimed with deep emotion, as I felt the golden opportunity fast slipping from me: "General, why in the name of God have you not attacked the enemy, and taken possession of that pike?" He replied that the line looked a little too long for him, and that Stewart should first form on his right."\*

Here, again, General Hood's memory proved treacherous. As to the preliminary statements of this paragraph, I refer to that portion of my account which covers the doings of the hours from four to six P. M., during most of which time General Hood was on the ground and in frequent personal communication with me. The dramatic scene with which he embellishes his narrative of the day's operations only occurred in the imagination of General Hood.

"It was reported to me after this hour that the enemy was marching along the road, almost under the light of the camp-fires of the main body of the army. I sent anew to General Cheatham to know if at least a line of skirmishers could not be advanced in order to throw the Federals in confusion, to delay their march, and allow us a chance to attack in the morning. Nothing was done. \* \* \* I could not succeed in arousing the troops to action, when one good division would have sufficed to do the work. \* \* \* Had I dreamed for one moment that Cheatham would have failed to give battle, or at least to take position across the pike and force the enemy to assault him, I would have ridden myself to the front and led the troops into action."†

The next order, in the shape of a suggestion that I had better have my pickets to fire upon straggling troops passing along the pike in front of my left, was received, and was immediately communicated to General Johnson, whose division was on my left and nearest the pike. This note from Major Mason, received about midnight, was the only communication I had from General Hood after leaving him at his quarters at Captain Thompson's:

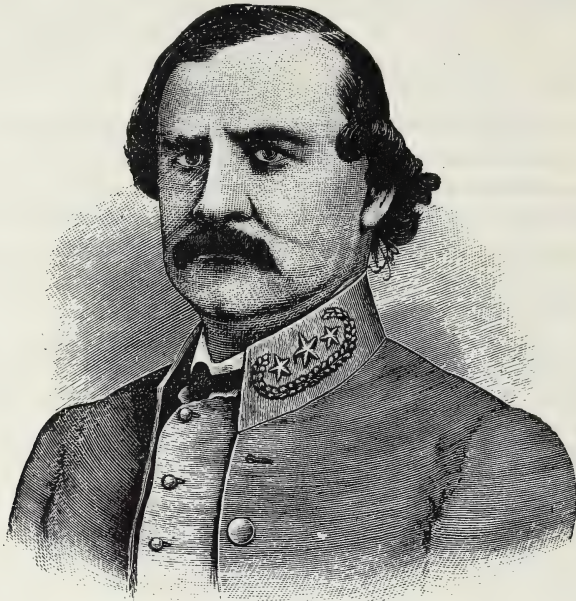
"In connection with this grave misfortune, I must here record an act of candor and nobility upon the part of General Cheatham, which proves him to be equally generous-hearted and brave. I was, necessarily, much pained by the disappointment suffered, and, a few days later, telegraphed to Richmond to withdraw my previous recommendation for his promotion, and to request that another be assigned to the command of his corps. Before the receipt of a reply, this officer called at my headquarters—then at the residence of Mr. Overton, six miles from Nashville—and, standing in my presence, spoke an honest avowal

\*Advance and Retreat, pages 285, 286.

†Advance and Retreat, page 287.



of his error, in the acknowledgment that he felt we had lost a brilliant opportunity at Spring Hill to deal the enemy a crushing blow, and that he was greatly to blame. I telegraphed and wrote to the War Department to withdraw my application for his removal, in the belief that, inspired with an ambition to retrieve his shortcoming, he would prove in future doubly zealous in the service of his country."



GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM.

The following are the dispatches above referred to :

“ ‘HEADQUARTERS, SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE,  
ON FRANKLIN PIKE, December 7, 1864.

“ ‘*Hon. J. A. Seddon* : I withdraw my recommendation in favor of the promotion of Major-General Cheatham, for reasons which I will write more fully.

“ ‘J. B. HOOD, *General*.’

“ ‘HEADQUARTERS, SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE,  
ON FRANKLIN PIKE, December 8, 1864.

“ ‘*Hon. J. A. Seddon, Secretary of War* ; *Gen. G. T. Beauregard, Macon, Ga.* : A good lieutenant-general should be sent here at once to command the corps now commanded by Major-General Cheatham. I have no one to recommend for the position.

“ ‘J. B. HOOD, *General*.’

“ ‘HEADQUARTERS, SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE,  
ON FRANKLIN, PIKE, December 8, 1864.

“ ‘*Hon. J. A. Seddon* : Major-General Cheatham made a failure on the 30th of November, which will be a lesson to him. I think it best he should remain

in his position for the present. I withdraw my telegrams of yesterday and to-day on this subject. "J. B. HOOD, *General*."

"On the 11th of December I wrote the Hon. Mr. Seddon : \* \* \* \* \*  
'Major-General Cheatham has frankly confessed the great error of which he was guilty, and attaches much blame to himself. While his error lost so much to the country, it has been a severe lesson to him, by which he will profit in the future. In consideration of this, and of his previous conduct, I think that it is best that he should retain for the present the command he now holds.' \* \* \*"

In order to make clear what I have to say in this connection I will quote Governor Isham G. Harris:

"Governor Jas. D. Porter :

"DEAR SIR : \* \* \* \* \* General Hood, on the march to Franklin, spoke to me, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of General Cheatham to make the right attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that 'General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night. 'I did not send him the order.' I asked if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that 'it is due General Cheatham that this explanation should be made.' Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterward General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill, and on the day following the battle at Franklin I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham assuring him that he did not censure him with the failure to attack.

"Very respectfully, ISHAM G. HARRIS.

"MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, May 20, 1877."

The first intimation made to me, from any source, that my conduct at Spring Hill, on the 29th of November, 1864, or during the night of that day, was the subject of criticism, was the receipt of a note from General Hood, written and received on the morning of the 3d of December. This is the communication referred to in the letter of Governor Harris, above quoted. This note was read, so far as I know, by only four persons besides myself—my chief of staff, James D. Porter, Governor Isham G. Harris, Major J. F. Cummins, of Georgia, and John C. Burch. Not having been in the habit of carrying a certificate of military character, I attached no special value to the paper, and it was lost somewhere during the campaign in North Carolina. Governor Porter and Major Cummins agree with me that the following was the substance of the note :

"DECEMBER 3, 1864.

"MY DEAR GENERAL : I do not censure you for the failure at Spring Hill. I am satisfied you are not responsible for it. I witnessed the splendid manner in

\*Advance and Retreat, pages 289, 290.

which you delivered battle at Franklin on the 30th ult. I now have a higher estimate of you as a soldier than I ever had. You can rely upon my friendship.

“Yours very truly, J. B. HOOD, *General*.

“*To General B. F. Cheatham.*”

On the morning of the 4th of December, I went to the headquarters of General Hood, and, referring to his note and the criticism of my conduct that had evidently been made by some one, I said to him: “A great opportunity was lost at Spring Hill, but you know that I obeyed your orders there, as everywhere, literally and promptly.” General Hood not only did not dissent from what I said, but exhibited the most cordial manner, coupled with confidence and friendship. The subject was never again alluded to by General Hood to myself, nor, so far as I know, to any one. When he wrote, under date of December 11, 1864, to Mr. Seddon, that “Major-General Cheatham has frankly confessed the great error of which he was guilty, and attaches much blame to himself,” he made a statement for which there was not the slightest foundation.

General Hood concludes this extraordinary chapter of his history of the campaign into Tennessee with some reflections:

“The discovery that the army, after a forward march of one hundred and eighty miles, was still, seemingly, unwilling to accept battle, unless under protection of breastworks, caused me to experience great concern. In my inmost heart, I questioned whether or not I would ever succeed in eradicating this evil.”\*

I have only attempted to state truthfully the events of the period under review. During my service as a soldier under the flag of my country in Mexico, and as an officer of the Confederate armies, I can not recall an instance where I failed to obey an order literally, promptly, and faithfully. Military operations, however well conceived, are not always successful; and I have had my share of failures and disappointments. But I have never found it necessary to seek for a scape-goat to bear my transgressions, nor to maintain my own reputation by aspersions of my subordinates. No chieftain, since the world began, has ever commanded an army of men more confident in themselves, more ready to endure and to dare whatever might be required of them, or more capable of exalted heroism, than that which obeyed the will of their general from Peach Tree creek to Nashville. The army of Tennessee needs no defense against the querulous calumnies which disfigure General Hood's attempt at history.

B. F. CHEATHAM.

PEACH GROVE, TENNESSEE, November 30, 1881.

\*Advance and Retreat, page 290



[For the BIVOUAC.]

## CONFEDERATE MOONSHINERS.



WILL commence by explaining that I was an officer of engineers, in command of a party detailed to make a topographical survey of the ground occupied by General Grant at Cold Harbor, just back of Gaines' mill, on the Chickahominy river. This survey was to accompany General Lee's report of his operations before Richmond, after General Grant made his famous flank movement to Petersburg.

We had pitched our tents in a grove of beautiful oaks a little to the left of the old tavern. Near the edge of the woods had been the garden of a fine mansion, which had been wantonly demolished by the vandal hands of the Northern soldiers. The house must have been well appointed, as pieces of gas-pipe and brass gas-fixtures were strewn about the ground, bent and twisted into all manner of shapes. Heaps of debris were scattered around, while here and there might be seen the brick supports of porches. Even the shrubbery in the garden had been uprooted, and the only thing that had escaped was the cymling patch, probably because they had not yet come up when they left. When we arrived they were in full bearing, and we certainly enjoyed them. Some half a mile further to the west was an orchard, among whose trees there remained a lot of small, green apples. These had caught the eye of Mack, one of my assistants, and he had conceived a brilliant idea of putting some of his chemical knowledge into practice as soon as he could find an opportunity.

The Sunday following, my principal assistant and myself were about starting to church, when we observed several of the party passing, with their haversacks very much distended. Our curiosity being excited, we asked what was in them. We were informed that they contained green apples, and that Mack had promised to convert them into that Confederate beverage known as applejack, if they would help him, which they had promised to do. On coming out to mount our horses, we saw Mack and his staff in full blast.

The feed trough was converted into a mash-tub; one was busily pounding the green apples with an ax, while another was feeding the fire under a camp kettle, from the top of which extended some ten feet of brass gas-pipe, tied around with old rags, on which a third was pouring water from another camp kettle. The commander-in-chief, Mack, stood rubbing his hands with delight as he watched the high-

wine, as he called it, distilling through his worm (albeit it was straight), and slowly dropping into another camp kettle, which contained about half a pint of the liquid.

"What are you making?" said I.

"Applejack," said he.

"What do you think he is making, captain?" said my principal assistant.

"Well, I can not say exactly; but it is my impression that he is making a powerful emetic."

"You need not laugh; you are not obliged to drink any of it if you do not want to; but, anyhow, we will have a lot of it by the time you get back, and you will be glad enough to get some."

"I ain't brave enough to drink it," said I.

"We ain't afraid," said Mack.

We rode off, and returning about two o'clock, found the whole party sitting under the oaks, Mack with a camp kettle full of what he called applejack, and all the tin-cups before him, preparatory to dealing out rations. He offered me some. I just touched it to my lips. It seemed to me to be flavored with the acrid, brassy taste of the pipes.

I handed the cup back to him, remarking that my courage was not great enough to enable me to swallow it. He hooted at the idea, and tossing off half a cupful, smacked his lips and said it certainly was fine. All the others, seeing him swallow it, filed up and took their rations. First one, then another, would turn pale and walk off into the woods.

"It is beginning to act," said I.

"You be blowed," said Mack, "it won't hurt anybody."

He had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth before his face turned white, and he followed the crowd of victims. As Saxe says in the song of the steamer, "It nearly turned their insides out." Some stood resting their backs against the trees and leaning forward; others, with their hands to their heads and elbows on their knees, sat on old logs, stones, and stumps, hanging down their heads, with haggard faces and woe-begone looks. Now and then one lay prone with face to the ground emitting groans.

By sunset, a sadder and more dejected crowd could not be found in all the Confederate army, as they lay about limp and loose, victims of Mack's science and their own bravery—a fit ending to unnecessary Sunday work.

D. E. HENDERSON.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

**GOD BLESS OUR BOYS TO-NIGHT.**

(From our Old Confederate Portfolio, January, 1863, never before published.)

Ye bitter, brawling, winter blast,  
How loud ye are to-night !  
Ye blow as ye would blow your last  
With that trumpet of affright.  
Ye groan, and moan, and shriek around  
With such a reckless air—  
It breaks my heart to hear such sounds  
While tentless heads lie bare.

Blow, blow upon these homes of ours,  
With all your clang and din—  
Spend out your very fiercest powers,  
We will not let you in.  
But O, dear winds, be soft and spent  
As ye go passing by  
The hard, cold fields without a tent  
Where our poor soldiers lie.

Go ; blast the rock on mountain's steep ;  
Hurl snowcaps from thy course ;  
Wake up the forests from their sleep,  
Lash ocean till he's hoarse.  
Make towers, and spires, and domes down whirl'd  
Cleave torrents in thy path ;  
Rouse up the universal world  
In thy old giant wrath.

Then out of breath, with " wear and tear,"  
And hushed from din and noise,  
Come back, like mother's sacred prayer,  
Around our slumbering boys.  
Make nature's glazed and icy sheet  
As soft as carded wool,  
And breathe into the polished sleet  
The warm and melting soul.

Cool burning brows, dry tears all up,  
Blow off each weight of sorrow ;  
Make sick hearts well with crowns of hope  
That hang upon the morrow.  
Calm aching limbs ; soothe restlessness—  
In happy dreams all steep,  
And bear to each a good-night kiss  
As they fall off to sleep.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

## HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

## CHAPTER VI.



GENERAL SCHOFIELD ordered General Wilson to dispose his cavalry so as to watch every movement of Hood's east and west of the infantry, and in the execution of this order General Wilson distributed the divisions of Hatch and Johnson on the east side of Duck river as far as Shelbyville, with the exception of three regiments of the first brigade of Hatch's division, commanded by Colonel Stewart of the Eleventh Indiana cavalry, which was posted west of Columbia for the purpose of watching the fords and crossings between that place and Williamsport. Capron's brigade, re-enforced by the Fifth Iowa cavalry, was posted at Rally Hill, on the Lewisburg pike. General Hammond, commanding a brigade of the Seventh division, freshly remounted, was marching from Nashville, to join Wilson, and was momentarily expected.\* This cavalry was commanded by a resolute soldier, of great ability and energy, and he was ably supported by Hatch and Johnson.

About noon of the 28th of November, 1864, General R. W. Johnson gave notice that Forrest had made his appearance in front of the pickets of Croxton's and Capron's brigade, at the several fords and crossings of Duck river, between Columbia and the Lewisburg pike. General Wilson at once notified General Schofield, and requested that Stewart's brigade be directed to march by the way of Spring Hill and join him. General Johnson re-enforced the brigade at the Lewisburg crossing with Harrison's Eighth Indiana cavalry, with instructions to hold that crossing as long as possible.

General Hood had instructed General Forrest to move his cavalry up Duck river, to force his command across it, to drive Wilson back in the direction of Franklin, and to thrust his cavalry between him and Schofield; then to take and hold all the roads between the Lewisburg pike and the Franklin pike, from the river to and beyond Mount Carmel. This disposition of Forrest's cavalry placed it on the right of the army, and enabled it to move with celerity on Rally Hill, Hunt's Corner, and Mount Carmel, and to separate Wilson from Schofield. General Forrest directed Buford to force his division across the river at the Lewisburg pike; Jackson at Huey's mill; Chalmers at Holland's

\*General Wilson's official report.

ford, a little below Jackson, while he crossed, with Biddle's demi-brigade, at Davis' ford. The effort of Buford to cross was hotly contested, but Jackson, having successfully forced his crossing, marched his division with great rapidity to the Columbia and Murfreesboro road, and then turning east, he drove Wilson beyond Rally Hill. Jackson's vigorous movement enabled Chalmers to cross without difficulty, and also Forrest to cross without opposition, and join him at Rally Hill; and the divisions of Jackson and Chalmers, with Biddle's demi-brigade, under the immediate command of Forrest, were between Wilson and his detachments on the river opposing Buford's effort to cross. The detachment at the fords escaped during the night with the loss of its ordnance train and a few prisoners. Capron was driven back in disorder in the direction of Franklin.

At nightfall of the 28th of November, General Hood had the satisfaction of knowing that General Forrest had crossed the river, occupied Rally Hill, and was in position to force Wilson back on Franklin, and separate him from Schofield. The pontoon was thrown across Duck river, at Davis' ford, during the night, and everything was in readiness for the march on the next day.

With the break of day, on the morning of November 29th, General Hood marched his flanking column of seven divisions and two batteries of field artillery—one battery to each corps—to Davis' ford, and crossed the river on the pontoon. Cheatham's corps was in advance, with Cleburne's division head of column, with the front of which General Hood rode, followed by Bate's and Brown's divisions, and one battery of light artillery; then Stewart's corps, with Loring's division in advance, followed by Walthall's and French's divisions, and one battery of light artillery, and in the rear followed Johnson's division of Lee's corps. General Hood was with Granberry's Texas brigade, which was head of column, and in person directed the march of this flanking column. It was the critical move of the campaign, and with the skillful combinations of his plan of operations on the north side of Duck river promised success. The objective point was Spring Hill, on the pike, equi-distant from Columbia and Franklin; and the purpose of the march of this flanking column was to get possession of the pike, in rear of Schofield, on his line of retreat, and destroy the column of troops under his command, and capture his trains, equipments, and supplies. The strategy of General Hood was to march this column rapidly on the flank, seize Spring Hill and establish himself squarely on Schofield's line of communications, cut off his retreat on Nashville, and bring on a general engagement. Schofield was encumbered

with trains, which would have been a serious disadvantage to him. He was hopelessly separated from his cavalry, and could not be re-enforced. The movement was brilliantly conceived, and its execution developed the absence of the powers of concentration, grasp, vigor, and a rapid march, with a compact column, thrown with overwhelming force, on this partially exposed point. Forrest was operating on the right of this flanking column, and drove Wilson on the roads to Franklin, completely separating him from Schofield. Lee, with Clayton's and Stevenson's divisions of infantry, and all the artillery, except two batteries, were at Columbia in front of Schofield, with instructions to make demonstrations, under cover of a heavy artillery fire, to cross the river, and by continuous feints, engage Schofield's attention. General Lee did engage Schofield's attention, and the constant boom of his artillery was heard by the troops in the flanking column during the day. General Forrest drove Wilson, with great energy and rapidity, to and beyond Mount Carmel. From Mount Carmel, he moved a part of his command to the left, and marched rapidly on Spring Hill and Thompson's station, on the railroad, immediately east of Spring Hill, arriving in advance of the infantry. Hood marched his column on the rough, muddy, and narrow road, in compact line, with regularity, and admirable precision, during the forenoon. When the column reached Bear creek, General Hood, apprehensive that the enemy might attack him in flank, and to guard against this possible contingency, directed Cheatham's corps to move in two parallel columns, so that if attacked, it could come instantly into action in two lines of battle. Brown's division, which was the rear division of Cheatham's corps, was ordered to form this supporting column, and was directed to leave the road, on which the main column marched, and moving through fields and woods, to conform to the movements of the other two divisions. Brown's division marched under this order from Bear to Rutherford's creek, a distance of about six miles.\* Shortly after this order, General Hood detached Gist's and about one half of Strahl's brigades from Brown's division, ordered them on picket duty, and to be relieved by his orders. Cleburne's division of Cheatham's corps crossed Rutherford's creek about three o'clock in the afternoon, followed by Bate and Brown. Gist's and the portion of Strahl's brigades detached from Brown's division by General Hood for picket duty had not been relieved and ordered to report to General Brown.

\*General Brown's letter to General Cheatham, October 24, 1881, in *Courier-Journal*, December 4, 1881.



General Hood directed Cheatham to move on Spring Hill. Cleburne was in advance, and at once came in contact with the enemy in front of that place. Bate followed, and was instructed to form on Cleburne's left, and Brown was directed to form on Cleburne's right. Cleburne was instructed to communicate with General Forrest, and ascertain from him the position of the enemy. General Hood halted Stewart's corps at Rutherford's creek, and formed line of battle at right angles to it, and Johnson's division was halted, and formed line of battle about one mile from Stewart's corps.

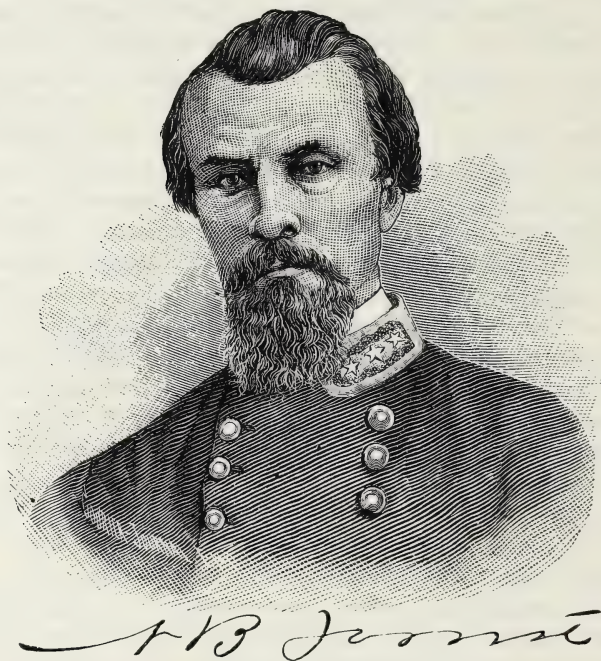
General Schofield had been informed, early in the morning, of the movement of Hood's flanking column. Post's brigade of Wood's division was ordered up the river to make a reconnoissance, and soon reported that Hood had crossed the river, and was marching on a parallel road to the pike. At eight o'clock, General Stanley, with the first and second divisions of the Fourth corps, marched on the pike for Spring Hill. At Rutherford's creek, he posted Kimball's division, and, with Wagner's division, he marched rapidly to Spring Hill, and arrived as a part of Forrest's cavalry was entering the outskirts of the village from the east, driving before them the small cavalry and infantry force guarding trains parked there.\* General Stanley, in his official report, says: "General Wagner was ordered to deploy his division at once; Opdyke's and Lane's brigades to cover as much space about the village as would serve to park the trains; General Bradley's brigade was sent to occupy a wooded knoll about three-quarters of a mile from the pike, and which commanded the approaches from that direction." Schofield had Cox's division at Columbia, "with Wood's, Kimball's, and Ruger's divisions within supporting distance of each other upon the extension of Cox's left,"† and with the advantage of a broad pike, on which to march his infantry and artillery. General Stanley had at Spring Hill six batteries of field artillery, with Wagner's division.

When Cleburne moved on the enemy in the afternoon at Spring Hill, and made the effort to uncover his line, his right flank was exposed to a withering fire. His right brigade suffering severely, compelled him to fall back and reform his division with a change of front. Bate's division, on the left of Cleburne, advanced in the direction of Cheair's farm. Becoming disconnected, Cheatham ordered it back, to connect with Cleburne's left, while Brown was ordered into position on the right of Cleburne. Brown reported that his right was overlapped and exposed. General Cheatham ordered his divisions to attack as

\*General Stanley's official report.

†Cox's *March to the Sea*, Franklin and Nashville, page 74.

soon as his line was connected, and informed Generals Cleburne and Brown that General Hood would move Stewart's corps on the right and place it across the pike, and that he would go and connect Bate on the left. The attack was again made, and Bradley's brigade was roughly handled and driven back from its advanced position on the wooded knoll, and General Bradley was severely wounded. Cheatham's troops, in following up this advantage, in crossing the cornfield toward the village, were exposed to the fire of the artillery at good range for spherical-case shot, and also raked in flank by a battery on the pike south of the village. The advancing line, recoiled under the fire, fell back some distance and reformed, when night put an end to the conflict.



General Stanley arrived at Spring Hill with Wagner's division about noon, in time to prevent its capture by Forrest. Stanley reached Spring Hill fully three hours in advance of Hood's infantry. He had time to select his lines of defense, and, when Forrest arrived with the main body of his cavalry, dismounted his men, and moved on the enemy. He discovered that a strong body of infantry was in his front, and was unable to dislodge this force. He, also, knew that there was

a division of infantry on the pike toward Columbia in supporting distance. Under these conditions, Forrest maintained his line without making an attack. Hood directed him to hold his position until his infantry arrived. When Cleburne's division came on the field it formed on the left of the cavalry. In the meantime, Jackson's division of cavalry had possession of the pike east of Spring Hill, while Buford's and Chalmer's divisions held the line in front of Wagner, awaiting the arrival of Hood's infantry. Such was the situation of the troops of both armies when Cheatham reached Spring Hill in the afternoon. No trains were moving on the pike, but, on the contrary, they were parked at Spring Hill, within the second line held by the enemy. Stanley had an excess of field artillery, because of the arrival of six batteries under Captain Bridges, chief of artillery of the Fourth corps, *en route* to Franklin.\*

When General Schofield heard from Stanley that he was attacked by infantry, he promptly moved Ruger's division, which was near by, to his support, followed by Whitaker's brigade of Kimball's division. Schofield in person accompanied Ruger's division, and marched it rapidly to Spring Hill. As he approached, he found Hood's pickets on the pike, which he drove off, and without further difficulty joined Stanley immediately after dark. After nightfall General Jackson captured Thompson's station, three miles east of Spring Hill. As soon as Schofield heard of this, he marched Ruger's division against Jackson, drove him away, and opened his line of retreat on Nashville. As soon as he accomplished this, he returned to Spring Hill, and put Whitaker's brigade in position parallel to the pike, confronting Hood's left, within eight hundred yards of the road, to cover the column as it passed.† At nine o'clock Schofield had Ruger's division three miles east of Spring Hill, Wagner's division at Spring Hill, Whitaker's brigade on its right, eight hundred yards south of the pike and confronting Hood's left. Whitaker was placed in this position to prevent Hood extending his left to and across the pike, and also to guard against a sudden assault in flank on Schofield's column while on the march. It was the post of honor, and Schofield selected a courageous general with his fighting brigade for it. This disposition of troops was maintained until midnight. Cox's division, which had been in position during the day on the north bank of Duck river, at Columbia, was withdrawn after dark and marched to Spring Hill. When Cox's division reached Spring Hill, about midnight, it was placed in advance, and continued its march

\*Cox's *March to the Sea, Franklin and Nashville*, page 75.

†General Schofield's official report.



to Franklin, followed by the other divisions, with strong lines of flankers to guard the trains. Whitaker remained in line until all the troops passed by, then he followed, and the rear was covered by Opdyke's brigade, which was at Spring Hill. This column marched on the pike during the night, with the camp-fires of Hood's column in bivouac readily seen, and no effort was made to obstruct it, except that made by Jackson at Thompson's station, and it reached Franklin safely the next forenoon.

General Hood charges the failure at Spring Hill to General Cheatham, and insists, both in his official report and his history, that Cheatham disobeyed his orders. The opportunity of the campaign was stupidly thrown away, and he says that the disgrace of this failure is upon Cheatham. General Hood's version of the operations of his army, and the movement of his flanking column, and the disposition of his troops on the afternoon of November 29th, has been accepted as historically correct, and followed by many of the historians of this campaign. It may be safely said that the official account of no campaign is so distinguished by the omission of as many essential facts as is shown by the report of General Hood, and it may, also, be truthfully said that no history makes as many misstatements of the operations of an army as are contained in "Advance and Retreat," in reference to the movements, position, and disposition of troops, and the occurrence of events at Spring Hill.

General Hood, in his work, "Advance and Retreat," says: "I was confident that after Schofield had crossed the river and placed that obstruction between our respective armies, he would feel in security, and would remain in his position at least a sufficient length of time to allow me to throw pontoons across the river about three miles above his left flank, and, by a bold and rapid march, together with heavy demonstrations in his front, gain his rear before he was fully advised of my object."\*

The success of this flank movement was, in the opinion of General Hood, dependent on his ability to gain Schofield's rear before he was aware of his object; and General Hood, in same work, says that during this flank march, the Federal cavalry appeared on the hills to his left, and that the rapidity of his march was not discontinued on account of that; and "I also knew that Schofield was occupied in his front, since I could distinctly hear the roar of Lee's artillery at Columbia while a feint was made to cross the river."

And General Hood in the succeeding paragraph says: "Thus I

\*Advance and Retreat, page 283.

led the main body of the army to within about two miles, and in full view of the pike from Columbia to Spring Hill and Franklin. I here halted about three P. M., and requested General Cheatham, commanding the leading corps, and Major-General Cleburne to advance to the spot where, sitting upon my horse, I had in sight the enemy's wagons and men passing at double-quick along the Franklin pike. As the officers approached, I spoke to Cheatham in the following words, which I quote almost verbatim, as they have remained indelibly engraved upon my memory since that fatal day: 'General, do you see the enemy there, retreating rapidly to escape us?' He answered in the affirmative. 'Go,' I continued, 'with your corps, take possession of and hold that pike at or near Spring Hill. Accept whatever comes, and turn all those wagons over to our side of the house.' Then addressing Cleburne, I said: 'General, you have heard the orders just given. You have one of my best divisions. Go with General Cheatham, assist him in every way you can, and do as he directs.' Again, as a parting injunction to them, I added: 'Go and do this at once. Stewart is near at hand, and I will have him double-quick his men to the front.' "

It will be seen from the above quotations that General Hood was satisfied that Lee had succeeded in engaging the attention of Schofield at Columbia, and that the Federal commander was deceived as to his real movements; that at the distance of two miles from Spring Hill he could see the enemy retreating rapidly to escape him; and that under these circumstances, with the evidences of the physical fact, visible to the naked eye, he called Cheatham and Cleburne to him, and pointed out to them the "rapidly retreating enemy" passing on the pike in the direction of Franklin, and gave to them his verbal instructions as above stated.

At this particular time there was no retreating enemy on the pike, nor wagon trains. Stanley occupied his lines well advanced, for the protection of Spring Hill, with the trains in his rear parked; and Forrest, with dismounted troopers, was in line in front of the advance knoll held by Bradley's brigade, and Cleburne's division moved to the left of the dismounted cavalry, and General Hood was two and one-half miles away at Rutherford's creek, where Brown's division was then about crossing. Stewart's corps was not near at hand, or under orders to double-quick to the front, but was in line of battle south of Rutherford's creek.

Lieutenant-General Stewart's official report of the operations of his corps on the 29th of November establishes the existence of facts, which

are not only omitted, but ignored, by General Hood in his account of the position of his troops at Spring Hill; and, inasmuch as it has never been published, it is now given:

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,

“NEAR SMITHFIELD DEPOT, N. C., April 3, 1865.

“SIR: In my report of the operations of my corps during the campaign made by General Hood into Tennessee, I omitted the details of what transpired near Spring Hill during the afternoon and night of the 29th of November, 1864. I respectfully submit the following statement, and ask that it be filed as a part of my report:

“On the morning of November 29th, General Hood moved with Cheatham’s corps and mine and Johnson’s division of Lee’s corps—the latter reporting to me—Cheatham’s corps in advance. We made a forced march to get in rear of the enemy. In the course of the afternoon, about three or four o’clock, I reached Rutherford’s creek, as Cheatham’s rear division was crossing. I received orders to halt, and form on the south side of the creek, my right to rest on or near the creek, so as to move down the creek, if necessary. Subsequently, I received an order to send a division across the creek, and finally, between sunset and dark, an order was received to cross the creek, leaving a division on the south side. Johnson’s division, being in rear, was designated to remain. Riding in advance of the column, about dusk, I found General Hood some half mile from the creek, and about as far west of the road on which we were marching, and which led to Spring Hill. The commanding general gave me a young man of the neighborhood as a guide, and told me to move on and place my right across the pike beyond Spring Hill, ‘your left,’ he added, ‘extending down this way.’ This would have placed my line in rear of Cheatham’s, except that my right would have extended beyond his. The guide informed me that at a certain point the road made a sudden turn to the left, going into Spring Hill; that from this bend there used to be a road leading across to the pike, meeting it at the toll-gate, some mile and a half beyond Spring Hill, toward Franklin. I told him if he could find it that was the right road. Arriving at the bend of the road, we passed through a large gateway, taking what appeared in the darkness to be an indistinct path. Within a short distance, I found General Forrest’s headquarters, and stopped to ascertain the position of his pickets covering Cheatham’s right, and of the enemy. He informed me that his scouts reported the enemy leaving the direct pike, leading from Spring Hill to Franklin and Nashville, and taking the one down Carter’s creek. While in conversation with him, I was informed that a staff officer from General Hood had come up and halted the column. It turned out to be a staff engineer officer of General Cheatham, who informed me that General Hood had sent him to *place me in position*. It striking me as strange the commanding general should send an officer not of his own staff on this errand, or, indeed, any one, as he had given directions to me in person, I inquired of the officer if he had seen General Hood since I had. He replied that he had just come from General Hood, and that the reason why he was sent was that I was to go into position on General Brown’s right—the right of Cheatham’s corps, and he and General Brown had been over the ground



by daylight. Thinking it possible the commanding general had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do, I concluded it was proper to be governed by the directions of this staff officer, and, therefore, returned to the road and moved on toward Spring Hill. Arriving near the line of Brown's division, General Brown explained his position, which was oblique to the pike, his right being farther from it than his left. It was evident that, if my command were marched up and formed on his right, it being now a late hour, it would require all night to accomplish it, and the line, instead of extending across the pike, would bear away from it. Feeling satisfied there was a mistake, I directed the troops to be bivouacked, while I rode back to find the commanding general, to explain my situation and get further instructions. On arriving at his quarters, I inquired of him if he had sent this officer of General Cheatham's staff to place me in position. He replied that he had. I next inquired if he had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do. He replied that he had not. 'But,' said he, 'the fact is, General Cheatham has been here and represented that there ought to be somebody on Brown's right.' I explained to him that, in the uncertainty I was in, I had directed the troops, who had been marching rapidly since daylight, and it was now eleven P. M., to be placed in bivouac, and had come to report. He remarked, in substance, that it was not material; to let the men rest, and directed me to move before daylight in the morning, taking the advance toward Franklin. Subsequently, General Hood made to me this statement: 'I wish you and your people to understand that I attach no blame to you for the failure at Spring Hill. On the contrary, I know if I had had you there, the attack would have been made.'

"Very respectfully, General, your obedient servant,

"ALEX. P. STEWART, *Lieutenant-General*.

"GENERAL S. COOPER, A. and I. C., Richmond, Va."

General Hood's report is dated Richmond, Virginia, February 15, 1865, and was written after he was relieved of the command of the army.

In this report he said that Cheatham's infantry commenced to come in contact with the enemy, about four P. M., about two miles from Spring Hill, and that he ordered a vigorous attack to be made at once, and get possession of the pike; and, although these orders were earnestly and frequently repeated, Cheatham made but a feeble and partial attack, failing to reach the point indicated. "Had my instructions been carried out, there is no doubt we should have possessed ourselves of the road. Stewart's corps and Johnson's division were arriving on the field to support the attack." Evidently, when this report made its appearance, General Stewart made the foregoing report to General Cooper, and General Hood wrote the following letter to General Stewart, and also placed it on the files in General Cooper's office, at Richmond, and is now in custody of the War Department at Washington City:

[*Addenda.*]

“CHESTER, SOUTH CAROLINA, April 9, 1865.

“MY DEAR GENERAL: Before leaving for Texas, I desire to say that I am sorry to know that some of your friends thought that I intended some slight reflection on your conduct at Spring Hill. You did all that I could say or claim that I would have done under similar circumstances myself. The great opportunity passed with daylight. Since I have been informed that your friends felt that my report led to uncertainty as to yourself and troops, I regret that I did not make myself more clear in my report by going more into detail about the staff officer of General Cheatham. I only *regret*, General, that I did not have you with your corps in front on that day. I feel and have felt that Tennessee to-day would have been in our possession. \* \* \*

“Your friend, J. B. HOOD.”

The foregoing is the historical statement of the events that transpired at Spring Hill on the afternoon of the 29th of November, 1864, as written by General Hood, and in this statement he insists that Cheatham failed to execute his orders, and permitted the opportunity to pass to strike a fatal blow to the enemy. He places the responsibility of the disaster to his campaign on Cheatham, and charges him with disobedience of his orders in the face of the enemy.

It will be seen that Hood was impressed with the belief that Schofield was on the north side of Duck river, at Columbia, wholly ignorant of the movement made with his flanking column, and thus deceived at the roar of Lee's artillery and feints to cross in his front, that all Cheatham had to do was to capture the wagon trains passing on the pike at Spring Hill and throw his command on the pike squarely in the rear of Schofield.

Schofield was an able and accomplished general, and so soon as General Wilson, who commanded his cavalry, reported to him that Hood's infantry was crossing Duck river, three miles above his left flank, he at once anticipated Hood's strategy, and made such a disposition of his troops as to check his movement. Hood's theory, as given in his book, was based largely on the idea that Schofield was a dull and incapable officer, without sagacity or enterprise, and that a bold and rapid march on his flank could easily be made, and his rear gained before he was aware of what was being done. The fatal mistake, as is quite evident from Hood's written contribution to history, was made by General Hood himself in deliberately underestimating the capacity of Schofield.

When Hood appeared at the head of Cleburne's division in the vicinity of Spring Hill, Schofield had anticipated his objective point, and instead of seeing the enemy rapidly retreating to escape him, Gen-

eral Stanley, with a division of infantry of the Fourth corps, about five thousand strong, was posted so as to prevent Cheatham from occupying the pike. Cheatham encountered a line of infantry, well posted, in his front, and when he discovered that the enemy, in large numbers, occupied this line, he could but develop its strength by throwing forward a heavy line of skirmishers, and also reasonably relying upon the parting injunction given him and Cleburne, that Stewart was near at hand, and that his corps would be double-quickened to the front.

Not only had Schofield anticipated Hood's movements, but he out-generated him in the execution of his plan, which he vainly imagined would work the destruction of the opposing army. Schofield was fully three miles nearer Spring Hill than the point at which Hood crossed Duck river, and in addition he had a broad and well-constructed pike over which to march his infantry and move his artillery and ordnance trains; and the result of this advantage was seen in the rapid disposition he made of his troops. In addition to the division under Stanley at Spring Hill, with a full complement of artillery, Schofield had the balance of the Fourth corps in easy supporting distance on the north side of Rutherford's creek, and a portion of the Twenty-third corps on the south side of that creek, and only one division was on the north bank of Duck river in front of two divisions of Lee's corps, and all the artillery of the army, except two batteries which Hood took with his flanking column. It is evident that Schofield, in an engagement at Spring Hill on the afternoon of the 29th of November, 1864, could have concentrated a larger force of infantry, with a full proportion of artillery, than could Hood under any possibility. In addition to this, Hood, instead of marching Stewart's corps rapidly, as he stated to Cheatham he would do, halted that corps on the south side of Rutherford's creek, with Johnson's division in its rear, and formed a line of battle at right angles with the creek; and Stewart's corps did not cross the creek until dark, and Johnson's division followed.

General Hood, on page 285, says that he dispatched several of his staff to the rear with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste, and that, after Cheatham began skirmishing with the enemy, he rode to a point near the pike, "and again sent a staff officer to Stewart and Johnson to push forward."

In this statement General Hood is mistaken. He sent no such orders to Stewart. Major Clare, an inspector-general on Hood's staff, brought Stewart his orders, and in obedience thereto Stewart halted his corps at the creek, and General Stewart says: "When about dusk I received orders to move on across the creek, and rode forward to find



the commanding general, he complained bitterly that his orders to attack had not been obeyed. But *he was there himself*. I asked why he halted me at Rutherford's creek. He replied that he confidently expected Cheatham would attack and rout the enemy; that there was a road on the other side of the creek. He wished me there to prevent the escape of the routed foe in that direction." •

Now, General Hood fails to state, either in his "Advance and Retreat," or his official report, the fact that he halted Stewart's corps and Johnson's division at Rutherford's creek, and formed a line of battle. On the contrary, he says: "I knew no large force of the enemy could be at Spring Hill, as couriers reported Schofield's main body still in front of Lee, at Columbia, up to a late hour in the day. I thought it probable that Cheatham had taken possession of Spring Hill without encountering material opposition, or had formed line across the pike, north of the town, and entrenched without coming in serious contact with the enemy, which would account for the little musketry heard in his direction. However, I sent an officer to ask Cheatham if he held the pike, and to inform him of the arrival of Stewart, whose corps I intended to throw on his left, in order to assail the Federals in flank, that evening or the next morning, as they approached and formed to attack Cheatham. At this juncture the messenger returned with the report that the road had not been taken possession of. General Stewart was ordered to proceed to the right of Cheatham and place his corps across the pike north of Spring Hill." At this particular time, Stewart's corps was in line of battle at Rutherford's creek, several miles away, and not at Spring Hill, as stated by General Hood. And in the paragraph next following the above quotation, he says he halted Stewart's corps, and describes with emotion how he upbraided Cheatham for his failure to attack the enemy and take possession of the pike; and that Cheatham replied the line looked a little too long for him, and that Stewart should first form on his right.

And General Hood says: "One good division, I reassert, could have routed that portion of the enemy which was at Spring Hill; have taken possession of and formed line across the road; and thus have made it an easy matter to Stewart's corps, Johnson's division, and Lee's two divisions from Columbia, to have enveloped, routed, and captured Schofield's army that afternoon and the ensuing day."

And General Hood concludes the chapter, devoted to a narrative of the events at Spring Hill, as he would have transmitted into history, with this ungracious reflection on the character of the troops whom he humiliated with defeats and finally overwhelmed with disaster in the

pursuance of fatal opportunities that the skill and strategy of opposing generals tendered him.

He writes on page two hundred and ninety as follows: "The best move in my career as a soldier I was thus destined to behold come to naught. The discovery that the army, after a forward march of one hundred and eighty miles, was still, seemingly, unwilling to accept battle unless under the protection of breastworks, caused me to experience grave concern. In my inmost heart I questioned whether or not I would ever succeed in eradicating this evil. It seemed to me that I had exhausted every means in the power of one man to remove this stumbling block from the army of Tennessee."

In answer to this grave accusation, historically made by the commanding general of the army of Tennessee, leave is asked to say, while solemnly protesting against this imputation on the memory of the gallant dead, who gave life and their bright manhood on the field of action in the vain effort to plant his battle colors in victory, on the fortified lines of the enemy, that General Hood, commencing with the battle of Peach Tree creek, July 20th to November 30, 1864, without exception, it is believed, invariably hurled his divisions against fortified lines, and that on no occasion did his soldiers fail to make the assault when commanded. And, in truth, within the twenty-four hours next succeeding the events which he attempts to narrate, he fought these same low-spirited soldiers with reckless courage and desperate daring, against Schofield's troops, who had the advantage of "protection of breastworks." In fact, General Hood, in his book, frequently writes as though inspired with ghastly sarcasm, that the attacks, which he made on fortified lines, improved the *morale* of his army and prevented desertion.

These quotations are made with reluctance, from General Hood's book, because of the sorrowful conviction that it was a great mistake to have made this posthumous publication; but the publication having been made, to give his views of the events at Spring Hill and elsewhere, which seriously involve not only the reputation of Cheatham, but also that of Cleburne, and at the same time, in a modest way, call attention to the many errors that disfigure his statements and caution the credulous to investigate the facts before accepting his condemnation of Cheatham and his command.

If Cheatham failed from any cause, either to comprehend or to execute orders given him, then in that event it was the duty of General Hood, who was present on the field, to have placed him in arrest, and turned the command of the corps over to General Cleburne. If, how-

ever, under the circumstances, the commanding general was of the opinion that it was impolitic to arrest Cheatham, then he should have led the corps in person into action. If this course had been pursued then there would have been some justification in the effort of Hood to bequeath the reputation of Cheatham to the obloquy of posterity.

But the statements of these events, as made by Hood, when taken as a whole, do not authorize the inference, much less the conclusion, that Cheatham is chargeable with the failure to rout and capture the Federals at Spring Hill; and, besides, the commanding general should have remembered that when he was in person on the field, the responsibility of a disobedience of his orders can not be divided with, much less entirely thrown upon, a subordinate officer.

The fundamental error that underlies the movement to Spring Hill is that Hood believed Schofield was deceived with the demonstrations made in his front, and was wholly oblivious to the movement of the flanking column, and all that Cheatham had to do was to move on Spring Hill, capture its garrison, and "turn over those wagons to our side of the house," and that the Federal column, which he believed to be near Columbia, when apprised of the fact that the Confederate army was in its rear, would attempt to escape by the road on the north side of Rutherford's creek to Murfreesboro, and that Stewart's corps and Johnson's division, which he had posted in line of battle at that point, would capture and destroy it. He had no definite knowledge of the position of Schofield's troops, and assumes to place that command in a position which is absolutely incorrect. Hood's column was composed of seven divisions and two batteries, and four-sevenths of this command he halted at Rutherford's creek, and with three-sevenths and one battery, late in the afternoon, he developed the line at Spring Hill occupied by Stanley. He divided his command and posted the major portion several miles away from his objective point, and himself committed the fatal mistake which he charges upon Cheatham.

Schofield had two corps, with a full proportion of artillery, numbering about 22,000 effectives; one corps, the Fourth, commanded by General Stanley, of the regular army, and the other, the Twenty-third, commanded by General Cox. This army was fully equipped with all the appliances and improved methods of war—composed of veterans, and commanded by officers of courage and experience, and its general held it well in hand, and moved it in a solid and compact line, with a heavy line of skirmishers on its right flank, as it passed along the pike, at night, in sight of Hood's camp-fires, to Franklin.



Hood's army that night was in bivouac, massed by brigade fronts, near to and south of the pike, in the immediate vicinity of Spring Hill, and Schofield marched his column along the pike, with his right flank protected by a heavy skirmish line, and safely reached Franklin without hindrance or serious loss.

Why was it that Hood did not attack this marching column as it moved on the pike in front of his camp-fires? Stewart's corps and Johnson's division were on the ground with Cheatham. If Cheatham could not, or would not, attempt to cross the pike, then why was not Stewart directed to take position on it? Stewart was an able and accomplished general, with a reputation won on the fields of battle that reflected the heroic deeds of the army of Tennessee in its grandest efforts, and he commanded a corps composed of the veteran divisions of Loring, French, and Walthall, which had never wavered when brought into action. In addition, General Stewart was an officer who never misunderstood his orders or failed to execute them. If Stewart had been ordered to cross that pike, as General Hood states he was, he would have done it, or the story of his night attack in the effort to do it would have been one of the most brilliant and bloody episodes of the late war.

The indisputable fact exists that Schofield, after the arrival of Stewart and Johnson, successfully marched his army, with its trains, on the pike, in front of Hood unmolested, and no organized effort was made to assail him in flank. General Forrest was also on the ground, and his biographer says that his cavalry was not placed across the pike, because he was out of ammunition, and he could not be supplied from the ordnance trains of the infantry.

General Hood, in his book, commenting on his performances at Spring Hill, betrays an ambition to attempt a rapid flank movement, which distinguished the rapid marches and brilliant victories of Stonewall Jackson in the valleys of Virginia. But it should be remembered the late war produced but one Stonewall Jackson, and when Hood essayed the flank movement to Spring Hill, he found the opposing forces commanded by an educated and trained soldier, who demonstrated that he was master of the art of war, and that no Banks, Milroy, or Fremont, incapable of protecting either the flank or rear, was there, but that Schofield, with Cox and Stanley, commanded a veteran army, and would dispute with him every move that threatened their communications with the rear. The assumption that Schofield's army would have been destroyed at Spring Hill, and one of the most brilliant victories of the war achieved had it not have been for the misconduct of Cheatham,

is one of the delusions that has survived war. When the facts of the movements of both armies are grouped together, and the statements of General Hood as to his plans and purposes are considered in connection with the fact, which he omits to state, that he halted Stewart and Johnson at Rutherford's creek, and formed a line of battle, and the further fact that Stanley with a division had reached Spring Hill in advance of Cheatham, and that the balance of the Fourth corps was on the north side of Rutherford's creek, in easy supporting distance of the division at Spring Hill, and that the greater portion of the Twenty-third corps was on the south side of that creek, and that only one division, instead of the whole of Schofield's army, was on the north side of Duck river, at Columbia; and then no circumstance, or incident, that his strategy developed, can be found that justifies Hood's attack on the military reputation of General Cheatham.

General Hood says that he hoped to gain Schofield's rear before he was apprised of his object. That is, he hoped to surprise Schofield, and gain his rear before he was apprised of his object. And Schofield refused to be surprised. General Hood says that Cheatham admitted to him that he was to blame for the failure at Spring Hill.

Governor Harris accompanied the army into Tennessee, and was a guest at army headquarters. In a letter addressed to Governor Porter, dated May 20, 1877, and published in *The Annals of the Army of Tennessee*, Vol. I., page forty-nine, he said :

"That General Hood, on the march to Franklin, spoke to him, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of General Cheatham to make the night attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that 'General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night; I did not send him the order.' I asked if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that 'It is due General Cheatham that this explanation should be made.' Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterward, General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill, and on the day following the battle of Franklin I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham assuring him that he did not censure or charge him with the failure to make the attack."

This letter was published twenty-seven months prior to the death of General Hood, and if the statements made by Governor Harris were untrue or incorrect, General Hood had ample opportunity to say so. The correctness of the statements made in this letter have never been questioned.

D. W. SANDERS,

*Major and A. A. G. French's Division.*

## A LOST FLAG.

Nothing more clearly indicates the decay of sectionalism and the growth of good feeling between former foes than the mutual return of flags captured on the battlefield. They are not so much the spoils of war as precious trophies, enduring witnesses of the prowess of the victors; and, hence, their surrender is as unexpected as praiseworthy. The courage which wins them may deserve admiration, but the magnanimity which prompts their surrender quite vanquishes.

The New England exchanges will confer a favor if they will aid in furthering the end aimed at in the following communication:

FRANKLIN, January 27, 1885.

EDITOR SOUTHERN BIVOUAC: On the 14th day of April, 1863, the "St. Mary Cannoneers" were engaged in a skirmish, or battle, in Irish Bend, on the Teche, holding in check Emory's corps, I think, until the main army, consisting of about three thousand five hundred or four thousand men, under General Taylor, were retreating from Camp Bisland and the fortifications there, before General Banks, on his march to Shreveport, Texas, or h—l, as his troops (some of them) had marked on their baggage, etc.

In this little fight, the flag of the St. Mary Cannoneers was, through carelessness, lost in this way: The color-bearer had a brother wounded, and he laid his flag down on a caisson to help him off the field. The Federal battery was well served, and one shell killed every horse attached to that caisson, and, when the order to retreat was given, the caisson was left, flag and all.

The flag was captured by a Connecticut regiment, and is now in Hartford. Communications have passed between some of the officers of the battle and the parties who have charge of the flag. We have reorganized here a militia company from what was left of the old company, and we are anxious to get our old flag again. It was presented to the company by Miss Louisa Mc Kerall, and was in the thickest of the fight at Fort Jackson, where the command was captured and paroled by Commodore Porter, of the mortar fleet. It was saved in the officers' baggage, as we surrendered on condition of retaining personal effects and side arms.

We were taken to New Orleans on board the gunboat Kennebec, No. 9, and paroled in New Orleans. We were exchanged in the following June, having surrendered on the 28th of April, 1862, Farragut's fleet having passed the forts on the morning of the 24th of April, 1862.

If you can aid us in anyway by information as to what steps are necessary to recover the flag, or will publish this letter, so that, perhaps, some of your readers, who may know of this old flag, may correspond with us, I will answer for it that the old members of the "St. Mary Cannoneers" will be grateful.

Yours, etc.,

A. S. GATES, M. D.



## MY FIRST VIEW OF A FAMOUS CONFEDERATE OFFICER.



On the 13th of December, 1862, during the battle of Fredericksburg, a general officer, followed by a single courier, rode up to the guns on Dead Horse Hill, near the Hamilton House and the right of Stonewall Jackson's line. There being just then a temporary lull in the terrific artillery duel, which had been going on almost all day, and having a quick eye for a fine horse, I was much attracted by the handsome bay stallion on which the officer was mounted.

Looking neither to the right nor the left, he rode straight up amid the guns, halted, and seemed gazing intently on the enemy's line of battle on the old telegraph road.

The outfit before me, from top to toe, cap, coat, pants, top boots, horse, and his furniture, were all evidently of the new order of things. But there was something about the man that told me "he had been there before," and that he and the battle's shock were old-time friends. As he had done us the honor to make an afternoon call on the artillery, I thought it becoming in some one to say something on the occasion. No one did, however, so, although a somewhat bashful and weak-kneed youngster, I plucked up courage enough to venture the remark, that those big guns over the river had been knocking us about pretty considerably during the day. He quickly turned his head, and I knew in an instant who it was before me. The clear-cut, chiseled features, the thin, compressed, and determined lips, the neatly-trimmed chestnut beard, the calm, steadfast eye, that could fathom the tide of battle in a moment's time, the countenance to command respect, and in the time of war to give to the soldier that confidence he so much craves from a superior officer, were all there. And there was one I had heard so much of, and had longed so much to see, whose battle front I was then upon for the first time but, however, not the last.

Reader, his was a splendid flag; war-rent and riven in many a whirlwind storm, it never once did trail. Quick as the summer lightning it swept the winds, and, poised aloft, it waved triumphantly on a hundred battlefields.

As I said before, he turned his head quickly and looking me all over in about two seconds, he rode up the line, and away, quietly and as silent as he came, his little courier hard upon his heels, and this was my first sight of Stonewall Jackson, one of the grandest military leaders the world has ever seen.

W. P. CARTER.

## Youths' Department.



### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

THE writer will now state the manner in which this diary fell into his hands. Just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, on the 30th of April, 1865, the writer reached a country house in the northern part of North Carolina. The request for lodging for the night was readily granted by the hospitable owner of the mansion.

On entering the house a number of Confederate soldiers were found assembled in the parlor; all, like the writer, wending their way homewards with saddened hearts, after the surrender of General Johnston's army.

Instead of the bright faces, the humorous story, and the merry laugh usually met with among Confederate soldiers when enjoying the comforts of civil life, now, a moody silence was preserved, and a dark, sorrowful, despairing look was visible on every countenance.

Some were returning to their homes, with frames shattered by disease contracted in the arduous service of the soldier; others with an empty sleeve, sadly recalling some deadly combat where they had shed their blood for their country; others with the dark shadow of a "lost cause" settled upon their brows, and a sickening despair about their hearts that would let no ray of light fall upon their future pathway in life. They had looked with such confidence for the success of their cause, that its sudden and complete overthrow crushed them as if the "everlasting hills" had toppled over and buried them beneath their ruins. They looked for nothing but death, or degradation worse than death, at the hands of their enemies.

Soon supper was served, and, shortly afterward, the wearied men sought their couches, seeking in sleep to drown those sorrows which would return with renewed force on the morrow. As I was making my way to my bed chamber, escorted by my hospitable host, he informed me that a soldier had arrived early in the evening, who seemed so sick and feeble that he had advised him to retire at once to bed, and had sent for a physician, who had come and prescribed for him. My host asked me if I would object to sleeping in the sick man's room, in order to administer his medicine during the night. I assented

to his request at once, and was conducted into a chamber, where I found a man (apparently young) lying on a bed. He lay there as motionless as a log, with no sign of life about him, save in his eyes, which glistened like those of a wild beast.

I approached the sick man, and asked him if I could do anything for him, adding that I would remain in the room all night and attend to his wants. After glaring at me some moments in silence, suddenly, with the swiftness of a thunderbolt, he launched himself at me, seized me by the throat with a grip that nothing but death seemed able to unloose, and threw me to the floor. So sudden was the attack that at first my hands seemed paralyzed, and I made no resistance. Then, that all-pervading instinct of self-preservation rose within me, and I struggled with all my power to loosen his grasp. In this I was assisted by my host, and our united efforts finally succeeded in overpowering the man, and in throwing him back upon his bed.

In order to prevent any further outbreak, we tied his hands and feet, and finally fastened him to the bedstead. Our host then went for some one to assist me, and also to send for the doctor. Meantime, the sick man lay groaning and muttering incoherent words, at times breaking forth into frenzied shrieks that made my very blood shiver.

As soon as my assistant entered the room, by our united efforts we managed to force down the throat of the sick man the medicine that had been prescribed for him. We then sat down by the bedside, and held the poor fellow down, while, with the strength of a maniac, he made frequent attempts to break his cords and throw us from him. Our host soon returned, and united his efforts with ours. A single lamp in the room threw its dim light upon the haggard countenance of the sick man, and enabled us to read in each other's face the feeling of horror and helplessness which filled our minds. At times he seemed to think he was surrounded by his loved ones at home, and would implore them in the most heartrending manner to help him. Again, he seemed to imagine himself in the hands of his enemies, and his appeals for mercy would have touched the heart of the most brutal tyrant. Then, again, he would cry out, "They've shot me," and he would send forth such a piercing shriek that all in the house rushed to the door.

Amid this terrible scene we remained, till at last we were relieved by the sound of footsteps, and soon the doctor came into the room. He at once administered the most powerful medicines in order to relieve the patient. Nothing, however, seemed to have any effect upon him. Alternate groans, appeals for mercy, and shrieks for help, came



forth from his now-foaming lips, and chilled the hearts of his helpless listeners.

I have witnessed death in every form ; I have seen the frame, shattered by disease, give back its spirit to its Creator ; I have seen man in the pride of life struck down by paralysis ; I have been on many a battle-field, where the cries of the wounded filled the air, and where many a brave man was breathing his last gasp, and giving a last lingering glance upon earthly things ; but never in my pilgrimage on earth have I seen a poor mortal suffering such torments as the one who was lying before me.

Through the livelong night we stood by his bedside, and did what we could to ease his suffering body. No medicine had any effect on him, and, finally, just as the cold, gray dawn was sending its pale light through the windows, his wearied, struggling spirit left its mortal tenement and returned to its Maker.

Being a minister of the Gospel (I had occupied the position of chaplain in the Confederate army), my host requested me to remain at his house and perform the last sad services over the remains of the deceased. I willingly agreed to this request.

Accordingly, on the following day, the funeral procession wended its way to a neighboring country church-yard, where a grave had been prepared. It was a quiet and lonely spot, fit for the resting-place of the dead. In a grove, and nestling among the hills, stood an old, stone church, built in the colonial time. Its walls and even roof were almost hidden by the dense foliage of ivy which clung to it on all sides. Around it stood many trees, among which were most observant the poplar, the elm, and the weeping willow, which bent so lovingly over the graves. Beneath was a soft, velvety turf, rising into a mound here and there, where the dead were resting from their earthly labors, and waiting for the call of their Maker. No costly monuments were seen, but around and over these mounds loving hands had planted flowers, whose perfume filled the air.

Through the graveyard a brook wound its way, bending its course here and there, as if to avoid the spots where friends had deposited their dear ones. Its babbling notes, as it coursed over the pebbles, were re-echoed by the surrounding hills, and broke upon the solemn stillness with a melody that might have charmed even the angel-watchers the dead.

As I gazed upon this scene, adorned with all the charms of spring, and displayed in all its beauty by the bright rays of an April sun, I prayed God that my earthly remains might repose in a spot like this.

Wending its way through the iron gateway, our little procession slowly passed. Soon "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" and the dull strokes upon the coffin-lid smote the ears like no other sound upon earth. Then the grave was filled up, the board placed to mark the spot, and we turned back, our souls filled with sadness by the solemn scene.

When we reached Mr. Johnson's house (for such was the name of my host), he requested me to examine the effects of the deceased, and to advise him what to do with them. The examination occupied but a short time, as the portable property of no Confederate soldier would have enticed even the paltriest thief. A blanket, a change of clothing, a pistol, and a horse completed the list of his property. I advised Mr. Johnson to take charge of these until some relative of the deceased should appear and claim them.

In the pocket of the coat we found a diary, which, upon examination, I told my host I would keep, but would send it back to him if at any future time the effects of the deceased should be claimed. Giving him my future address, I left his house the following morning, and, after some days' travel, reached my home. As nothing has since been heard from Mr. Johnson, I am led to think that the grave of the deceased still remains in the quiet church-yard, unhallowed by the tear of affection.

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ONE day Miss L., the daughter of a solid farmer, went to the barn to milk the only cow that the ravages of war had left. What was her surprise to find a Yankee soldier engaged in milking Old Brindle.

"I want that milk for my mother's child," said she.

"My mother's child wants it, too," was the ready reply.

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THE Seventy-sixth regiment didn't have the best of reputations for gallantry, though there were plenty of brave men in its ranks. Miss C., who had a lover in a rival regiment, was one evening at a war party, speaking slightly of the Seventy-sixth. "I wish," said a loyal corporal of the same, "you would quit running my regiment down." "You better make it stop running itself down first," said Miss C.

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A FAVORITE PAPER.—We have not noticed that any of the magazines announces a list of contributors approaching in ability, reputation, and power to interest and instruct, that which *The Youth's Companion* announces of writers actually engaged for 1885. This year it offered \$3,000 in prizes for good short stories. It secured not only the stories, but many new writers whose work will be hereafter utilized. And the price, only \$1.75 a year, will cover a subscription from now until the close of the year 1885. Sample copies are mailed free by the publishers, Perry Mason & Co., Boston.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## UNCLE GEORGE A PRISONER.



ATHER sent me, the other day, to go to Uncle George's cabin to get him to come and trim some apple trees. I found him in a little patch above the house. He was busy stopping hog-holes in his picket fence.

"Can you come over some time this week?" said I, after giving the message.

"Dis week?" said he. "To be sho'. I'se gwine now. Work's powerful sca'ce and meat accordin'. Jes' wait a bit, till I gits my saw."

In a few minutes we started down the rough ridge-road, and got to talking.

"Uncle George," said I, "you never told me what happened to Smith Johnson in that cavalry fight, nor where you went to from the house you staid all night at. Maybe you hired out to the man for awhile."

"To tell de truf, hunny, der wuz some talk about my settin' in with de man fur a spell, for I was kinder wored out. He 'lowed dat Dobbin and his roan would make a good plow team. Dat remark sorter brought me to my senses, fur I had purty nigh dun and forgot Dobbin was borried. So, sez I, 'Dobbin mite get stole,' Ses he, 'I ken put him whar he'll be as safe as a rat in a wall.' 'Whar?' ses I. 'Come along and I'll show you,' ses he. Well, I follered him, and, if you believe me, he went strait into de kitchen, which was on de underground floor like. Ses I, 'Dis ain't de way to de stable, isn't it?' 'Yes, but it is,' said he, and he went to what 'peared like a lot of shelves, an' guv a stomp, and open seesum! de shelves swung around, and dar was a place in de wall big enough for a hoss to go frou."

"He must have been a robber or something."

"I doan' like sich doin's, but I didn't say nuffin', only jes' waited for him to stomp agin. Ses he, 'Take a look at my stable.' I took a peep, and dar, sho' enuff, war a hoss and a cow tied up eatin' fodder. Ses I, 'It's fust class. Dey'll never sot eyes on Dobbin in dis place.' 'Of course dey won't,' ses he, 'fotch in your critter.' Well, I got Dobbin to de doah and over de sill; den he tuk de stubs and went on as eff he tho't the stove was a cannyon. But I knowed him. I jes' gathered up a cabbage stock, and guv him a taste, and de reskel walked in like a little man.

"Arter Dobbin wuz put away I kinder felt good, and sot down by de



kitchen fiah to rest myself and steady. One of de chillun guv me sum salt and a turnip and gin to pester me with kestions about General Lee. You niver seed sich funny little folks. 'How big is he?' sed a yaller-haired chick. Ses I, 'He ain't very big.' 'Sho nuff?' ses she, putten' her han' on my knee. 'Naw,' ses I, 'He ain't as big as your daddy.' 'How dues he fip the Yankees so den?' ses she. 'Case he's smart and steddies the business,' ses I, and we kep' a-talkin on. De mammy, she wuz a-hearn, all de time peelin' taters. Wuntz and while she put in. 'I wish he'd git arter this pesky Sherdan,' ses she, 'and stop his burnin' barns and stealin' folks' critters and things.' 'Spec' he'll 'tend to him soon,' ses I, 'and when he duz he won't leave nary grease spot to tell de tale.' With dat dey all grinned and things wur so pleasant like dat I gin to spec dey wouldn't las'. Sho' 'nuff all to wuntz de doah flew open and in busted de head of the family. 'Yankees,' ses he, his two eyes shinin' same as tin plates."

"Were the Yankees coming?"

"Comin! Dey had arrove. Sich anudder hustlin' aroun' you never seed of folks and furnishure. The shelveys opened and the knife and spoon, taters and turnips got clear out o' site afore you could say 'Jack Robinson.' I wur a-lookin' ebery minnit for de flo' to guv 'way and de hole family to sink into a hidin'-place, when frou de doah rid a Yankee a-settin' on his hoss."

"Didn't he scare you?"

"Skeer which? Clar to grashus, I had got so 'customed to onusual 'pearances dat nuffin short of a yerthquik could a-made me bat an eye. Ses Mr. Yank, 'Hello, rebs, stirr yourselves now and git a warm brekfust fur de captin and his staff.' De hed of de famly stepped out and ses, 'We haint got a bite to eat in de house, nor meal nor nuffin.' De sargint, for dat was his dergree, ses, turnin' aroun' to a man sort ahine him, 'I say, Jake, is you got yer matches. Reckon you better begin on de barn."

"Were they really going to burn the barn?"

"I doan know for sho', but I seen plenty barns of which dar want nuffin' but ashes. But de ole woman she guv in when dey talked of burnin' and said she would fix up a nice meal. Jes den de sergent ses: 'Why, hyears a countryband! come out of dis, my colored troop.' I sorter tuk root fur awhile, but it warn't no good, and 'lyin on de Taylor family manners, I walked out de doah. No sooner outside, dan de sergent ses:

"'What are you doing in our lines with dis rebel, anyhow?' screwing his left eye like to charm de truf out of me. I *wuz* flustered, for a

fac', and was jis on de pint of tellin' my story when I seen cumin' roun' de cow-house anodder Mr. Yank, leadin' a hoss, wid a wounded Federate on it. Sakes, alive! It war Smith Johnson, white as a sheet, wid his hed all bandedged up. Dat minnit I seen it all. How de spunky boy had been fitin' and fell off his hoss and was tuk prisoner. And I knowed eff dey carried him to de pen it was boun' to be de las' of him. I ain't nuffin' but a niggah, hunny, but I sot my mine on sarchin' for a plan of gittin' him off, of which I pinto to be nuther cheated nor skeered out of, noways. It cum over me like a flash, but it cum to stay. Ses I, 'Ain't you Masser Lincoln's men?' 'Mity rite we are,' dey ses.

" 'De jubilee am come,' ses I; 'glory, glory, git along to glory,' and I jes cavorted aroun' dem hosses same as crazy Jim. 'Hasn't I ben awaitin' for you? Didn't I dodge in de bushes a month a tryin' to spy you out, and only las' nite was tuk in hyear?'

" 'Purty soon I got aroun' to whar de prisoner was. 'Why, Uncle George,' ses he, 'is that you?' I puts my hand on my mouth and winked, jes so, and ses I, out loud: 'Doan' you go to unkelin' me. I ain't none of your uncle nor ant, nuther, sir. I'm a 'spectable citizen of the Union, sir, by de family name of Taylor, and I doan know as ever I clapped eyes on you afore.' "

" 'How could you tell such a story?'

" 'Jes case I couldn't think of a bigger one. De size of it didn't bother me a bit, dough Massa Robert allers brung me up to tell de truf. Why, hunny, I'd up'd and tole a million, to keep dat boy from Camp Chase. Hadn't I dun and promised his mammy?'

" 'What did Smith Johnson say?'

" 'At fust he jes rard back like he war struck by lightning, but when he seen me wink agin, ses he, to de sargent, 'These blamed niggers are as much alike as a lot of black sheep, anyways. How is a man to tell 'em apart.' 'No we ain't, nuther,' ses I, makin' pretense, you know, like I was mad. 'Doan you call me black sheep agin, either,' ses I, ashakin' my fist at him. 'I'se good as most now Lincum sodger, and won't take no insult from a rebel.' 'Bully for you, conterband,' ses one of de guard, 'put it on and rub it in.' "

" 'Were you tryin' to pick a fight with him?'

" 'Tryin' to pick nuffin, dough it mite a cum close onter it ef a hos-sifer hadn't jes' den rid up and ses: 'What's this black raskel jawin' about?' He was de lieutenant in comman', and you better believe I was pizen glad to see him. De sargent tole him dat me was a conterband jes' cum from de lions. 'The very thing,' ses he; 'step this

way, my man ;' and he took me roun' de corner of de cow-house and axed me nigh onter a thousand kestions, a-watchin' me like he was most sho I wuz lyin'. I had to make up as I went along, and cum mity nigh gittin' cotched more 'n wunzt. When I tole him how I wuz a runaway, which I wuzn't, ses he : " Did you go near enny of de rebel camps ? " ' Got rite in among 'em, boss ; dey wuz spread so thick. Power of reinforcements rollin' in. ' Is that so ? ' ses he. ' Yes, sah, ' ses I ; ' de arth is jes' gray wid 'em. ' He stops and steddies a spell ; den he calls de sargent, and pooty soon we wuz all makin' tracks from dem diggins."

" Didn't they suspect you at all ? "

" I wuzn't gwine to let 'em, dough wunzt de sargent looked at me, funny like, when Tige bounced up and wagged his tail at me. But I soon let Tige know, with a kick, dat he were a 'plete stranger to me."

" Did you walk all the way ? "

" I did most till I ketched up wid er ramberlance, which de driver let me ride in de res' of de way back to camp. I seen dar lots of darkies enjoyin' demselves, and caperin' aroun' fussy as crickets. It wuz : ' Howdeedo, Mr. Taylor ; glad to see you in de lan' of freedom, ' and all dat. To tell de truf, it didn't worry me a bit, and I mite a staid if it hadn't bin for de wounded boy, a-pinin' away in de guard-house."

" What was your plan to get him away ? "

" Dat wuz de trouble. I didn't have none and was jes a-studyin' and a-waitin for sumthin' to turn up, dough I soon diskiverd dat nuffin was gwine to happen to suit if I didn't do a little to fotch it about. While I was a-settin' steddyin' on a lug de sargent *he* rid up. Ses he, ' Ole hoss, you got to earn yer grub, so it's de kalkulation for you to drive one of de teams. Cum aroun' sometime this mornin' and see the quartermaster. ' ' Yes, sah, ' ses I, feelin' same as a man jis struck wid a maul. ' What's de matter with you, ' ses he, ' do you hear. ' ' To be sho, ' ses I, cummin' to, ' but, boss, I won't suit. If you's got an ox team I mite make out to drive a little, but I doan know nuffin about hosses, and as to mules, I am rite down afeard of 'em. ' ' O, you'll soon learn, ' ses he. ' Its onpossible, captin, ' ses I, ' my mammy and daddy wuz de same way. Cookin's my perfeshun, and if you love vittils warm and good you'd hev a prize in me. ' ' Why, you are de very man, ' ses he, ' for our mess. You Virginy niggers all know how to cook. Come rite along. ' Hadn't mo'en got to his fiah afore he sed, ' Be smart and get us a meal, my company's got marchin' orders. ' Thinks I, ' if you doan' go de rite way *my* company's got marchin'



orders, too.' Presently ses I, stirring de fiah, 'Is yer gwine to give de rebs anudder turn.' 'Naw,' ses he, lightin' his pipe, 'we got to take de prisoners back to Winchester.'

"You better believe I slipped aroun' lively after dat remark. I gin 'em a stanchin good dinner, too, if I did save de best piece of de pork stake for de prisoner. We started back wid de prisoners 'bout sundown, me a-settin' alongside de rambulance driver, and both a-bringin' up de tail of de purcession. Dark ketched us in a ugly-lookin' piece of woods as ever you seed. Well, sir, I kep' a-steddyin' on a plan."

"Why didn't you sneak ahead and fire into the guard."

"And get us bof killed. I turned over a site of things but didn't think of sich a fool one as dat wunzt. When an onus man has a hole lot to 'tend with he is gwine to 'pend on hed-work, so I kept a-steddyin'. I seen de driver was powerful skeery. Ses I, 'Hope de gorillars won't pop in on us.' Ses he, 'Do they kill the drivers they ketch?' Ses I, 'Dat's what dey tell me.' Ses he, 'De debbils.' Ses I, 'Don't say dem words so loud, like as not we is a passin some of 'em now a-standin' ahine de trees.' Pretty soon he was all over in a trimble. Ses I, 'De bery best thing to do is to jump and run at de berry first gun'——. Clare for graceous, dere comes your pa now, tell you all about it next time."

CHIP.

### SKIRMISH LINE.

ANECDOTES OF STONEWALL JACKSON.—The following anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson are related by one of his old soldiers:

Upon one occasion I was assigned to the arduous duty of guarding a cornfield. The day was fine, and, albeit, the roasting-ear crop was at its most tempting stage, there were few, if any, marauders, because it lay near Stonewall's headquarters. Taking advantage of the quiet, I had seated myself on the ground and having unscrewed the lock of my gun, was busily engaged in greasing it and burnishing the barrel. Presently I heard the tramp of a horse behind me. Looking back I saw Stonewall approaching, and at once knew that I was in danger of being arrested and punished for neglect of duty. It was too late to resume the position of a sentinel and give Jackson the customary salute. He never overlooked an offense when clearly brought to his notice. So I determined to remain where I was and act as if I was not on duty, but merely engaged in cleaning and brightening my piece. I pretended not to see Jackson till he nearly rode over me, when I turned suddenly around and touched my hat without rising. He returned the salute, without pausing to make inquiries, and rode on. His face showed that he divined my purpose and forgave me, because I showed some ambition about the appearance of my gun.

In the early part of the war, I was on picket duty on the Maryland side of the Potomac, near the bridge at Harper's Ferry. At that time a kind of an armistice existed. The trains on the Baltimore & Ohio were allowed to pass provided they halted at the bridge and permitted a guard to go through them. My instructions were, when the train rounded the curve, to wave my gun three times at the engineer, and if he did not slacken speed to shoot at him and throw an obstacle across the track. The orders struck me as being so absurd, that once, upon being relieved by a raw youth, I explained to him that he was to wave his gun three times at the engineer, and, if the train did not slow up, he was to shoot the engineer and throw himself across the track. He replied with emphasis, that he would do no "such — thing." Upon being reprimanded by the corporal, the proper instructions were given.

About the third day after the assignment to this duty, Stonewall arrived and took command of the troops at Harper's Ferry. At midnight, while on post, some men on horseback from the Virginia side appeared, who proved to be Jackson and some members of his staff, going the grand rounds. The general halted and asked me a great many questions. After inquiring how I would challenge cavalry, going into the minutest particulars, he asked what my instructions were. Upon being told, to my surprise, he did not laugh; but asked me, in the gravest way, if I had settled upon the obstruction to be thrown across the track. Thinking he still was joking, I replied that it was my intention to sling upon it a railroad bar, lying near, (which it took four men to carry). He asked me then on which side of the track it would be my aim to throw the train. As the mountain was on one side and the canal and river on the other. I quickly answered, "into the river, of course." He seemed to be highly satisfied and went away leaving the impression that the new commander was a crank.

Private C. had lived in the North before the days of secession, and was well posted as to the wealth of that section in the sinews of war. "We can never whip 'em," was the unvarying conclusion he arrived at after summing up the pros and cons. Rooted in the belief that the North was bound to win, he, early in the struggle, made up his mind not to be food for powder. Pride and poverty kept him to the scratch, but his expedients in dodging danger were always successful. Upon one occasion, in the second day's fight of the Wilderness, he found himself cornered. The dismounted men, of which he was one, had to bear the brunt of a heavy assault, the mounted brigade having been driven off the field. There was plenty of trees, but front and flank fire made it impossible for one to be on two sides of a tree at the same time. The situation was embarrassing. Just then a man was wounded near by, and the officer in command told a soldier to take him to the rear. "Let me go, Major," said C., "I ain't worth a cent here; that other fellow is of some account?" "All right," said the Major, and C. took off the wounded man. As the war went on it became more difficult to dodge. At last C., reduced to despair and cursing the obstinacy of the Confederate leaders, deliberately rode over to the enemy, about a month before the surrender. "C., why in the world did you desert after sticking it out nearly four years?" asked a comrade after peace came. "Oh, I got tired waitin' for the end, and then I thought 'a live dog was better than a dead lion.'"

## Editorial.

THE new broom at Washington does not sweep clean, but it is a good one for all that. It is handled with nerve and intelligence, and is doing honest work. What matters it if the strokes of reform are aimed at the *outs* rather than the *ins*, there is no other way to extirpate the spoils system. The mercenary character of the standing army of officials threatens an evil, for which there is no remedy but genuine civil service reform.

THE old trail to the White House through the halls of Congress will not be so much traveled as of old. It must give away to the new path blazed out by Mr. Cleveland. Few appreciate the blessings conferred by the daring explorer. Chief among them is the effect upon our ambitious young man. He will cogitate upon the discovery, and turning his eagle eye inward, will not be near so apt to find a soul athirst for forensic eloquence. The solitude of the garret and the unfrequented woods will miss his Ciceronian swell, and he will begin to see something ennobling in attending promptly to the small duties of the hour.

### ARE WE GLAD WE WERE WHIPPED?

"Although we who fought to *preserve* the Union of the States, and the supremacy of the National Government, don't believe in *rewarding* men who did the opposite, yet we respect and honor brave men, the majority of whom, to-day, I believe are *glad* they did not succeed. I think the friendly meeting of Union and Confederate soldiers on the battle-fields, and the joint camp-fires of the *blue* and gray, will do more to cement this into one strong, mighty nation than all the legislation of politicians.

"I enclose you an account of the battle of Fort Steadman, Virginia, March 25, 1865. I would like very much to get the account from some of the *brave* men *who* captured the fort from us and who were in turn re-captured by us later in the morning."

J. G. STEVENSON,

New Castle, Pa.

The above extract, taken from the letter of an ex-Union soldier, is an average specimen of many received by the BIVOUAC. It is a fair exponent of the views of the liberal wing of the G. A. R., and goes about as far as the most sanguine could expect. The kind feeling is



warmly reciprocated, but the frank expression of opinion imposes a response fully as open and straightforward. Sincerity, therefore, constrains us to say that, while the ex-Confederate daily grows in goodwill towards his former foes, it can hardly be said of him that he is glad he "was whipped." Though he be convinced that the good of the country was promoted by the defeat of the Confederacy, he is not yet so purified by calamity as to rejoice in a result that was obtained at the expense of his personal fortune. And then, the proof is by no means conclusive, that civilization was advanced by the forced annexation of the Confederate States.

Oneness of government assures peace, and, perhaps, lessens the cost of civil liberty. It opens, too, the channels of trade, and gives an impetus to production. But, what, if at the same time, it leaves fewer avenues for honorable ambition and does away with the motives for intellectual achievement. Colossal governments, without an aristocracy of birth, are sure to have one of money-bags. When the doors of honor open to gold alone, genius and virtue pine away and die.

The triumphs of Grecian art and philosophy were gained when Hellenic supremacy was divided.

The war which unified it under Doric thought, with Sparta as the head, stopped the wheel of intellectual progress. Roman history teaches the same lesson. The despotism of the Roman idea brought in imperialism and stamped out all originality of thought that is fostered by difference in climate and civil surroundings. The boon of peace and social order was deemed a fair return for the loss of liberty, and the paths of avarice and honor became one and the same. Imperial power had extinguished genius and public virtue, but they again reappeared long afterward on Italian soil. Their birth and growth were due to the same old conditions. The bracing air of the rival independent cities of northern Italy was necessary to quicken them into life. Is there any assurance, then, that the way the war ended was best for humanity? The freeing of the blacks may turn out to be a step forward, but the upshot of that is still far to seek. Emancipation has certainly made more enduring the color line, and hence tends to increase the alienation of the two races which represent at once the most energetic and the most sluggish branches of the human family. If the influence of the whites is expected to work for the elevation of the blacks, how can that which tends to lessen the mutual contact help the inferior race? For one reason the South rejoices that emancipation won the fight, and that is because they are relieved from a heavy responsibility. But few believe that the negro is capable of self-government,

and how can they be glad that a debauching factor has been introduced into the politics of the country. One good thing the war did and that alone is, perhaps, a full compensation for the ruin it brought: It is that it made the men of both sections better acquainted, and laid the foundation for a more fraternal republic.

### SOLDIERS' RECORD.

T. F. RUFF was born in Atala county, Mississippi, April 9, 1844; enlisted as private in Ninth Louisiana regiment, June, 1861, and surrendered at Appomattox; was with his command in the following battles: Front Royal, Middletown, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Second Winchester, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Gaines' Cross-roads; was with Early from Richmond to Lynchburg, and at Monacy, Maryland, and in raid near Washington; wounded at Port Republic; in hospital at Staunton from wound, at Richmond and Lynchburg from sickness; captured in skirmish near Lewisburg, July 16, 1864, and sent to Elmira, New York. He is now a farmer and painter at Liberty Hill, Louisiana.

J. H. WHITE was born in Williamson county, Tennessee, on May 8, 1840. On May 28, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Twentieth regiment of Tennessee infantry; was with his command in the following battles: Rockcastle, Fishing creek, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree creek, and Atlanta; was wounded at Atlanta, July 22, 1864; surrendered as lieutenant May 22d, at Macon, Georgia, and was paroled. He is now a merchant at Franklin, Tennessee.

J. H. BEMISS was born in Nelson county, Kentucky, June 5, 1842; enlisted as private in the Eighth Kentucky, August, 1861; was with his command in the battles of New Madrid (Mo.), bombardment of Island Number Ten, Balser's creek, Paducah (Ky.), Harrisburg (Miss.); he was shot through the abdomen and through the hip, at Selma, Alabama, April 2, 1865; surrendered as first lieutenant, April 2, 1865. He is now living at Rodney, Mississippi.

GEO. B. GUILD was born at Gallatin, Tennessee, April 8, 1834; enlisted in Fourth Tennessee cavalry, 1862; was promoted to adjutant of regiment in 1863; participated in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, all of the battles of the Georgia campaign; Saltville (Va.); the march to the sea; Fayetteville, Averyboro, Bentonville (N. C.); was acting adjutant-general of Harrison's brigade at the date of surrender, in May, 1865. Is now an attorney-at-law, in Nashville, Tennessee.

JOHN C. RIETTI was born in New York city, August 17, 1842; enlisted as private in company "A," Tenth Mississippi regiment, March 26, 1861; surrendered as first sergeant April 26, 1865; elected lieutenant in July, 1864, but failed to pass examination; was with his command in the following battles: Fort Pickens, Pensacola, Shiloh, Munfordville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga,

Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, and Nashville; present for duty at surrender of Johnston's army; was never wounded during four years' service, nor missed a single battle; never saw the inside of a hospital, and was never on the sick list. His brother, David C. Rietti, has the same record; both together in the same company, and came out without a scratch. Occupation, printer.

CHAS. L. DAVIS was born in Greenbrier county, West Virginia, in 1840; enlisted April, 1861; was orderly sergeant in Twenty-seventh Virginia, Stonewall brigade, till February, 1863, and surrendered as captain and acting quartermaster April 28, 1865; was with his command in the following battles: Seven-days' fight around Richmond, 1862; Shenandoah Mountain, Cedar (Slaughter) Mountain, Second Manassas, and Oxhill; was in hospital at Winchester and Staunton, Virginia. Is now a farmer at Foot Spring, Greenbrier county, West Virginia.

JOHN U. TERRILL was born August 23, 1843, in Jefferson county, West Virginia; enlisted in Confederate army, June, 1861; private in Second Virginia infantry, Stonewall Jackson's brigade; was transferred private to Company "B," Twelfth Virginia cavalry, Rosser's brigade, March, 1862; surrendered private in Twelfth Virginia cavalry, at the close of the war in April, 1865. He was in the First Manassas and afterwards in cavalry, in all or nearly all the battles, skirmishes, advances, and retreats of his command until the close of the war; was never wounded or prisoner of war; he returned home after the war, and went to farming in Jefferson county, West Virginia, where he died November 15, 1878.

W. C. WOLFF was born at Charleston, South Carolina, June 20, 1831; enlisted as private in Third Texas cavalry May, 1861; was with his command in the following battles: Oak Hill (Mo.), Iuka (Miss.), Van Dorn's raid on Holly Springs (Miss.), Thompson's Station (Tenn.), the Georgia campaign, from Rome (Ga.), to Lovejoy, Hood's Tennessee campaign; was slightly wounded at Rome, Georgia, but was never captured; surrendered as orderly sergeant in May, 1865; is now a lawyer at Dallas, Texas.

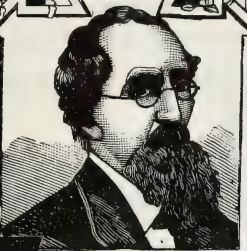
NEWTON CAMRON was born in Williamson county, Tennessee, June 14, 1846; he enlisted as a private in the Eleventh Tennessee cavalry in June, 1862; was with his command in the battles of Thompson's Station, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Strawberry Plains, Bull's Gap, Dandridge, Resaca, Adairsville, New Hope Church, and also was with Longstreet in East Tennessee; surrendered as first sergeant on May 12, 1865. He is now a merchant at Franklin, Tennessee.

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#### A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

*The times have been hard, and through the winter we have avoided vexing our subscribers with duns. We are now sending by mail bills to all delinquents. To these prompt reply is requested. Those who, for any reason, can not pay will please let us know. Those who can, will confer a favor by remitting at once. In any event, please make immediate answer.*





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Your treatment did me great good. I have not lost a day by sickness this year.  
ABNER GRAHAM, Biddle Un'city, Charlotte, N. C.  
I have used your Catarrh treatment, and am cured. A thousand thanks to you for so sure a remedy.  
FANNIE DEMENT, Dyer Station Tenn.  
The medicine did for me all you represented.  
T. H. MESSMORE, Cadillac, Mich.  
My health is fully restored. The horrid and loathsome

disease is all gone. My lungs feel all right.  
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Your treatment has cured me; Your inhalers are excellent. This is the only radical cure I have ever found.  
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I have so far recovered that I am able to attend church, can walk half a mile, have a good appetite, and am gaining all the time. MRS. A. N. MUNGER, Detroit, Mich.  
Now I am cured; head free; air passages all open, and breathing natural. A thousand thanks to you for so sure a remedy. (JUDGE) J. COLLETT, Lima, Ohio.  
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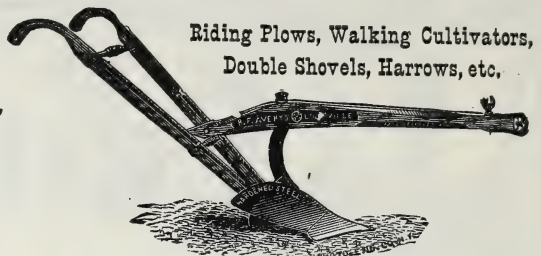
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## Happy

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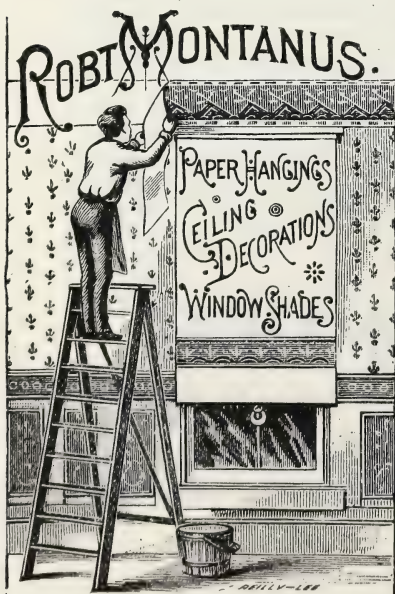
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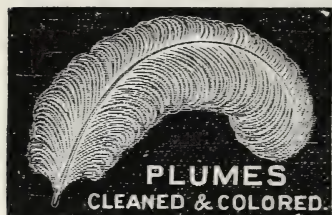
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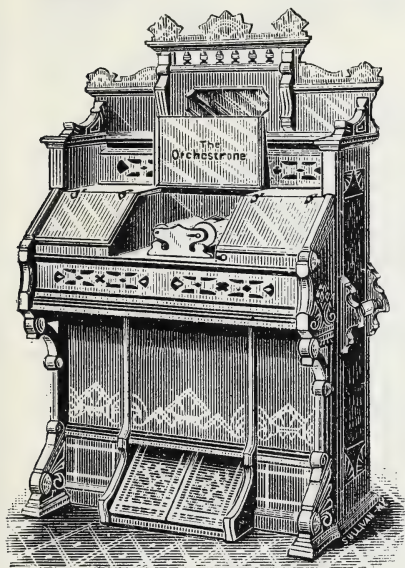
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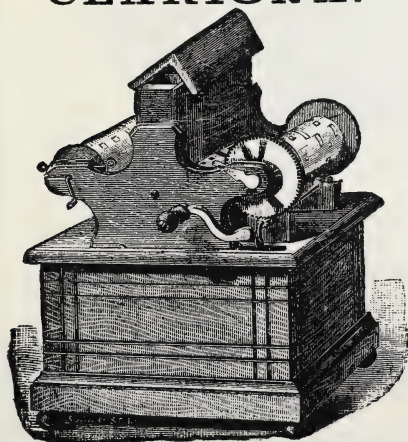
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Vol. III.

MAY, 1865.

No. 9.

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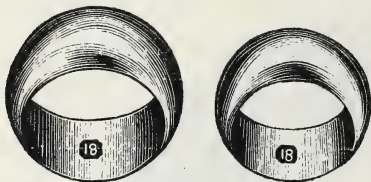
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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1885.

No. 9.

## HETH'S DIVISION AT GETTYSBURG.

(Taken from the *Philadelphia Times*, 1882, and published by request of Tennessee Soldiers.)



WISH to state some facts that have never appeared, as I know, in any of the descriptions of the battle of Gettysburg, especially the facts connected with what may be termed the prominent exploits of the third day's fight. I have read with great interest many of the articles in the "*Annals of the War*," and particularly those on Gettysburg.

I have seen descriptions of this battle from the pens of Federals and Confederates, and they all, in varying degrees, fall into the same mistake in regard to the facts connected with what is known as Pickett's charge. That any material error could be made as to the participants in this heroic feat is quite singular, and that, too, when we recollect that, perhaps without an exception, no other corps or single act of heroism in the whole war has attracted the attention of so many writers. Was this Pickett's charge? If it was made by Pickett's division it is proper to call it Pickett's charge, and, on the other hand, if the charge was made by the division of somebody else, surely no one ought to object if that somebody else would claim a share in the honor of that brave deed. I do not intend to insinuate that General Pickett, or any one of his division, has ever claimed any honors they are not entitled to, for, as far as I know, neither he nor any of his command has contributed any article upon that famous matter.

Eye-witnesses have given their version, extolling the daring and the cool courage displayed on this occasion, and, in unmeasured terms, have praised the devotion of those who marched unwaveringly to almost certain death; yet the chief participants, and those who suffered most heavily, are never mentioned. To show that this is the case, I address myself to the inquiry: Who made the charge commonly accredited to Pickett's division? General Heth's division, formerly a



part of A. P. Hill's division of the "Stonewall" corps, then of Hill's corps, was the division that bore the "heat and burden of that day," or as much of it as any other. I apprehend that no suspicion can arise as to the truth of this statement except from the lapse of time, still I have no fears as to a statute of limitations so long as a single field officer of the Confederate army survives. Heth's division, composed of Archer's Tennessee brigade (consisting of the First, Seventh, and Fourteenth Tennessee regiments, the Thirteenth Alabama regiment, and Fifth Alabama battalion), Pettigrew's North Carolina, Davis' Mississippi, and Bröckenborough's Virginia brigades, about seven thousand men, crossed the Potomac, all in excellent condition, both as to discipline and equipment, and followed the general march of Hill's corps.

On the night of the 29th of June we reached the village of Cashtown, about eight miles from Gettysburg, where we remained all of the 30th. We had no cavalry, and were ordered on the morning of the 30th to move to the right in the direction of Gettysburg, with about forty men, a distance of about three miles, to picket the road leading from Cashtown west. Here, about mid-day, I observed some Federal cavalry ride to the top of an eminence, and after reconnoitering they retired. This was the first appearance of an enemy as yet seen by any of Hill's corps. These appeared to be scouts, and not of any regular command—at least they did not come in any force. As they retired I sent a man back to report to General Archer; I remained with my command for the rest of the day and night. On the morning of July 1st, shortly after daybreak, I again observed the appearance of cavalry on the same eminence, but this time in force, and was about to report the same when I received an order to rejoin my regiment, as the division was to proceed to Gettysburg. Our corps, as well as the whole of Lee's army, was without cavalry, and, as every soldier knows, we were liable, unawares, to encounter the enemy.

We were to proceed to Gettysburg, so said the order received by me, and how different the sequel was to the purpose intended, the following extract from General Heth's contribution to the Southern Historical Society Papers will show:

"On the 30th of June General Pettigrew, with his brigade, went near Gettysburg, but did not enter the town, returning the same evening to Cashtown, reporting that he had not carried out my orders, as Gettysburg was occupied by the enemy's cavalry, and, under the circumstances, he did not deem it advisable to enter Gettysburg. About this time General Hill rode up, and this information was given him. He remarked: 'The only force at Gettysburg is cavalry, probably a detachment for observation. I am just from General Lee, and the information he has from his scouts corroborated what I have received from

mine, that is, the enemy are still at Middleburg, and have not yet struck their tents.' I then said if there is no objection I will take my division to-morrow and go to Gettysburg and get those shoes. Hill replied: 'None in the world.'"

When I rejoined my brigade I found Heth's division proceeding on its way to Gettysburg to get "those shoes." On this shoe expedition to Gettysburg, Archer's brigade was in the advance, and nothing unusual occurred on our march until we got within about a mile and a half of the town. Then we were discovered by the Federal pickets, and the Fifth Alabama battalion were deployed as skirmishers on the right of the Emmittsburg turnpike. Archer's brigade formed in line of battle in their rear on the right of the road, and Davis' Mississippi brigade on the left of the road. In this order we advanced some half a mile, our skirmishers pressing the pickets back, when the enemy appeared in force. At this juncture we halted and our artillery came up, and shortly before twelve o'clock we re-enforced the skirmishers, our artillery opened, and the battle of Gettysburg was begun by Archer's Tennessee brigade striking a part of General Reynolds' corps. Our left was driving the enemy successfully, but in a few minutes we could plainly see that a division from Reynolds' corps was about to completely envelop our right, and our line was forced to retire with considerable loss, including our Brigadier Archer, who was taken prisoner. This was the beginning of the Gettysburg conflict, and the first man killed on the Confederate side was Henry Rison, Company "B," Seventh Tennessee regiment, who fell on the skirmish line as the advance began.

The enemy swung around to the right in force, and his flank movement was concealed by a strip of woods near our extreme right. Our right center was in an open field, and our left, near the road, was in a wood. Our brigade fell back hastily to a ravine upon ground rising in front and in rear. Then we reformed again, when Pettigrew's and Brockenborough's brigades came up and formed in position on the right of the road. Our division advanced, but shortly after we commenced to move forward the appearance of cavalry on our right caused an order to be made for Archer's brigade to move to the right, where we formed in line of battle with our right retired nearly at right angles to the advancing column, in the edge of a small wood to protect our flank. As we stood there waiting the attack of cavalry, we were in easy range of the enemy's artillery, and he improved the opportunity by causing us much annoyance. From this point the movements of the rest of the division could be easily discovered. Our division drove the enemy back, and he, being re-enforced, awaited a second charge,

which he was unable to resist. He was finally pushed through and beyond the town of Gettysburg. Heth's division, in this first attack, was supported by Pender's division, but in the second charge, Ruder rushed up with Heth's.

This briefly constituted the first day's fight at Gettysburg, so far as our corps was concerned, and, compared with the fearful destruction of life that occurred subsequently, was an insignificant affair, yet in reality it was a most desperate conflict. The two attacks were made with great sacrifice of life, and the approach to the town was stubbornly contested; neither party was aware of the strength of the other, and each underestimated the force of his opponent. Major-General Heth, writing, in 1877, in the Southern Historical Society Papers in regard to the first day's fight, says:

“General Rhodes, commanding a division of Ewell's corps, en route to Cashtown, was following a road running north of Gettysburg. Rhodes hearing the firing at Gettysburg faced by the left flank and approached the town. He soon became heavily engaged, and, seeing this, I sought for and found General Lee, saying to the General: ‘Rhodes is very heavily engaged; had I not better attack?’ General Lee replied: ‘No, I am not prepared to bring on a general engagement to-day. Longstreet is not up.’ Returning to my division I soon discovered that the enemy were moving troops from my front and pushing them against Rhodes. I reported this fact to General Lee, and again requested to be permitted to attack. Permission was given. My division, some seven thousand muskets strong, advanced. I found in my front a heavy skirmish line, and two lines of battle. My division swept over these without halting. My loss was severe. In twenty-five minutes I lost twenty-seven hundred men killed and wounded. The last I saw or remember of this day's fight was seeing the enemy in my front completely and utterly routed, and my division in hot pursuit. I was then shot and rendered insensible for some hours.”

The report of the enemy in force at Gettysburg was the first intimation Lee had of the Federals striking their tents at Middleburg, distance about thirty miles. Be this as it may, the above quotations plainly show that the beginning of this battle was accidental, and, also, that the struggle of the first day even was a fierce affair. At least, from my point of observation, I was unable to see any one on our side who had the leisure or inclination to get “those shoes.” Although we had driven the enemy from his position, and pressed him through and beyond the town, for some cause not known by me we bivouacked near the ground we had occupied early in the day. The battle of the first day resulted in a victory for the Confederates, with the Federals driven from their position and beyond the town, having lost heavily in killed and wounded, as well as five thousand prisoners. The struggle



for victory was not confined to the center, for a part of Ewell's corps met the Federals north of Gettysburg, and, after alternate success and repulse, dislodged them from their position, capturing many prisoners. But the scene in this part of the field has been so often pictured that it would now be a tiresome repetition for me to again rehearse it.

The second day opened a serene and beautiful July morning. At daybreak the smoldering camp fires sent up here and there sluggishly ascending smoke; the peaceful looking farm-houses, bespeaking thrift and industry, dotted the surrounding country, whose occupants, as well as the vast armies surrounding them, were little aware of the impending destruction of life and property. As soon as dawn came, Hill's corps, forming Lee's center, was in line of battle, with Heth's division in reserve posted on a slightly-elevated point, about two hundred yards from Willoughby run, about the center of our army, a position that afforded an unobstructed view of the action of Longstreet's corps, and within hearing of Ewell. Here we remained all day, ready, and expecting at every moment to be ordered to assault the enemy in our front, or to advance to the support of Longstreet or Ewell. We witnessed the magnificent fighting of Longstreet's corps, and gazed with amazement upon the destruction belched forth by the artillery on and around Little Round Top. It bristled with cannon, and, at times, seemed to be ablaze. From where we were stationed, we could hardly realize that so many field pieces could be placed and operated on so small a space.

Lee had now tested the strength of Meade on the right and left, with results familiar to all. The center yet remained to attack, to decide the fortunes of the invading campaign. On the morning of the 3d, the contending armies were face to face, each occupying one of the two elevated and nearly parallel ridges. The space between was undulating, and consisted chiefly of fields in cultivation, enclosed with plank and rail fences. The Federals occupied the crest of the ridge, with their right center projecting to the Emmitsburg road, nearly, if not quite, a mile south of Gettysburg, on what is known as Cemetery Hill. Heth's division, now commanded by General Pettigrew, was ordered to report to General Longstreet, and, about ten o'clock in the morning, we formed upon the left of Pickett's division, with orders to rest at ease in line of battle. These two divisions were selected to make the assault upon Cemetery Hill, and, by brigades, were formed in the following order: On the extreme right, Kemper; next, on his left, Garnett; these two of Pickett's division. On the left of Garnett was formed Heth's division, in the following order: Archer's Tennes-

see's brigade, commanded by Colonel Frye; on the right and next, Pettigrew's North Carolina brigade, and then Davis' Mississippi brigade, and on the extreme left Brockenborough's Virginia brigade. Pickett's two brigades were supported by Armistead's brigade, and Pickett's and Wilcox's brigade of Anderson's division. Heth's division was supported by Lane and Scales' brigade of Pender's division, commanded by General Trimble.

A sentiment that is common to men, and even stronger in the soldier, justifies the opinion that they who have periled their lives in praiseworthy and hazardous undertakings may, with propriety, insist upon a recognition of their services, and, sharing in this opinion, we who faced what plainly appeared on Cemetery Hill to be almost certain death remember with pride and gratitude that, in the most destructive shock of battle, Heth's division acquitted itself in a worthy manner. With our four brigades in the front rank, and with a greater number engaged, and with a greater loss of those engaged than any other division, we do claim, it seems to me, with reason, that the memorable charge can, with more propriety, be denominated Heth's or Pettigrew's, rather than Pickett's, who had but two brigades in front. True it is, General Pickett commanded and his brigades acquitted themselves most gallantly; yet the fact remains that, in the generally-accepted narrations of that charge, the history of that division acting as conspicuously as any other, and that it excelled all others in the number of its men, is either obscurely mentioned or totally ignored. These lines are not prompted by a spirit of fault-finding, but rather that, inasmuch as the writer and his associates have borne a part in a struggle that promises to become historical, he deems it a laudable desire which seeks to place in the story of that contest material facts that otherwise might be forgotten or overlooked.

Again, some who have written about Gettysburg have placed Heth's division in support of Pickett, and others have attributed the failure of that assault to the wavering of the supporting line. In view of these divers descriptions, I shall feel amply repaid if I shall succeed in making clear the point that Heth's division no more supported Pickett than Pickett supported Heth. It is my belief that Heth's division was not assigned to support any command. I have before me a map of the battle-field of the third day, prepared by Colonel Batchelder. It places the assaulting troops precisely as I have indicated. By eleven o'clock, or, perhaps, a little earlier, those who were destined to attempt the capture of Cemetery Hill were in line, and were in full view of the Federal stronghold, ready to obey the command to advance. All

seemed to appreciate the danger of the impending carnage. We could distinctly see the formidable line of artillery, distant about one thousand yards. It was more than evident that all realized the danger of the perilous task set before us. Every spot of the intervening ground was surveyed by private and officer in the hope that it might prove advantageous when the impending storm of battle should burst upon us. After we had been formed, Lee, Longstreet, and Pickett rode together up and down in front of our line several times—at least three times, if not more—observing our assignment, but principally with field-glasses, observing the position and movements of the Federals. Seeming to be as yet undetermined what to do, they rode to the rear and engaged in earnest conversation. Then they returned to our front, and, together, rode up and down our line again. This was ominous, and showed plainly how hazardous these officers regarded the undertaking.

Our suspense was intense, continuing from about ten o'clock in the forenoon to one in the afternoon, when the signal, two guns of the Washington artillery, was given. Our artillery, consisting, as reported by Colonel L. P. Alexander, commanding the artillery, of one hundred and forty pieces immediately in and about our center, and sixty pieces on our right and left, making in all two hundred pieces, then opened, and was promptly responded to by what seemed an equal number from the Federals. It appeared as though the solid ground was being shaken to its foundations. The sultry air thickened with the rushing smoke from the cannons' mouths. Amid the incessant booming of artillery, the sharp sound of small arms could be distinguished occasionally. The barns and dwelling-houses between the two armies were made the targets of the sharpshooters and the artillery of both, each side fearing lest the other should find shelter behind their walls. Some were disfigured by the loss of chimneys, some were blazing, while others were pierced by shot and shell from cellar to garret.

"Grim-visaged war" had never before assumed a more hideous face. The skirmishers and sharpshooters were put in these fields, and some near the houses. It seemed as though the demons of demolition were turned loose, but no imagination can adequately conceive of the magnitude of this artillery duel. It surpassed the ordinary battery fire as the earthquake, or some convulsion of nature, surpasses the mutterings of an ordinary thunderstorm. As if to heighten the scene of terror and dismay, out from the devoted farm-houses rushed old men, women, and children. It was unaccountable that they had been neglected by the contending armies, but that they had remained at all



after the fighting of the two days previous was still more singular. This is a clear fact. I was a witness to the frenzied flight of some of them and Captain Harris, commander of the sharpshooters of Heth's division, told me that he was forced to order some of the occupants to fly for shelter, and in one house a little stranger was shortly to make his appearance, to be baptized in a storm of shot and shell, the like of which had never before been witnessed on this continent.

The artillery fire was kept up about an hour when our batteries ceased, and there seemed to be, as if by mutual consent, a pretty general cessation, especially on the part of the Federals. In this interval of comparative quiet, the order was given to advance, and the charging column promptly responded. In an instant we reached the crest of the ridge upon which we had formed, and we were then in full view and range of the batteries on Cemetery Hill. After a part of Heth's division emerged from a small woods, no part of the column was protected, as, from this point, Cemetery Hill is entirely open. The ground over which we were marching was a little undulating, but nowhere sufficiently abrupt to afford the slightest shelter. Before we could reach the enemy we had to cross the Emmitsburg road, which, to me, appeared to be a lane—that is to say, we had to cross two fences, one on either side of the road. This road-bed was, perhaps, some two feet below the level of the ground, and afforded protection to one lying down.

From Captain Moran's description in the "*Annals of the War*" (No. 9, Volume 6), I imagine he must have taken Heth's division for that of Pickett, for he very accurately describes our advance, and he says it looked more like a corps than a division. As has been before stated, our front was about twice the extent of that of Pickett. With this exception, and his omission as to the recrossing of the Potomac by Lee's rear guard, Captain Moran's article, in my judgment, is highly commendable for its matter and impartiality. He refers to the Confederate "*Yi! yi!*"\* I do recollect that the "*rebel yell*" was started on our right; but what was very singular to me in this charge was that, previous to this occasion and afterward, we never before failed to increase our speed when the "*yell*" was started. Moreover, as far as I remember, we never failed to drive the enemy when we raised a lusty "*yell*." I suppose the reason our speed was not increased in front of frowning Cemetery Hill was that the yell was started much further from the enemy than usually. Generally, we raised the "*yell*" after infantry firing had begun, and near the enemy. On this occasion we marched steadily on, and, as soon as the line got closely

under way, the enemy's batteries opened upon us with a most furious cannonade. Many batteries hurled their missiles of death in our ranks from Cemetery Hill, Round Top, and Little Round Top in our front and on our right. The ridge we had left and the adjacent spurs belched forth their commingling smoke of battle that obscured the scene with a dreadful and darkened magnificence, and a deepening roar that no exaggeration of language can heighten.

As the charging column neared the Emmitsburg road, volley after volley of small arms aided, with dreadful effect, in thinning our ranks. We reached the first plank of slab fence, and the column clambered over with a speed as if in stampeded retreat. The time it took to climb to the top of the fence seemed, to me, an age of suspense. It was not a leaping over; it was rather an insensible tumbling to the ground, in the nervous hope of escaping the thickening missiles that buried themselves in falling victims, in the ground, and in the fence, against which they rattled with the distinctness of large rain drops pattering on the roof. Every man that reached the road in my view sank to the ground. Just for a moment, and only for a moment, right there, from our right, came two mounted officers, riding at a great speed. One was covered with blood; the other held his head bowed almost to his horse's neck. On they sped to the road at our left. I know not who they were. In an instant one rider, with his horse, tumbled to the ground, and, as far as I know, was one more victim added to the great number of the unknown slain. Our stay in the road could not be called a halt. In a moment the order to advance was given, and on we pressed across the next fence, but many of our comrades remained in the road, and never crossed the second fence, many being wounded in crossing the first and in the road.

With our line materially weakened by the loss of those that remained in the road, we pressed on, and struck the enemy behind a fence, or hastily-constructed breastwork, over which the First and about one-half of the Seventh Tennessee regiments passed. The rest of our command who crossed the second fence had not reached the works because of their horseshoe shape, and because the point they were to have reached was to the rear and left of where we entered. As we encountered the enemy in his works all was excitement. Our men fought with desperation, and succeeded in driving the enemy from his line. It was a hand-to-hand encounter, lasting but a moment, and, as victory was about to crown our efforts, a large body of troops moved resolutely upon our left flank, and our extreme right at the same time began to give way, as did our left. Still, we in the center held the

works, but, finally, being unsupported, we were forced to fall back. Those of the second line who reached the Emmitsburg road never moved beyond that point to our assistance. We fell back to the lane, which was literally strewn with dead and wounded. The roar of artillery continued, and, mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying, intensified the horrid confusion in the lane.

From the time we advanced a few yards the artillery continually lessened our ranks, and, especially, a battery that almost enfiladed us from the right as we neared the lane—a battery that seemed not to have been engaged in the first fire. The artillery that followed up our advance attempted ineffectually to silence this engine of destruction, for, at least on my part of our line, its effects were equally fatal, if not more so, than all the rest of the artillery directed against us. Those who regained the lane in retreat here for a moment hesitated, but there was no time for deliberation. The combined fire of small arms and artillery was incessantly rained upon us.

Further retreat was as dangerous as the advance. The first fence was again to be crossed; hundreds of yards of open space, in full view and within reach of the fire of all arms, was to be passed over before we could regain shelter. The plank, or slab, fence was splintered and riddled, and the very grass was scorched and withered by the heat of shell and bullets. Around me lay forty dead and wounded of the forty-seven of my company that entered the scene of carnage with me, Colonel S. G. Shepherd and I, and the other survivors, hesitated in the lane for a moment. It was death or surrender to remain. It seemed almost death to retreat. Maybe, we could regain our artillery in safety. We chose the latter alternative, and on we sped through the open field, expecting every moment to be shot to the ground. Our condition and experience were not dissimilar to that of hundreds of others.

We, fortunately, survived, and I now have before me a letter from Colonel Shepherd, dated February 8, 1882, relating to the battle of Gettysburg, in which he says :

“ I remember very distinctly most of the facts touching the battle of Gettysburg, to which you refer. We came out of the fight together. I remember that when we got back to our artillery we met General Lee, who took me by the hand and said to me : ‘ Colonel, rally your men and protect our artillery. The fault is mine, but it will be all right in the end.’ Whether these were the exact words used by General Lee or not I can not say, but I can say these are substantially his words.”

Colonel Shepherd, as I remember, repeats the exact words of General Lee. I was standing within a few feet of them, and remember



his using the words, "The fault is mine," at least twice. At this moment General Pettigrew came up to us with his arm black and shattered by a grapeshot, and General Lee addressed him in about the same, if not the identical, words he spoke to Colonel Shepherd, and further said: "General, I am sorry to see you wounded. Go to the rear."

We rallied our shattered ranks around our artillery, and awaited now an advance of the enemy, and I believe General Lee looked for it. He seemed to be very much agitated, and remained near the center of his original line—close to the artillery in front of Heth's division—for some minutes, anxiously watching, with a glass in hand, the enemy's line and exposed to their artillery fire. General Lee, in a few moments, left us and went in the direction of our right. Before he had got very far he was met by General Longstreet, who came from the opposite direction. After meeting, they turned and went in front of our line, and both of them, on their horses, stood motionless, using their field-glasses in observing the enemy. They staid there, on the highest eminence between us and the enemy's line, nearly an hour—at least, it so seemed to me—exposed to the ceaseless fire of the artillery. While gazing upon them, I trembled for their and our safety. Every moment I looked for either, or both, of them to be torn from their horses, and that, too, at a time when the exposure was needless.

Heth's division went into this charge with five thousand men, and was able to muster eighteen hundred men when Lee started to recross the Potomac. One company of North Carolina troops in Pettigrew's brigade was eighty-four strong in this charge, and lost every man, officers and privates, not by capture, but in killed and wounded. The above was the aggregate loss of Heth's division, which would have been still greater had they all entered the works on Cemetery Hill. All had reached the lane, and the turnpike brigade was the only one in Heth's division that carried their standards into the fortifications on the hill. As to the exact loss of the Tennessee brigade I now have no means of knowing, but it must have been very great. I am far from being unmindful of the heroism and devotion of other troops in that memorable charge, but in justice to those of Heth's division who fell in the works on Cemetery Hill, in the lane, and open field, in the advance or retreat, in justice to those who yet survive, I can not be indifferent when Gettysburg is painted without Heth's division prominent in the grand charge. Justice is justice, and fact is fact.

Lee had now made his third and last assault and was not successful. He remained in position anticipating an assault by the Federals, and as

this was not attempted he began on the night of the 4th to withdraw his shattered army across the Potomac. The retreat occurred as has been repeatedly described. Heth's division, notwithstanding the great loss it sustained in the battles of the first and third days, was entrusted with the safe protection of Lee's rear. We presented a sad contrast in appearance and spirit when this retreat was undertaken to what we had when we were south of the Rappahannock. Though not subdued, we were not victorious. We had suffered a terrible punishment, yet we reluctantly fell back, and I believe most of our officers opposed this retrograde, even still confident that by acting on the offensive we could render a crushing defeat to the Federals. However, Lee had decided to withdraw, and slowly we worked our way over roads and lanes, in mountain and valley. The sad thought of our great loss ever and anon came to my mind to darken our journey, and the meager provision at hand for the conveyance of our wounded occasioned many pitiable sights. Many men who had been severely wounded, and even some with arms amputated the day before, to avoid being taken prisoners undertook the journey on foot to Virginia.

We daily anticipated an attack from Meade in pursuit, but none of his army put in an appearance, that is, to fight, until we reached Falling Waters, near the Potomac. On that day Heth's division stopped on the road leading to the Potomac, distant about two and a half miles. We always kept up a line of battle, and on this occasion halted and formed on the left, the west side of the road. In a part of our front was an old breastwork that had been abandoned long ago. Our men had stacked their arms—some were lying on the ground asleep, others were collected in groups, all feeling a sense of security, as no enemy had ventured in sight since we had left Hagerstown.

On a small eminence on the front of our line Generals Heth and Pettigrew and several other officers, including myself, were looking back over the route we had traveled, when we noticed a small body of cavalry emerge from a strip of woods, distant about two hundred and fifty yards. After reaching the open space they halted, and the officer in command rode to the front as if to address the men. We observed them closely, and our group concluded they were Confederates. We saw them unfurl a United States flag, but we thought it was a capture that our friends were to carry to us and make some ado over it. Presently they started towards us at a tolerably rapid pace, and when they got within fifty yards of us they advanced at a gallop with drawn sabers, shouting: "Surrender! surrender!" General Heth exclaimed: "It's the enemy's cavalry!" When opposite they rushed over our

little group, using their sabers and firing their pistols (mortally wounding General Pettigrew), and dashed among the infantry, eighteen hundred strong, shouting at the top of their voices: "Surrender! surrender!"

At first the confusion was great, our officers calling upon their men to form and use the bayonet, at the same time dodging the saber cuts and using their pistols with great effect. Lieutenant Baker killed two and Captain Norris three men. As soon as our men took in the situation, and after they had reached their guns, these daring fellows were quickly dispatched. In the height of the confusion their officer galloped into our midst, and in less time than it takes to relate the circumstance he was riddled with bullets. He was a gallant looking fellow, riding a magnificent dark-colored horse, but he and his men were, to a man, either killed or wounded in this quick and rash undertaking. There were not more than one hundred and twenty-five of them, but I will venture to say they came nearer stampeding or capturing a division than they ever did before. Their horses were nearly all killed or so badly crippled as to make them useless. Only two or three were brought off the field, though they were all captured.

I talked with one of the survivors of the regiment to which this squadron belonged, and he told me their officer was promoted only the day before for gallant and meritorious service. My recollection is that it was a part of the Sixth Michigan cavalry. There was a large body of cavalry a few miles behind this squadron, and we remained at Falling Waters an hour skirmishing with these. We finally fell back through the woods in line of battle to the river, crossing it with the loss of some stragglers and parts of companies that were detached and lost their way in the woods.

The Tennessee brigade of Heth's division, composed of the First, Seventh, and Fourteenth Tennessee regiments, the Thirteenth Alabama regiment, and Fifth Alabama battalion, began the great battle of Gettysburg, and fought the last battle and skirmish in that memorable retreat from Pennsylvania, and the last the Army of Virginia fought north of the Potomac.

A. H. MOORE,

*Company "B," Seventh Tennessee Infantry, A. N. V.*

CENTERVILLE, TENN., 1882.





## A PRISON RELIC.

To a Lady of Kentucky, suggested by a Miniature. (Written in Fort Delaware.)

They bade me look upon thy peerless face,  
 Perchance to paint, with humble artist skill,  
 The Parian lineaments of matchless grace  
 That reign supreme. I would that I might fill  
 Pages enriched with beauties of thine eye,  
 Undimmed its luster by the tears of life,  
 Upturned in all its angel purity,  
 Unknown to anguish and its bitter strife.

I never saw thee, "lady"—they decree  
 Thy soul a casket filled with wealth untold,  
 Twined with the leaflets of the Father's tree,  
 Gemmed with the jewels of the Saviour's mold.  
 I would that I might meet thee; but a gloom,  
 Plutonian mantled, rests upon my brow;  
 I know not if the world, in all its bloom,  
 Shall ever hail me free. I would know how

The shining waters of the streamlets chime  
 Their marriage bells adown the woodland leas,  
 And how the monarchs of the night sublime  
 Ride their white steeds above the sinless breeze;  
 And oh! I can not hear the voices of the birds,  
 The merry spring-time brings no joy to me—  
 The prison-home is mine. The captive's words  
 Of hope die out like winds upon the sea.

The midnight of my life hangs o'er me here,  
 Bleak as the thunders of a thousand storms;  
 Yet, "gentle lady," I have shed no tear  
 But for my dear old home and cherished forms.  
 O, tell me if that banner of our land  
 Still waves triumphant o'er the blood stained hills,  
 And if those lustrous stars in glory stand  
 'Round that red crucifix. What countless ills

(Should those bright spheres fade from view) would rise  
 From their dark tombs, and, like the storm girt, rain  
 In anger sweep across the Southern skies,  
 Leaving their trace of sorrow and of pain.  
 I am a captive, "fair one." My old home  
 Lies far among Virginia's sunny glades;  
 Near by, the Shenandoah's crested foam  
 Revels the while amid the mountain shades.

I am so weary waiting for the morn—  
She sleeps so long in yonder Eastern sky;  
So weary waiting for her bugle-horn  
To call me from these chains before I die.  
Farewell, thou daughter of a noble band,  
My lute is almost broken. Mark its swell—  
Dying upon the breezes of your native land.  
Listen! Forget thou not its sad farewell.  
“Lady,” sweet “lady,” my bark is sadly riven—  
Remember me in all your prayers to heaven.

W. P. CARTER.

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### MRS. SURRETT AND STANTON.

Colonel William P. Wood, who was chief of Federal detectives during the late war, writes as follows to the *Washington Gazette*:

Some time after the execution of Mrs. Surratt, President Johnson sent for me and requested me to give my version of Mrs. Surratt's connection with the assassination of President Lincoln. I did so, and I believe he was thoroughly convinced of the innocence of Mrs. Surratt. He assured me he sincerely regretted that he had not given Mrs. Surratt the benefit of executive clemency, and strongly expressed his detestation of what he termed the “infamous conduct of Stanton” in keeping these facts from him. I asserted my unchangeable friendship for Mr. Stanton under all circumstances, and, while I regretted the course adopted by the Secretary of War toward Mrs. Surratt, I would never hesitate to perform any act of kindness for him. President Johnson commended me for my devotion to friends, and the subject of the assassination was never afterward discussed between him and myself. The great war secretary of the Union was no longer in power. He was a plain citizen of our republic, broken in health, and tottering between life and death.

The republican leaders had, after much pleading, induced President Grant to name Mr. Stanton for a judge of the Supreme Court. The Senate promptly confirmed the nomination, but Grant, for some reason best known to himself, did not put his signature to the commission, or, if he did sign the commission, he did not forward it to Mr. Stanton. It was at this time the latter sent for me, and I called at his residence on K street. When ushered into his presence, I was startled at his woe-begone and wretched appearance. He inquired if I knew the reason why that man (meaning President Grant) withheld his commission. I told him. Then we drifted in our talk to the execution herein

referred to, and he rebuked me for not making greater effort to save the woman that was hanged. He said he would have trusted his life into my keeping; that I would have saved him the torments of hell had I been more persistent in my efforts. I reminded him of my call on President Johnson to plead for mercy for Mrs. Surratt, and that I was met by L. C. Baker at the entrance of the President's house, and Baker produced an order over his (Stanton's) signature, which set forth that I should not be permitted to enter the building or communicate with the President.

"Too true," he responded; "and the Surratt woman haunts me so that my nights are sleepless and my days miserable, and Grant aids my enemies by refusing to sign my commission, which would afford me temporary relief, and, perhaps, prolong my life. He will not do it, and, Wood, this is, at last, the end." Placing his hand to his head, he continued: "I can not endure the pressure; I am dying, dying surely—dying now."

#### ANECDOTE OF HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

At the Franklin fight, Ross' Texas cavalry brigade had been skirmishing nearly all day on Big Harper river. Late in the afternoon, however, they effected a crossing. The Ninth cavalry, in advance, charged a picket force, and carried them about one-half mile. This charge was met by a full regiment of Federal cavalry, which brought the Ninth Texas back "two-forty-on-a-shell."

At this juncture, "Old Billy Hell," orderly sergeant of the Fourth squadron, in Third Texas cavalry, yelled out:

"Front into line, and holler like Hell!"

This had the desired effect. They fronted, and they hallooed like Hell! And neither General Ross or Colonel Boggass, of the Third, knew who gave the command. Big Harper being in the rear, W. C. Wolff knew the fight had to be made, and hallooing would scare the Yanks like Hell. The Yanks fell back.

W. C. WOLFF.





## FROM COLUMBIA TO FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE.

An important historical paper read before the Southern Historical Society, Tuesday, March 29, 1881, by Captain Thomas Speed, Adjutant Twelfth Kentucky infantry, Third division, Twenty-third Army Corps, by invitation of the society. Revised and corrected for the BIVOUAC.



FOR the cordial invitation to interchange with you this evening reminiscences of one of the most interesting campaigns of the late war, I feel grateful. During that stormy period we could only wonder as to what was going on in the opposing camps. Now it is a pleasure to understand from each other the movements about which we could then only speculate, and to have revealed what was then hidden.

I have been requested to narrate the events, as I witnessed them and understand them, of the campaign in Middle Tennessee in November, 1864, from Pulaski to Nashville.

At that time I was the adjutant of the Twelfth Kentucky infantry, in General Cox's division of the Twenty-third Army Corps.

About the middle of November, 1864, the Twenty-third corps and the Fourth corps were at Pulaski, Tenn. These two corps had been with Sherman's army through all the summer previous in the Atlanta campaign, and had seen service from the beginning of the war. When Sherman started for the sea they had been sent from Georgia to Nashville, where they were to serve under General Thomas. From Nashville they proceeded to Pulaski under the immediate command of General Schofield. The two corps numbered about twenty thousand.

After remaining at Pulaski a few days it was ascertained that General Hood and his veteran army, with which Sherman had contended in Georgia, had crossed the Tennessee river, and were advancing on Columbia from the direction of Lawrenceburg. Schofield, therefore, moved rapidly northward, in order to reach Columbia in advance of Hood, General Cox being in advance. The column did not proceed directly into Columbia, but turned off the pike and passed through the fields, until it crossed the pike which came in from the west—thus covering the town on the west side. As this was being done with great rapidity, the cause of the haste became manifest. The enemy was striving for the same point, and sharp skirmishing took place. Had Cox's column been a little later, Hood would have occupied Columbia, and, with three full corps, would have been squarely upon the line of Schofield's communications.

The position at Columbia was held a day or two, and then Schofield

crossed his whole force to the north bank of Duck river, which flows directly by the town, and so posted his troops as to prevent crossing by his enemy.

I will here briefly narrate some events of which I was an eye witness. During the night of November 28th, a detachment, consisting of the Twelfth Kentucky, Sixteenth Kentucky, and, I think, two other regiments, was put under command of Colonel L. H. Rousseau, of the Twelfth Kentucky, and placed in position very near the river, at the point where the turnpike crosses. This detachment was to guard the crossing the coming day. The men were furnished with one hundred and forty rounds of ammunition. A little before day, November 29th, the sky above the town was illuminated by the morning fires of the opposing army, and we could distinctly hear the hum and stir of preparation. At daylight firing commenced. On our side of the river the ground was low. On the opposite side were heights, which circled around our position with the bend of the narrow stream. From these heights a fire of musketry, shells, and grape swept over the ground occupied by Colonel Rousseau's command. I knew nothing personally of the disposition of Schofield's other troops at that time, nor what fire they encountered. This detachment was under this terrible fire during the entire day, November 29th. The loss in the Twelfth Kentucky was upward of seventy men. Of its fifteen officers on the field, seven were wounded.

No crossing was done that day by pontoons, but by means of a small boat a brigade was crossed to our side at a point below us, and under the cover of the steep bank near the water, formed immediately in front of Rousseau's detachment. We were not aware of the presence of these troops until they rose from their cover nearly at dusk, and charged, firing. At the same time there was a shout around the heights, and a roar of artillery and small arms.

Colonel Rousseau's detachment was driven from its position, and fell back perhaps half a mile. By this time it was dark. A number of wounded men and officers had been left on the field, and, in the darkness, line was formed, a counter charge made, and the wounded brought off. The detachment then fell back to some timbered high ground on the turnpike. Rousseau's orders were to hold on at Columbia until midnight. The men had nearly exhausted their one hundred and forty rounds of ammunition, and all the forces had left except this detachment. At midnight the march began, which continued without a halt until we reached Franklin. Approaching Spring Hill a little before dawn, we saw the camp-fires of large bodies of troops appar-

ently not more than a mile from the road. We supposed our own army was encamped there, and that we would move out and join them. But Schofield, with nearly all his command, was by that time at or near Franklin. The fires belonged to our foes. Between us and them was a force of some sort—only a skirmish line, I think, at that time. We could dimly see a few of our soldiers silently standing along a barricade of rails, not far from the road, but not a word was said. It was a rapid, silent march through Spring Hill. On the road to Franklin we came up with a train of wagons and artillery, which we assisted to guard. The rear guard had lively skirmishing, and bodies of cavalry appeared in a threatening manner. The men put on their bayonets and kept up a rattling fire. Now and then a gun would unlimber and throw a few shells, and then drive on in a gallop.

About noon, November 30th, Rousseau's detachment reached Franklin, and was cordially greeted by General Cox. As we approached we saw that the lines were being fortified with the utmost vigor. There is an idea that Franklin was a strongly-fortified place, but the intrenchments were all thrown up that day.

General Schofield says in his official report :

"I put the troops in position as they arrived ; the Twenty-third corps on the left and center, covering the Columbia and Lewisburg pikes, and General Kimball's division of the Fourth corps on the right. Two brigades of Wagner's division were left in front to retard the enemy's advance, and General Wood's division, with some artillery, was moved to the north bank of the river" (the Harpeth).

Thus, there were only three divisions and two brigades in the lines at Franklin. Of these, the two Twenty-third corps divisions and the two Fourth corps brigades sustained the main shock of the battle, as is shown by the official reports. Of this battle I will attempt no general account, but only speak of what came under my own personal observation. My own regiment, the Twelfth Kentucky, Colonel Rousseau, and the Sixteenth Kentucky, Colonel White, and part of the Eighth Tennessee were placed in reserve at a point about one hundred yards in rear of the old gin-house which stood near the Columbia pike. This reserve was instructed to be ready to move in line instantly to any point where needed. About 4:00 P. M. the first crash of the assault was heard. Immediately in our front and on both sides of the gin-house we saw confusion in the line. Some of it was giving away. General Cox, who was the ranking general, ordered up the reserve just mentioned, and also a reserve brigade of the Fourth corps. But neither awaited to receive the order. The duty was so apparant they instantly



sprang forward to the works, and this, to some extent, rallied the men who had given away.

General Cox says :

“Neither Colonel White, commanding Reiley’s second line, nor Colonel Opdyke waited for orders to charge, but were in motion before the order could reach them. White was nearest the parapet and reached it soonest,” etc.

The Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky and Eighth Tennessee, rushed to the entrenchments just where the old gin-house stood. In front of the Sixteenth General Cleburne fell, and upon the works where the Twelfth fought, General Adams was killed—horse and rider. The spontaneous rush to the works of the Fourth corps reserve brigade under General Opdyke has elaborate mention in the histories, but that of the two Kentucky regiments has none, though it is noticed in the official reports of the division commander.

I desire to speak with some particularity of the service rendered in this battle by the regiments just mentioned—the Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky and part of the Eighth Tennessee. They were in Reiley’s brigade.

General Cox commanded in person the Federal troops in that battle. He states, in his official report, that he placed the troops in position as they came in on the Columbia pike that memorable November 30th ; that he placed Reiley’s brigade in the breastworks, with its right resting on the Columbia pike and its left extended eastwardly a little beyond a cotton-gin, which stood in an angle of the works. The second line of Reiley’s brigade, says the report, “consisted of the Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky and Eighth Tennessee volunteers.”

In General Cox’s book, page eighty-four, he says : “The front of Reiley’s brigade was shorter than the others, for the two regiments (Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky), which had been left behind as pickets at Duck river, belonged to it, and these did not arrive till the line was occupied.”

Thus, in the disposition of the troops, there were two small reserve bodies. One was Opdyke’s brigade, the other was Reiley’s second line, being half a brigade. Opdyke was on the Columbia pike, a short distance behind the line of the works. Reiley’s second line was a little east of the pike, in rear of the works, and a little closer up than Opdyke was. Colonel White commanded the Sixteenth Kentucky; Colonel Rousseau the Twelfth, and the Eighth Tennessee was in charge of a line officer.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, November 30th, it became apparent that our line would be assailed. As the uproar commenced

outside the lines, Reiley's second line moved up somewhat nearer the works. The line of men standing in the breastworks was watched by this reserve with the most intense interest. Everything depended upon its standing the shock. Suddenly confusion was seen. There was a break in plain view of every man in the reserve. It was caused by the running in of Wagner's outposts, closely followed by the Confederates. The men in the works could not fire without striking Wagner's men, and the terrible approach of the Confederate columns caused the men to give back from the works, they being, in fact, carried back by the inrushing of Wagner's men. General Cox appeared instantly at the point of danger, mounted and waving his sword. His staff was seen rushing with orders; but, as General Cox says, the reserves did not wait for orders. The duty was plain. The instant the danger appeared they rushed forward. The Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky and Eighth Tennessee (Reiley's second line) struck the breastworks at the moment the Confederates were mounting them. The assailants were at a disadvantage on account of the ditch. Their fire was too high, while that of the Union troops was poured directly into the dense ranks of the enemy. Two companies of the Twelfth Kentucky were armed with Colt's revolving rifles. The five discharges from each of these were most effective in the moment of emergency. Where the Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky and Eighth Tennessee fought the battle was literally hand to hand. The standards of both armies waved over the works. Muskets flashed in the men's faces. Officers fought like the men, emptying their pistols and using muskets and bayonets. For a moment it seemed the heavy columns of the assailing forces would overwhelm all defense; but the Federal line became stronger and stronger by reason of the rally of those who had been swept away from the works, and the assault weakened by reason of the awful fire poured into it. The line was held, and a shout of victory went up above the roar of musketry.

A glance at any map of the battle of Franklin—for instance, the one in Van Horne's "Life of Thomas," or the one in General Cox's book, or the one in General Hood's book—shows that the Confederate assault was heaviest from the pike eastwardly to and a little beyond the angle where the cotton-gin stood. The Twelfth Kentucky fought in the angle. The Sixteenth Kentucky and Eighth Tennessee were between the angle and the pike. Opdyke's brigade performed its gallant exploit at the pike. His men commingled with the right of the Sixteenth Kentucky. No officer ever did his duty in a battle more splendidly than General Cox at Franklin. He placed the reserves ex-

actly where they should have been, and when the break occurred he rushed to the breach and ordered up the reserves. He speaks in generous praises of these reserves, and says they saw the emergency and dashed forward before they had time to get his orders.

General Opdyke recently published in the *New York Times* an account of the battle of Franklin, in which he set forth the services of his brigade, and tells how his men charged and retook the broken line. He adds: "White gallantly led forward his command to strengthen the main line in his front." Now, I was the adjutant of the Twelfth Kentucky. I saw the break from the angle at the gin-house to the pike. I was with my regiment in the struggle in the angle. I have talked with the officers and men of the Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky and Eighth Tennessee. They all saw the break. They did not strengthen the main line, but *formed* a main line, and were themselves strengthened by the rally of the men who broke. They rushed into the works when they saw them bared of defenders. They fought the enemy at and upon the works, and the line which had been there was rallied and brought up to strengthen them.

The following is a quotation from Colonel Rousseau's official report of the service of his regiment (Twelfth Kentucky) in the battle of Franklin. It was made December 7, 1864:

"My regiment was exceedingly fatigued by recent fighting and marching, when, about noon of the 30th of November, we marched into Franklin, and were assigned our position on the left of the Sixteenth Kentucky infantry, both regiments, as also the Eighth Tennessee infantry, being in reserve to the remainder of the brigade. The time between our arrival and the engagement of the 30th was employed in cooking and sleeping, the men being sadly in need of both food and rest. When it became evident that the enemy was determined to attack, I moved my regiment, by order of General Reiley, under shelter of the slight but steep ascent, upon which the line of works in our immediate front was built. Our position was at this time in rear, about fifty paces, of the extreme left of the brigade. The assault commenced in a very few minutes after I had made this move. I had my men in readiness to move to any point the instant I should receive orders. After remaining in this position a very short period, I observed the line of works at and near the old cotton-gin, in the angle of the line, being abandoned by our troops. Seeing the danger, and well knowing the disastrous consequences which would follow if the enemy should gain the works at this point, I ordered my regiment, on my own responsibility, forward to the works. Upon our arrival at that point, I found a sufficient extent of the line abandoned into which to throw my entire regiment. The enemy had possession of the outside of the works, their officers calling to them to hold the works—that they had them, if they knew it. Their colors were planted on our works, and a number of their men had gained the top and fired down into our ranks. Even bayonets and clubbed muskets were used.



After a severe struggle, we gave the enemy a check, and our line was becoming stronger and stronger every moment by the return of those who had at first abandoned the works."

I have not the official report of the Sixteenth Kentucky and Eighth Tennessee, but, I doubt not, they are similar to Colonel Rousseau's.

A number of heavy assaults were made. The Confederates, with the most intrepid bravery, charged the intrenchments again and again. I well remember the appearance their solid ranks presented just outside the breastworks. But momentary glimpses of them could be caught, however, on account of the dense smoke. Indeed, by reason of the thick canopy of smoke, darkness came on prematurely, and put an end to the carnage.

When the assaults were over, a skirmish line was ordered out, and many wounded Confederates came into our lines, where they would be out of the way in the event of another attack. I talked with some of them. A wounded colonel complained of the rash conduct of the Confederate commander.

Cotton was taken from the old gin-house to make beds for the wounded of both sides. All that could be done to alleviate suffering was done, but, in the excitement and darkness, appeals for help had to go unheeded. Before midnight the troops were quietly withdrawn from Franklin. They marched all night, and reached Nashville next morning.

My own regiment, and those acting immediately with it, had been without rest or sleep three days and three nights. One day was spent in battle at Columbia. The night previous to that day was spent taking position and intrenching. The night following was the rapid, silent march past Spring Hill. Then followed the battle of Franklin, and the night march to Nashville. I presume Schofield's whole force was occupied equally as much. Yet soldiers were never in better spirit.

The forces under Schofield had the most implicit faith in him as a commander. He had been with the Twenty-third corps a great while. It was known as his corps. He had come to be known and trusted by all of Sherman's army, and the Fourth corps served under him with entire confidence.

General Cox had long commanded a division of the Twenty-third corps, and, at this time, commanded the corps. He had won the admiration of his men by his ability, cool bravery, and constant presence with them.

I never heard one expression at Columbia, or Franklin, or Nashville, that indicated apprehension of any unusual danger at any point.

I was in the habit of talking freely with many officers in both corps, and I never heard any criticism in the army of Schofield's management in holding on at Columbia. I first heard this criticism after the war, when the histories began to appear.

There is a conviction in the minds of many on both sides that Schofield's army was in the utmost peril at Spring Hill, November 29th; that it was so exposed it might easily have been destroyed, and that it was only saved from destruction by some strange and inscrutable fatality, or accident, or disobedience of orders, which prevented the death-blow being struck.

I have endeavored to get the facts in regard to the movements of the two armies on that day. On the 27th of November, General Thomas telegraphed from Nashville to Schofield at Columbia to hold General Hood in check, if possible, until A. J. Smith's corps could reach Nashville. That corps was then to be sent out to re enforce Schofield. Some extracts here from a letter I have received from Colonel W. M. Wherry, of the regular army, and who was Schofield's chief of staff at that time, will give an outline of the situation :

"The problem presented to General Schofield when he was sent to take command at Pulaski of the troops in the field was to delay Hood, as far as practicable, to give General Thomas (at Nashville) the time necessary to concentrate and organize the scattered detachments of which his force was to be composed. Having been apprised of General Hood's advance from the Tennessee river, Schofield interposed his troops at Columbia, and held the south bank of Duck river several days, and then crossed to the north bank.

\* \* \* "It was apparent Hood could not cross the river in front of the Union army, and he could not avail himself of his artillery without the use of the Columbia pike. The crossings above and below were carefully watched, and information that Forrest's cavalry had crossed Duck river, and that Hood's infantry was crossing at Huey's mill, above Columbia, reached Schofield from Wilson (commanding the cavalry), as early as three o'clock in the morning, November 29th. \* \* \*

"This matter was fully considered, and the decision deliberately made not to retreat at all that day—November 29th. \* \* \* It was deliberately determined to hold that crossing until the night of the 29th, after the cost was fully counted and means necessary fairly estimated. There were two things possible for Hood to do after crossing the river above Columbia. The one was to push straight for Schofield's rear at Spring Hill; the other was to turn directly down the left bank and attack his left flank. The first would take him until late in the afternoon (November 29th), the second could be done much earlier in the day.

"The dispositions necessary to meet either of these movements which Hood might make were not at all difficult or doubtful, and they were made easily, in ample time.

"One division was sufficient to hold the crossing at Columbia, and Cox, of the Twenty-third corps, was assigned to that duty, where he was already in position. One division of the Fourth corps, under the corps commander, General Stanley, was sent early in the morning to Spring Hill, to hold that point, keep control of the turnpike, and cover the trains parked in rear until the main body should arrive there. A brigade (Colonel Post's) was sent to reconnoiter Hood's column, watch its movements, and discover its plans. Kimball's division, of the Fourth corps, was halted near Rutherford's creek, and also Ruger's, of the Twenty-third corps, south of the creek.

"The entire army, except Cox's and Wagner's divisions and Post's brigades, was, therefore, held in hand near the turnpike, nearly in line, facing Hood's column, ready to meet an attack or move to Spring Hill.

"As soon as Hood's plan was fully disclosed, the main column marched rapidly to Spring Hill, reaching there about dark, or before six o'clock, instead of nine, as General Hood was erroneously advised. The leading brigade of Kimball's division was put in position on Stanley's right, confronting the Confederate camp-fires, and completely masking the road along which the other troops were to move to reach Stanley's left, toward Franklin."

It was about twelve miles from Columbia to Spring Hill, and a good turnpike road. Huey's mill, where Hood crossed Duck river, was about four miles above Columbia. From that point to Spring Hill was about fifteen miles by the road, which, at that season of the year, was so bad that only one battery accompanied each corps of Hood's flanking column. The days were about the shortest of the year. Stanley reached Spring Hill in the forenoon of the 29th, and intrenched himself. The difference between moving from Columbia to Spring Hill by the pike and moving from Huey's mill to Spring Hill is shown by the significant fact that Stanley left Columbia after news reached Schofield that Hood had started from Huey's mill, marching light and as rapidly as the rough country would permit; yet Stanley arrived at Spring Hill in the forenoon, while Hood's head of column reached a point within two miles of the place between three and four o'clock in the afternoon.

General Schofield says in his official report :

"I learned from General Wilson, about two o'clock in the morning, on the 29th, that the enemy's cavalry had forced a crossing near the Lewisburg pike, and about daylight in the morning, that his infantry was also crossing at Huey's mill, five miles above Columbia, from which a road leads into the Franklin pike at Spring Hill. The enemy might endeavor to reach the latter place in advance of me, and thus cut off my retreat, or strike me in flank near Duck river. \*

\* \* \* \* \* I, therefore, sent General Stanley, with a division of infantry, to hold that point and cover the trains. General Cox was left in position to hold the crossing at Columbia, and Generals Wood and Kimball were put in line facing Huey's mill, with a brigade thrown forward to reconnoiter, and General Ruger was ordered to move on the pike in rear of Rutherford's creek."



Before seven o'clock in the evening, Schofield's whole force, except the one division left at Columbia, was at Spring Hill. There, Schofield hoped A. J. Smith's corps would come up to him that night. But, learning it had not yet reached Nashville, he determined to move off quietly to Franklin, and, toward midnight, when Cox came up from Columbia, he did so.

When General Hood approached Spring Hill, about four o'clock in the afternoon, with the head of his infantry column, he found it covered, precisely as he had found Columbia, covered, by Cox's division, when he approached that place five days before. He says in his book he expected his troops, under General S. D. Lee, left at Columbia, to keep Schofield occupied there while he made his detour. He also says Lee's demonstration "attained this object." But it is plain he is in error, for Schofield was not kept occupied at Columbia. On the contrary, one division only remained in position there, while the remainder of his force was at Spring Hill, and far out on the road leading to that point, ready to confront Hood's flanking column, whether it would strike at Spring Hill or at any intermediate point. There is nothing either in General Hood's book or in his official report to indicate that he knew how strong a force lay in his front at Spring Hill. General Cheatham, when ordered at four o'clock in the afternoon to take possession of the pike, went to execute the order. At twilight, he rode back to General Hood and reported the enemy's line "too long" for this to be done.

The complaint that General Cheatham failed in his duty is based on a mistaken idea of the force that gallant officer found confronting him.

General Hood says:

"I could not succeed in arousing the troops to action when one good division would have sufficed to do the work. One good division, I reassert, could have routed that portion of the enemy which was at Spring Hill."

Now, this certainly shows a misconception of the situation. General Stanley was in position with a good division for the purpose of preventing Hood's occupation of Spring Hill, and it is not a matter of doubt as to the result, if a division of either of those two armies had attacked an intrenched and well-posted division of the other.

Nor does it appear that General Hood knew what troops those were which impeded his way at Spring Hill. It is not likely he supposed any had been sent up from Columbia, for he says he "knew that Schofield was occupied in his front, since I could distinctly hear the roar of Lee's artillery at Columbia."

Also, he says General S. D. Lee "attained the object of his demonstration (at Columbia), which was to keep the Federals in ignorance of our movement till sufficient time had been allowed to reach the desired point" (Spring Hill).

General Hood was riding at the head of his column, directed on Spring Hill. He says he arrived in person within two miles of the place about three o'clock in the afternoon, November 29th.

He says in his official report :

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, our infantry forces—Major-General Cheatham in the advance—commenced to come in contact with the enemy, about two miles from Spring Hill. The enemy was, at this time, moving rapidly along the pike, with some of his troops formed on the flank of his column to protect it."

He then says that, though Cheatham was repeatedly ordered to get possession of the pike, he made but a feeble attack, and failed. Then he adds, that, though the golden opportunity passed with daylight, he did not at dark abandon the hope of dealing a heavy blow. So General Stewart, who by that time had come up, was ordered to form on Cheatham's right, so as to throw his column across the road, but, in the darkness, this also failed, and the troops went into bivouac.

All this shows that General Hood could not have had the facts of the case. Schofield's forces were not moving along the pike at 4:00 P. M. Hood, from his position two miles away, might have caught sight of some moving wagons, but no troops were moving there at that time. One division under Stanley was strongly posted, covering the coveted point, Spring Hill, and it was about dark, when Stewart was feeling for the pike, that Schofield's other divisions began to come up to assist in blocking the way.

General Hood himself speaks of the early approach of dark, and bad roads at that season of the year. His advance began to come up within two miles of Spring Hill between 3:00 and 4:00 P. M. It required time to bring up the other portions of his column approaching over rough country and bad roads, and before he and General Cheatham could make the proper disposition for assailing Stanley and turning his flank night had come and more troops came up to oppose him.

If the attack had been made at once, at 4:00 P. M., it would have been made by Hood's advance troops only, and would have been met by a strongly-posted division of about five thousand men. It is well-nigh certain that Stanley's division would not have been routed.

Colonel Wherry says, in substance, that any attack which Cheatham could possibly have made at Spring Hill would have been far less

formidable than that made by two corps at Franklin, yet the latter was repulsed by a force a little stronger than two divisions, and no better posted than that of Stanley at Spring Hill.

The roar of an engagement would have hastened up the other division, only a few miles away on the pike, toward Columbia, which division did actually arrive anyhow about dark. There is no assurance that had Cheatham pushed boldly in and assailed Stanley at Spring Hill at 4:00 P. M., November 29th, he would not have brought on a battle there, with the same result, which occurred at the same hour, the next day at Franklin.

I know that General Cox, whose command was left longer at Columbia than any others, thought Schofield's disposition and management of his troops that 29th of November skillful and wise, and that Schofield's deliberate judgment was justified by the result. General Cox's views were that as Schofield's object was to prevent Hood's use of the Columbia pike as long as possible, his conduct was well-judged boldness and nothing more, and that he accomplished exactly what he believed he could accomplish; that Schofield made no mistake, because he was advised of the facts in ample time, and acted deliberately; nor was he rash, because he was discharging the very duty assigned to him.

These are the views of one of the most accomplished officers the service had, and they show that the "extreme peril" at Spring Hill has been wonderfully exaggerated by writers on both sides, who have not fully understood either the plans or object of Schofield.

They also show that the reproaches cast upon the Confederate army and its commanders for alleged failure to do their duty at Spring Hill are unjust and unfounded. There was no bolder leader than Hood, and no leader ever had a braver army. Yet he did not cut off the Federal forces, because Schofield was advised of the move and took the steps necessary to prevent it. It is a most common occurrence for flank movements to be thus intercepted. General Joseph E. Johnson frequently interposed troops to prevent Sherman from turning his flank in Georgia; and at every point where General Grant's flanking columns struck from the Wilderness to Richmond General Lee's troops were found in position. To attach blame to Hood and Cheatham at Spring Hill implies that Schofield knowingly sat still at Columbia and allowed himself to be flanked, which he did not do. He did his duty promptly and skillfully, and for this reason Hood and Cheatham were checked at Spring Hill.

It must be remembered that Stanley was well supplied with artillery,



while Hood had very little, if any, at Spring Hill as early as 4:00 P. M. His artillery was nearly all at Columbia, roaring at Cox, and waiting for the opening of the pike. It must be remembered, too, in connection with all these events, that Schofield's object was not to get rapidly out of Hood's way—this he might have done.

Colonel Wherry says :

“He could have retreated directly to the Harpeth, so as to have reached Franklin early on the 29th, before the time when Hood's head of column actually reached Spring Hill, and then could have crossed the Harpeth by the morning of the 30th. Thus could have been avoided the terrible battle of Franklin.”

His plain duty was to hinder and delay Hood, and keep back his artillery and trains as long as possible at Columbia, and not to give up the pike an hour sooner than compelled to do so.

This duty implied risking something, even if it was a battle at Spring Hill, or at Franklin, where it did occur.

It is evident that Schofield was not seeking to avoid a collision. He could not attack the superior forces of his enemy, but he was willing to receive an attack. With a full knowledge of Hood's move, he made dispositions of his forces with the expectation of attack, though he might have avoided it.

If Schofield had retreated rapidly, without taking a risk at any point—which he might have done—he would have been censured. He was to gain time for General Thomas, at some hazard. It was his duty to calculate how much risk he could take. He was to consider the rough country Hood had to pass over, the distance he had to go, the short days of that season, the impracticability of taking artillery, how enterprising Hood would probably be, and then make such dispositions as were necessary. He did all this, and the result shows that he calculated correctly.

If he had not acted as he did, but had crossed the Harpeth November 29th—which he might have done—he would have been the next day at Nashville, closely followed by Hood's exultant army, unchecked by any stand of the Federal forces, and wild with enthusiasm, hope, and excitement. As Thomas had not yet received his principal re-enforcements, A. J. Smith's corps, it is most likely that he would have been compelled to give up Nashville and much else besides.

THOMAS SPEED,

*Captain and Adjutant Twelfth Kentucky Infantry.*

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## THE BATTLE OF MANSFIELD.



THE battle of Mansfield, for so it has passed into history, was fought on Sunday, April 8, 1864. The events immediately preceding this battle were a sudden advance of the Federals up Red river, an assault and the capture of Fort de Russy, pressing on rapidly by the Federals to Alexandria, thus turning Taylor's flank and gaining his left rear and severing his communications. These rapid movements forced the Confederates to make a long detour through the piny woods, and with scant rations and no cavalry, their labors were arduous; heavy picketing, long marches, halting occasionally to cook scant rations and hastily gathering up utensils and half raw rations, struck the line of march again, frequently forming line of battle when too closely pressed, and pressing onward and backwards again, the Confederates finally gained their communications without coming to an unequal engagement.

It was about this stage of our retreat that the Texas cavalry, which had been wintering in Texas and ordered to our support, began to arrive and, taking the place of the infantry in the rear, gave us a resting spell, though continuing our retreat on through Mansfield two or three miles west, where we went into camp remaining several days.

On Sunday morning, the 8th of April, a day set apart for fasting and prayer, we left camp early that day, going east in the direction of Mansfield, and having arrived in the place, movements and preparations were made, of a nature to leave no doubt on the mind of the soldier what they portended. The army was being made effective by leaving the sick; and, placed in light marching order with cartridge boxes filled, we continued eastward two or three miles to a large plantation through which the road ran. Monton's division of infantry was placed to the left of the road, Walker's to the right, and to the left of Monton's infantry was the cavalry. It seemed that the Federals were trying to flank us by the left as we moved down the line in that direction several times. When formed in line of battle, General Monton, when passing down the line, said, opposite the Louisiana brigade, "Louisianians must draw the first blood to-day." While at the left of the brigade, which was occupied by the Eighteenth Louisiana, a squadron of Federal cavalry emerged from the woods into the field which was about one-half or three-quarters of a mile wide, and came directly

on, thinking they had seen a few dismounted cavalrymen. They were not mistaken, but they had not seen a line of infantry between them and their anticipated prey, until a volley emptied many of their saddles, and thus, according to General Monton's anticipation, Louisianians drew the first blood.

After skirmishing some time, the order was given to charge, which was done across the open field under a terrific rain of grape, canister, and minie-balls, the Louisianians suffering terribly, especially in officers. The brave Colonel Armand of the Eighteenth, Colonel Beard and Lieutenant-Colonel Clock of the consolidated Crescent regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Walker of the Twenty-eighth Louisiana, were among the killed in the charge across the field. Arriving at the fence on the east side we prostrated ourselves a few minutes to recover breath, then onward through the timber into another field, where were located the engines of destruction which were playing havoc with our ranks, the celebrated Nims' battery and the infantry, which, by this time, was in inglorious flight. Nims' battery stood its ground well; most of the horses being killed, it could not have escaped by this time. One plucky driver attempted to save his piece, having two horses intact which he hitched to it and started rearward, but a Louisiana private wisely shot one of the horses in preference to the driver, thus making the capture complete.

About this time General Monton was cruelly assassinated. In the impetuosity of our charge through the timber, we had left a gap between the right and center regiments of the Louisiana brigade, and emerging into the second field to close up, we found we had gained the rear of a company or two of Federal skirmishers who immediately surrendered. General Monton rode forward to receive their surrender and make some disposition of them, doubtless. He was alone, his aides being elsewhere on the field, when the surrendered Federals perceiving doubtless that he was a General, picked up their guns which they had thrown down, and shot the generous commander. This so incensed the Louisianians that they rushed upon them and could not be stayed, until every one was killed. Where these troops were from, I have never been satisfactorily informed. I have heard they were renegade Louisianians. The Louisiana brigade was much scattered in the second field. There was a cavalry regiment of the Federals rapidly forming, and a charge from it would have done much mischief, but at this juncture Polignac's brigade of Texans, having cleared their front of enemies, moved in close order up to their position on our right, thus enfilading the Federals, who retired precipitately, and no enemy was



left in arms on the entire field. All that were not killed or captured were in complete route. Wagons, in trying to turn about, were overturned, blocking up the road so that almost the entire train was captured.

Walker's division took up the pursuit and had a desperate battle with fresh troops about five miles from the battlefield of Mansfield.

Thus ended the battle of Mansfield, one of the hardest fought in the trans Mississippi department, and one of the most complete victories of the war. It was fought by General Taylor contrary to orders, but his attack was very opportune.

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#### JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Almost without a parallel in history, he stands to-day an alien and a disfranchised citizen in the land of his nativity, scarcely, indeed, ever venturing beyond the friendly shadow of his own roof tree. In this free country, whose liberties are sounded in song and story, the asylum for the oppressed of every nation, he, "the noblest Roman of them all," is simply permitted to exist. Not always, either in the undisturbed seclusion which seems his choice, though the envenomed shafts of malice which, ever and anon, are directed at him, glance back from the pure alabaster of his reputation, more fatal in their rebound than in the original thrust.

And there he stands, Saul-like, among even the great men of his century.

Thoroughly conscious of his own integrity and high purpose, he disdains to be drawn into a defense of his actions and motives which are so continually assaulted. Conscious, too, he must be that, deep down in the hearts of thousands of his people, there is a steady current of love and veneration that no poisoned shaft can disturb.

Passing unscathed through the trying crucible of adversity, his luster is radiant as compared with those of his contemporaries, who, like the rich man in the parable, have essayed to build greater barns. Thus he will continue to stand in his noble isolation till called to come up higher, a living, breathing monument to the hopes and dreams of liberty that were entombed on that fatal April day 'neath the old apple-tree at Appomattox.

"O, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

RE.



[For the BIVOUC.]

## A SECESH DOCTOR.

HERE were a great many heroes in the war unknown to history. They didn't figure with sword and plume at the head of a charging column, nor even fire a musket along the battle line. I could mention a number who, though they never saw a pitched field, struggled and fought throughout the whole war, doing a full and noble part for conscience's sake; but I will mention one only, and that is Dr. R——, of my neighborhood, who practiced his profession in the midst of perils, was often hunted for by raiding parties, and sometimes shot at, yet never could be forced to go into exile. He may be said to have held his small district against the United States, keeping his neighbors true and steadfast in their allegiance to the Lost Cause. The other day I asked him how it came to pass that he was never captured.

"Because," said he, "whenever the Yanks got too thick I retired to Dixie."

"Why, that was five hundred miles away," said I.

"My Dixie wasn't more than a mile from the house, in the hills. It was furnished apartments, on the third floor, underground, sir."

"Must have been a den," said I.

"You might call it so. It was a kind of a cave, where I always kept a bed, and wood, water, and plenty to eat, in case of a protracted absence from professional duty. You see, I took my old cook, Sally, into partnership. Tell on me? No, sir. She was my old nurse, or mammy. They might have scared the secret out of me, but fire wouldn't have gotten it out of her. How did I know when it was time to go in my hole? Easy enough. I always kept scouts out. The storekeeper at the cross-roads was generally the first to hear of military movements, and, though he was a Union man, he always kept me posted. The greatest danger was at night, when I was asleep, but I had one sentinel that never slept on duty, and he never failed to give the alarm. Of course, people came after me at night to see the sick, and I generally went, too; but I could always tell the character of the new arrivals by the alarm sounded by my faithful sentinel. No, indeed, I didn't hire any guard to watch over me! It was a dog that I am alluding to—a coal-black hound by the name of Liz. Well, sir, old Liz would always bark when anybody was a-comin'; but when the

Yankees came she never failed to give a peculiar yelp and make for a hole under the house. That was my danger signal, and when Liz broke for her "bomb-proof" I broke for mine. That was the way they never got me. So, you see, if I wasn't in the army, I had my troubles. I fed lots of rebels, and doctored many more that were hid away in the hills in my district. Did they take my stock? Pretty near all I had the first year of the war, but during the other three I managed to get even with them."

T. J.

#### THE BATTLE OF FORT STEADMAN.

On the morning of the 25th day of March, 1865, the Third brigade, First division, Ninth Army corps, commanded by General McLaughlin, occupied the line of breastworks from the right of Fort Steadman to the left of Fort Hazkell, a distance of about one-fourth mile, and composed of the following regiments, viz: The Twenty-first, Twenty-ninth, and Fifty-seventh Massachusetts regiments; the Third Maryland, Fourteenth New York "heavy artillery," and the One Hundredth P. V. V. (Roundheads).

The One Hundredth occupied the position on the line from the right of Fort Hazkell to a battery in position on the left of Fort Steadman. On the morning of the 25th of March, 1865, between four and five o'clock, it was discovered that the rebels had taken Fort Steadman and had turned the guns so as to sweep our lines to Hazkell. The rebels formed their troops and advanced on the right flank and rear of the One Hundredth Pennsylvania, driving them in the direction of Hazkell. Colonel Pentecost, commanding the regiment, ordered it to change front and fix bayonets, in order to check the rebels. Then, seeing that the right of the regiment had been cut off from the left, he ordered the left to get into Fort Hazkell and destroy the bridge, and at the same time made the remark that he would try and get to where the right of the regiment was, in which attempt he was mortally wounded. The command then fell upon Major Maxwell, he going with the left into Fort Hazkell. The rebels now charged Fort Hazkell on the rear and right flank three or four times, each time being repulsed.

After making their last charge they retreated, some to their own lines and the others toward Fort Steadman. At this time Major Maxwell concluded to charge his men and try and recapture Fort Steadman.

The major of the Fourteenth New York, who had become separated from his command, made the remark that "he would go along."



After the men had been formed in the rear of Fort Hazkell, ready for the charge, Hartranft's division was seen in the distance advancing toward the rear of Fort Steadman, when Captain David Book and Charles Oliver asked James P. Sankey to go and tell Hartranft's men that the One Hundredth regiment were going to charge on Fort Steadman, and for them not to fire. He went back far enough to be heard by the troops advancing, and was answered by a captain in one of the advance regiments that all was right, and to go ahead. He returned part way to the regiment, and signaled to the boys to go ahead, which they did, coming into the rear entrance of Fort Steadman, when the rebels cried out, "We surrender." At this time Hartranft's advance line had got within range of Fort Steadman, and fired a volley into the boys of the One Hundredth as they entered the fort.

From the foregoing facts it is beyond the shadow of a doubt that the honor of having won this battle belongs to the Third brigade, First division, Ninth corps, as the rebels came in on their line, and were whipped by them without the assistance of any outside troops except from a battery which occupied a position on the hill in the rear of Fort Steadman; and, also, as all the battle-flags captured on this morning were taken by the Third brigade, the One Hundredth regiment alone capturing seven stand of rebel colors, for which the men who captured them received medals from the war department. Charles Oliver, of Company "M," captured two rebel colonels and two battle-flags in this engagement.

In General Hartranft's official report of this battle, he claimed for his brigade the entire and exclusive honor of recapturing Fort Steadman, also claiming to have captured a large number of prisoners, battle-flags, etc. A few days after his report was published, the facts being that neither he nor his brigade were on the field until after the battle, and that as our general had been captured, and the next in command mortally wounded, he was asked to correct his report, and give "honor to whom honor was due." This he never did. At a reunion of the One Hundredth regiment, in Pittsburgh, in 1870, he made some explanation and apology, and although his false report had given him a second star, and the *fame* of "Hero," he never publicly corrected his report, and the brigade to this day has never received any credit for what it did in this battle.

J. C. STEVENSON.

## INCIDENTS AT SHILOH.

BY S. W. STEELE, IN THE NASHVILLE AMERICAN.

On the morning of the 5th, I was ordered to report to General Bragg, who said he wanted me to act as guide and scout for the right of the army. About 6:00 A. M., General Bragg was at the junction of the bark road with the Monterey and Savannah road, a little south of Mickey's house, while General Hardee's column was passing on the bark road to the front. During the interval between divisions, several prisoners were brought up from the Owl-creek road by Lieutenant George Helm, a very gallant young officer and scout. Colonel Clanton, of the First Alabama Cavalry, also brought up a Federal major and several soldiers, whom he had captured the evening before in an encounter with Colonel Buckland's command. The major looked wildly up and down the column, and, wheeling his horse, plunged down the slope toward the timber, in the direction of the Federal camps. Generals Bragg and Hardee shouted to his pursuers not to shoot him, and he was surrounded, after a lively chase of some three-quarters of a mile, and was brought back, General Bragg saying to him, sternly :

"Sir, what do you mean by trying to escape?"

Wiping the great drops of perspiration from his forehead, he replied:

"Our folks don't know anything about this, and, of course, they ought," wearing a distressed look as the troops passed.

General Bragg replied: "We are not ready yet, but will give them the information shortly, and save you the trouble."

At this time, our line in front of General Bragg was very hotly engaged, several of the enemy's batteries being concentrated upon our center, and delivering such a withering fire that several regiments were forced to retire a short distance on the right and left of the general. While reforming, still under fire of this terrible battery, a company of from fifty to seventy-five quartermasters, commissaries, ordnance officers, and their clerks came marching out of the camp in our rear, thoroughly equipped as infantry, and, coming around in front of General Bragg, the officer brought his men to a present, and reported them ready for duty, wherever they might be sent. I think the officer in command was Major Chumbliss. General Bragg leaned forward in his stirrups, and, pointing toward the battery, said:

"Do you see that battery? Go and take it."

Away they moved into the very hottest of the fire. Just at this

time, a colonel came up to General Bragg and asked permission to take his regiment back to a safe place to reform them. He replied :

“ No, colonel, form your men where you are. It is the safest place for you and your country. Look at those brave officers charging that battery (about this time they were double-quicking, and the shot and shell crushing through their ranks, and bursting on their heads) ; form your men and move your line in instantly, and support that company.”

Soon after, the fire from the battery slackened, and General Bragg directed me to go to General Withers, tell him “ that the enemy are whipped, the day is ours ; press them with all vigor. Then go to Colonel Wirt Adams, and tell him to charge into the enemy’s rear and cut them to pieces.”

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PHILADELPHIA, PENN., March 28, 1885.

*To the Editor :*

SIR : In the BIVOUAC for March, 1885, page 308, Bishop C. C. Penick, in speaking of the Rev. Mr. Stringfellow, says : “ *He, I believe, of all other men, knows best why General Fitz John Porter did not meet the expectations of General Pope at the second battle of Manassas.*”

My exception to this broad statement is so great that I am at a loss to properly meet it ; but if Bishop Penick means to convey the idea that, from charity or other reasons, the Rev. Mr. Stringfellow has refrained from telling all he knows or remembers of the action at second Manassas, and General Porter’s relation to it, I refer your readers to his testimony on page 328, Volume II., “ Proceedings and Report of Board of Officers in case of Fitz John Porter,” and to his letter, read in part by the judge advocate, on page 1162, same volume.

I think they will agree that the statement of Bishop Penick needs, at least, qualification.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN P. NICHOLSON.

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A TOUCHING story, of which Miss Mary Lee is the heroine, is that after one of the terrible battles near Richmond, just previous to the close of the war, she and some other ladies went on the field to render whatever assistance they could in the care of the wounded and dying soldiers of her father’s army. One among those to whom she went to offer relief was a youth of not over sixteen, who had been fatally shot, and was ready to expire. She saw the poor fellow was going to die immediately, and being struck by his youth and neat attire, asked him if he had any message to leave behind. “ Yes,” he said, “ my name is —, and my mother lives at —; tell her, if you please, that I have just seen our splendid commander, General Lee, ride by, and that I am content to die.” That was all. He never knew it was his splendid commander’s daughter to whom he was confiding that final message.



THE following reminiscences of the Twelfth Louisiana infantry are furnished by Mr. R. J. Tabor :

During the first bombardment at Port Hudson, Louisiana, in the summer of 1862, it was ascertained, by the pickets being driven in, that the Federals were advancing to attack Port Hudson by land as well as by water. My company (Company "E," Twelfth Louisiana infantry) was ordered by General Russ two or three miles out on the road the enemy were advancing. There was a creek with a bridge over it which was ordered to be torn up, and the company was placed in ambush to await the enemy. Very soon a company of blue-coats—and very fine-looking soldiers, well mounted and equipped, from Rhode Island, I think—came riding up. When they saw the bridge was torn up, some of them said : "The —— 'rebs' have been here." About the same time the command, "Fire!" was given by the "rebs," and "right about" was given by the Yanks. The captain, and a sergeant, and two privates were captured. A Colonel Clark was mortally wounded. One poor fellow was thrown from his horse, and went out of sight with one foot hanging in his stirrup, and doubtless was killed. We returned with our prisoners, thinking we could whip and drive back the whole Federal army.

At Resaca, Georgia, Captain Braden, Twelfth Louisiana infantry, was shot through the breast. Everyone thought he would die. He got well and returned to his company. There had been, during his absence, another officer appointed captain of his company. He was indignant. The other officer, being a gentleman and a friend, gave way to the first captain, who remained with his command until the war closed, and, so far as I know, is yet alive. He certainly was a very brave man.

FARMERVILLE, LA., December 12, 1884.

#### SKIRMISH LINE.

AN ALL-NIGHT CALL.—A party of four Confederates paid a visit to some young ladies, staying at a farm house, about six miles from camp. The night was dark and cold, and the road was horrid. They were, however, amply rewarded by the warm welcome they received. Three were in love, and soon there were just three pairs of the most absorbed young people to be anywhere seen. The remaining soldier was obliged to talk to the elderly mistress of the house, and witness in agony the happiness of his comrades. By twelve o'clock the two had exhausted the war as a topic, and still it was impossible to catch the eyes of any of the other wretches, so fascinated were they by their fair companions. By three o'clock A. M. they had confided to each other all they knew of earthly things, and sat scowling in gloomy silence. The fire, though often replenished, at last went black out. The candle flickered in the socket. The lady of the house, in despair, left the room. "Gentlemen," said Captain G., rising when the candle was on the point of leaving them in darkness, "the fire has gone out, the lady of the house has gone out, and the candle is about to follow suit. I, at least, am going home." It is needless to say that the visit terminated suddenly, and that they failed to get back to camp by morning roll-call.

STAMPEDE MANNERS.—Major G. was not a man of dash, but he possessed steady courage, and always managed to keep up his end of the log. Upon one occasion the fortune of war forced him, with the rest of his cavalry regiment, to fall back in a great hurry. At first it was trot march; then a gallop, and soon a John Gilpin race. With a decent regard for appearances, and a lively sense of a hereafter, he bowled along over a hilly country road, under the long-range fire of the pursuing Yanks. In the stampede, he fell in with a former servant, whom he hadn't seen for a year. The negro boy would neither go on or lag behind, but galloped steadily alongside of the major. "Is that you, Ben?" said he, feeling obliged to say something to encourage the boy. "I's sorry to say it is, major," said Ben, apologetically. "Did you ever see anything like this, Ben, before?" "O, yes, sir; dey chased us in Pennsylvania free days wuss dan dis."

A WAR ANECDOTE.—While in winter quarters near Centreville, it came to pass that one of the rebel drummers, who was, on account of his conduct, not a particular favorite of Colonel Seymour, of the Sixth Louisiana regiment, beat the wrong call. The "old man," who, from his long military career, was perfectly familiar in all matters of camp life, rushed out of his tent, and meeting what he supposed to be the rascally drummer, at once went to work to punish him; and having done so, he returned to his tent, where he found his orderly, Fred, a German youth, of quite genteel manners, sitting before the fire, with a broad smile on his countenance, and evidently suppressing outright laughter.

"What is the matter with you, boy?" quickly inquired the colonel, who was still excited from his corporeal exercise.

After some hesitation, and repeated questions of the colonel, he said: "That was not the drummer you whipped; it was Sergeant —, of Company 'F,' who looks so very much like him."

The colonel now became enraged at Fred for not apprising him of the mistake in time, and came very near chastising the Teutonic youth; but his good nature and heart now asserted their sway, and forth he sallied from his tent in search of the injured individual, to make reparation. On turning the avenue, he met the object of his search, grasped him by the hand, apologized in the most sincere manner, and, the weather being cold, invited him up to the tent, and treated him to an apple-toddy. The appeased individual departed, and Fred was again seen smiling and snickering at the fire.

This time the colonel waxed warm, and demanded peremptorily to be informed of the cause of his unbecoming behavior and suspicious merriment, when Fred, bursting out, said: "You treated the drummer to apple-toddy; he looks so much like the sergeant of Company 'F' you whipped awhile ago."

The sequel can be easily imagined. Fred got something, but it was not apple-toddy.

TWO SOLDIERS lay beneath their blankets looking up at the stars. Says Jack, "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I loved war, Jack, so I went. What made you go?" "Well," returned Jack, "I had a wife, and I loved peace, Tom, so I went."

JIM AS A LOOTER.—During a cavalry raid in West Virginia, the advance guard approached stealthily a log fort, and, seeing some sutlers' tents out of range, charged and took them. Along with the foremost, was black Jim, the general's valet de chambre. Though it was in cold weather, he wore only a gray jacket and pants, each much too small for him. Among the first to get to the commissary stores was Jim, and his eyes flashed with delight when he saw the full barrels of good things. The barrel nearest the door had in it sugar crackers. In a twinkling, his pockets were crammed full of these delicious things. Then he came to a barrel of ginger cakes. Out went the crackers to make room for the cakes; hands and mouth busy to make sure of a full share. No sooner was he loaded with them than he spied a barrel of cut loaf sugar. Again he emptied his pockets, and was about to begin on the sugar when an officer appeared and took possession of it. The blank look of despair that settled on Jim's face can be better imagined than described.

ONLY A PRIVATE.—Louis Abear was a private in Company "H," Fifth Michigan cavalry, and made a good soldier. At the battle of Trevilian Station he was taken prisoner, and before his release he was confined in five different prison pens and town jails.

While he was in Millen prison, an exchange of sixty prisoners was to be made. The officer of the day told off sixty names at the door of the pen, but for some reason, probably because he was too ill, or perhaps dead, one man did not come forth. At that moment Louis, who had been sent out after fuel, under guard of course, came through the gates pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with wood.

"Here, Louis, here's a chance for you. We want sixty men to go north and are short one. Jump into ranks here!" exclaimed the officer.

"To be exchanged?" asked Louis, trembling more than he did when under fire.

"Yes, be quick."

"Then take Hank. He's sick, and will die if he remains here," and Louis darted into the hospital ward. Hank had a pair of pantaloons and shoes, but no coat or hat. Louis pulled off his, put them on Hank, and brought him out, weak and tottering. As Hank filed out of the gate, and once more breathed the air of freedom, Louis, hatless and coatless, took hold of the handle of his wheelbarrow and started for another load of wood.

Can mortal mind conceive of such an act? It cost him seven months of a living death, and all for a man with whom he was not intimately acquainted.

And now the other side of the picture. Ever since the close of the war, until a few months ago, when Hank died, these two men have lived right here in Wayne county, Hank with a home and family, Louis with neither; have met occasionally, but at no time did Hank ever refer to the act in Millen prison that set him free and saved his life; never invited him to his home; never alluded to the past, or addressed his savior other than a mere acquaintance. On his death-bed, however, he told the story, and asked his relatives, if they ever had an opportunity, to befriend Louis for his sake. It was tardy acknowledgment of one of the noblest acts the world has ever known.—*Detroit Free Press*.



## Editorial.

### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

With this number of the BIVOUAC ends the control and ownership of the undersigned. The magazine, with appurtenances, has been transferred to the AVERY BROS., of Louisville, a firm widely known as the successful publishers of the *Home and Farm*, and General Basil W. Duke and R. W. Knott take editorial charge. The resources and enterprise of the new proprietors give assurance that nothing will be left undone to make the magazine more attractive, while the names of the editors-in chief are a guarantee that its distinctive features will be preserved.

The leave-taking brings some regret. The work has been onerous, but one of love. It has strengthened old ties and made new ones. These sundered, with hopes disappointed, are something to bear; but there is consolation in the thought that the main object has been accomplished, and the now assured establishment of the BIVOUAC upon a solid basis should gladden the hearts of all who wish it well. Much occurs to say to friends for many acts of kindness; more to the old soldiers whose steadfast faith in the BIVOUAC has proven its sheet-anchor; but let it suffice that their hope of its success is, by this change, more than realized.

To make up the record, indulgence is asked, to give a brief account of the connection of the undersigned with the BIVOUAC.

As first designed, it was intended as a medium of publication for war papers, read before the Southern Historical Association. For a short time the original plan was adhered to, but, as the association soon languished, material for contents had to be sought from other sources. Before a year rolled by, the managing committee found, in spite of their efforts and liberal contributions, that, unless the magazine was placed upon a different footing, it must soon share the fate of the association.

This, however, involved a risk which the committee was unwilling to incur. Some one had to take it, or the publication was doomed. It was finally assumed by the undersigned, with a promise of some aid from Captain John H. Weller and Major D. W. Saunders, both of this city. The promise was more than kept, for they have helped with both purse and pen.

At the outset, there was no expectation of gain; the most hoped

for was that the loss might not be greater than could be borne. Though, at times, the prospect brightened, it was soon discovered, when the leading magazines of the country began to encroach upon the BIVOUAC'S special field, that the fight for existence was a doubtful one. Still, trusting to the potency of Confederate pride in a cherished past, the BIVOUAC struggled on.

At last its unexpected vitality attracted attention, and an offer was made for it by publishers of capital and experience. This it was deemed wise to accept, for, though it worked personal loss, it insured the success of the BIVOUAC.

E. H. McDONALD.

W. N. McDONALD.

### THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

B. F. Avery & Sons, publishers *Home and Farm*, have recently purchased from the Messrs. McDonald, of this city, the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, which has been devoted exclusively to the publication of Confederate war papers. It is the purpose of the new publishers to enlarge and improve the magazine, making, as heretofore, war papers the chief attraction, but extending its usefulness somewhat into other fields.

The editorial management of the BIVOUAC has been placed with General Basil W. Duke, formerly of Morgan's cavalry, and second in command, succeeding General Morgan at his death, and Richard W. Knott, who has for five years been editor of *Home and Farm*. The May number of the BIVOUAC will be published by the Messrs. McDonald, concluding the old series of the magazine. The new management will issue the June number, which will appear toward the last of May.

The publishers will spare no expense or care to make this, in all respects, a representative Southern magazine. The first number of the new series will contain a graphic account of the battle of Franklin, written by Major D. W. Saunders, of Louisville, who was in that bloody conflict. The utmost care has been taken to verify, from official records and private papers, never heretofore accessible, every statement made concerning this campaign. Maps have been most carefully prepared, and will appear printed in three colors. These maps are, in fact, the first correct representations of this battlefield that have yet been made. They have been prepared for this paper by Wilber F. Foster, now of Nashville, Tennessee, but formerly of the

engineer corps, Confederate States army. The paper on the battle of Franklin will be followed by two on the battle of Nashville, with two others, giving an account of the retreat, Major Saunders having been one of the officers of the rear guard on that famous march.

The June number will also have an exceedingly interesting statement of John Morgan's escape from the Ohio penitentiary, and will give many heretofore unpublished facts in connection with that interesting episode in the life of the great cavalry commander of the South. From the same source, the publishers of the *BIVOUAC* will obtain a full and minute account of the plan having for its object the release of the Confederate soldiers confined in the Northern prisons. No statement of this movement, or conspiracy, as it has been called, has yet been made public. It is one of the mysteries of the war, and has been greatly misunderstood, as well as maliciously misrepresented. In the judgment of those to whom this task was assigned, the time has come for a full and explicit statement of all that was done, and of all that was contemplated. These papers will be of absorbing interest, and will undoubtedly cause wide discussion.

The publishers are also able to promise for the first issue a paper upon "Southern War Lyrics," by Paul H. Hayne, than whom no one more competent could be named for this interesting work. The article will give personal details as to the prominent war poets, short and careful criticisms, and certain judicious illustrations, through quotation, of the characteristics of each.

Following these, the publishers are also promised an account for their magazine of the unwritten campaign songs of the war, answering, after a fashion, to the "folk songs" of civil life, from one who has the material to make such an article as interesting as it will prove unique.

Other attractions will be secured. It is yet too early to announce anything more definite, but the publishers can say that subsequent numbers will at least be equal in interest to the initial issue. They believe the time is ripe for a Southern magazine. From a literary standpoint, the South is as yet a comparatively unknown country, rich in all the elements of a national literature, and it is the belief of the publishers that this publication may give expression to the best thoughts, and illustrate faithfully and graphically all phases of Southern life. In such a faith we ask the hearty co-operation of the people of the South, and not of them alone, but of those everywhere who believe that literature can not be bound by mere sectional limitations.

Notwithstanding the enlargement of the magazine and the greatly-



increased expense attending it, there will be no advance in the price, the annual subscription being \$2.00; single copies, twenty cents.

Orders for first number should be sent in promptly, that there may be no disappointment. Sample copies of this number will at once be sent upon receipt of ten cents.

B. F. AVERY & SONS,

*Publishers Southern Bivouac, Louisville, Kentucky.*

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

According to the arrangements made with the new proprietors, all the renewals which occur before the 1st of May, or payments made by those in arrears, shall inure to our benefit. Accordingly, bills have been, or will be, sent to all in debt, and they are earnestly requested to make prompt answers, with inclosures. What is a trifle to them may prove of saving help to us, and, if lost now, is lost without remedy, so far as we are concerned.

If the work has been done at a loss, do not make it greater by a senseless neglect, which both self-interest and fraternal feeling condemn.

E. H. McDONALD.

W. N. McDONALD.

#### CAPTAIN J. MORT. PERRY.

It was our sad privilege to attend the funeral of Captain J. Mort. Perry, which took place at Calvary church, Monday afternoon, April 6th, at three o'clock.

Captain Perry was elected first lieutenant of Company "A," Ninth Kentucky infantry, of the First Kentucky brigade, when the company was organized, September 22, 1861, and was assigned to duty as assistant quartermaster, and promoted to captain about April, 1862. To the members of the old brigade, the news of his demise was a great shock, as few thought he was a subject of death for many years to come. He was a kind and devoted friend, genial, and always cheerful and pleasant. One by one our old comrades are passing away, and how palpable is the fact that their places here can not be filled! The ties that bind us to the past are gradually being removed, and, shortly, we will stand out with nothing but the longing memory of our sacred, though "lost, cause." We trust the future of our beloved Mort. may be as bright as he would have had the present for us.

## A Sensation

of relief is sure to follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and thousands thankfully acknowledge its good effects. Charles C. Smith, Craftsbury, Vt., says: "I have been troubled, for a long time, with a humor, which appeared on my face in ugly pimples and blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world."

## Judge

of the feelings of Mrs. T. P. Cushing, 87 Suffolk st., Chelsea, who, after being so afflicted with Salt Rheum that her fingers would crack open, and bleed and itch terribly, was cured by four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. E. G. Evans, 78 Carver st., Boston, Mass., suffered severely from rheumatism and debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla proved a specific in her case. Francis Johnson, Editor of the "German American," Lafayette, Ind., writes: "For years I have been subject to chronic attacks of neuralgia, especially at the commencement of spring. I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Sarsaparilla." It has

## Saved and

restored thousands. Walter Barry, 7 Hollis st., Boston, Mass., after vainly trying a number of medicines, for the cure of lumbago, was persuaded to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He writes: "Your valuable medicine not only relieved me, but I believe it has worked a perfect cure, although my complaint was apparently chronic." Thos. Dalby, Watertown, Mass., has long been a sufferer from lumbago and rheumatism. So great has been his improvement since using

## In Court

one who needs help is indeed fortunate who finds a friend. But he is still more fortunate who discovers that he may eradicate the poisons of scrofula from his system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Scrofula is one of the most terrible of all diseases. It is in the blood, corrupting and contaminating every tissue and fiber in the whole body. Patrick

## Lynch

Wholesale Grocer, Lowell, Mass., says: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best." The following, from R. L. King, Richmond, Va., is corroborated by Purcell, Ladd & Co., druggists, of that city. Mr. K. writes (May 12, 1884): "My son Thomas, aged 12, has suffered horribly, for three years, with scrofula, in its worst form. His case was said to be incurable. One arm was useless; his right leg was paralyzed; a large piece of bone had cut through the skin at the shoulder-blade, and three large sores constantly discharged offensive matter. He began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla on the 6th of March, and, oh, what a

## Happy

change; indeed, a miracle. In a few weeks the sores began to heal; he gained strength, and could walk around the house. We persevered with the Sarsaparilla, yet having little hope of his recovery. To-day he can run as far as any other boy of his age. The sores on his arm, shoulder, and back, have nearly healed, his muscles are strengthening, and he is the picture of health." Equally important facts concerning the use of Ayer's Sar-

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saparilla that he has every reason to believe it will effect a permanent cure.

by other members of Mr. King's family, are contained in the same letter.

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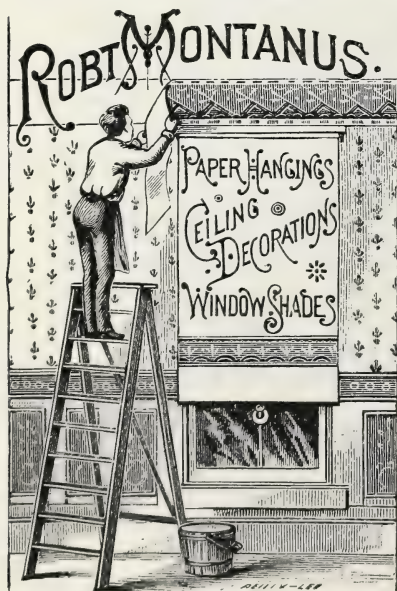
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*Dr. Wintersmith,*

Sir: I waive a rule I have observed for many years, the value of your remedy prompting me to say, in reply to your request, what I know of your Chill Cure. The private assurances of its efficacy I had, and the good results of its effects I had observed on Mr. R. W. Meredith, who, for more than fifteen years, has been foreman of my office, induced me to test it in my family. The results have been entirely satisfactory. The first case was of two years' standing, in which I believe every known remedy had been tried with temporary relief—the chills returning periodically and seemingly with increased severity. Your cure broke them at once, and there has been no recurrence of them for more than six months. The other case was of a milder form, and yielded more readily to other remedies; but the chills would return at intervals, until your medicine was used, since which time, now several months, they have entirely disappeared. From the opportunity I have had to judge, I do not hesitate to express my belief that your Chill Cure is a valuable specific, and performs all you promise for it.

Very respectfully,

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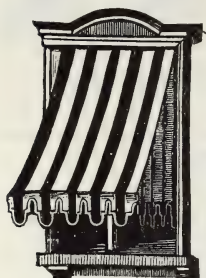
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HENRY D. ALLEN.

Louisville, Ky., Feb'y 28, 1878:

My family and self have used "FAMOSA TOOTH WASH," for some time and the more we use of it the better we like it. We find it most agreeable to the taste, soothing to, and healing and hardening the gums, imparting a pleasant odor to the breath and cleansing and whitening the teeth. I have no hesitancy in pronouncing it the best dentifrice which I have ever used.

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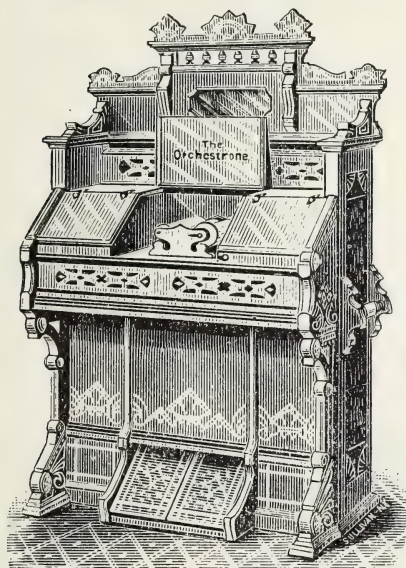
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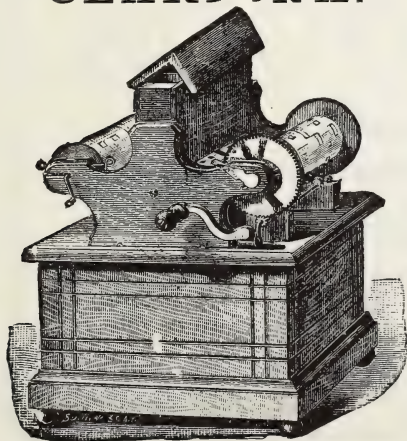
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